AMERICAN SCHOOL SONGS

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AMERICAN SCHOOL SONGS

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American School Songs

For

SCHOOLS, COLLEGES
INSTITUTES, AND
THE HOME CIRCLE

Edited by

J. H. Kurzenknabe

Rudiments by

L. M. Evilsizer

Hope Publishing Company

228 Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO

27 East 22nd Street
NEW YORK

PREFATORY.

The unprecedented success of UNCLE SAM'S SCHOOL SONGS has prompted the publishers to issue this collection, similar in character, yet covering a somewhat broader range, so as to provide for every possible contingency and every known want of all departments of the school.

This book of 256 pages includes (1) a section of progressive exercises in the elements of music; (2) 206 pages containing 202 select songs, adapted to the needs of every grade; (3) a few marches suitable for calisthenic and concert exercises; (4) a series of responsive readings; and (5) an epitome of the fundamental facts in the theory of music.

It is hoped that the teachers in our schools will find in these pages an abundance of material for every phase of musical instruction.

Special attention is directed to the responsive readings, which are so arranged that pupil as well as teacher can take part in the morning devotions. This, it is believed, will add greatly to the interest in this exercise.

The songs, which are of an exceptionally fine character, are of every description—patriotic, humorous, ethical, instructive and devotional—but all are on a high moral plane.

We believe that the use of AMERICAN SCHOOL SONGS in the schools of our land will prove a most valuable aid in the development of the highest type of American citizenship. That this result may be attained is the sincere wish of

THE PUBLISHERS.

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American School Songs

A Synthetic and Practical Set of Exercises for Review and Drill in the Science of Vocal Music

By L. M. EVILSIZER.

To the Teacher.

The scale is the foundation of all Vocal and Instrumental Music. Any good atlas has a scale of miles, and near its border you will see "Scale" of miles, which guides us in deciding the distance from one locality to the other. Just so our scale of tones guides us in deciding the distance or difference in pitch from one pitch to another. Architects have plans called a "*scale*," which shows the distance from one point to another in the drawing or design. Then the "*idea of a ladder*" may well be discarded in the instruction to children.

Thus we see that the "scale" has an important significance. This kind of scale is called a *major scale*.

The scale consists of eight tones arranged in a certain order.

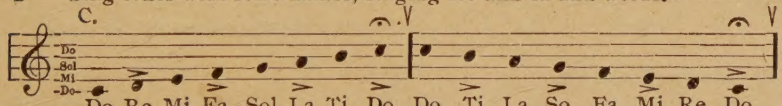
The numerals, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 are the *scale names* of the tones.

The syllables, do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do are the singing names. Sing the scale as a rote melody at first. Sing the tones with scale names, singing names and with la, loo and moo.

One tap at each note, and two taps at the hold. Breathe at the sign V. Sit erect, assume a receptive mood. Observe accent mark, thus: >

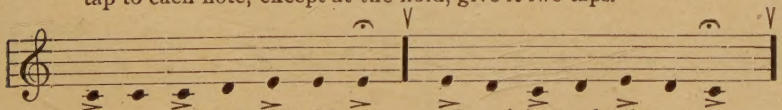
Sing scale as a rote melody. Round in two parts.

1 Sing tones with scale names, singing loo and la and words.

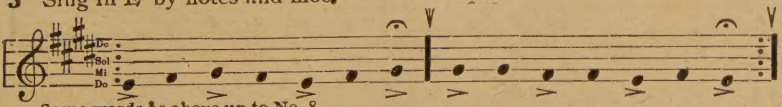


Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do, Do Ti La So Fa Mi Re Do.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8, 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.
With cheer-ful hearts we sing this song, We hope to sing un - til we're strong.

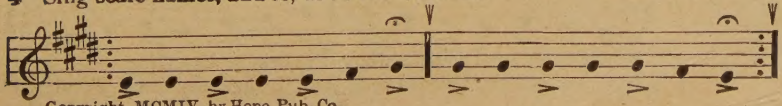
2 Singing and scale names, also koo. Notice acccent marks, thus, > One tap to each note, except at the hold, give it two taps.



Sit e - rect and sing with me, All re-joice and all a - gree.

3 Sing in E by notes and moo.

Same words as above up to No. 8.

4 Sing scale names, and le, as in the word me.



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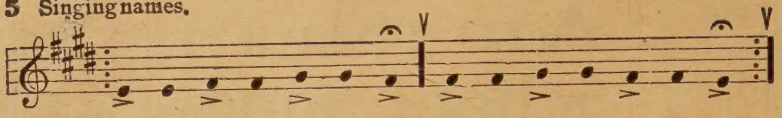
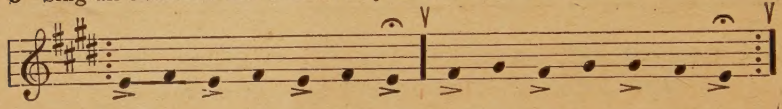
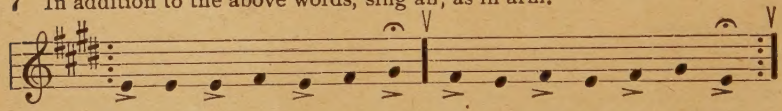
5 Singing names.



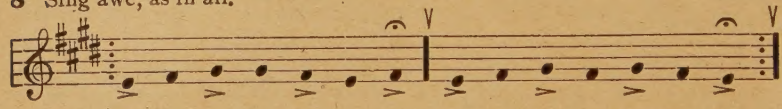
6 Sing all exercises and numbers by note and scale names.



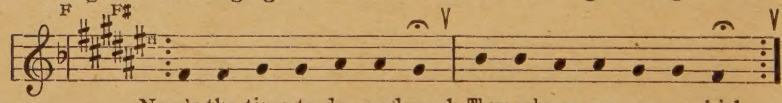
7 In addition to the above words, sing ah, as in arm.



8 Sing awe, as in all.

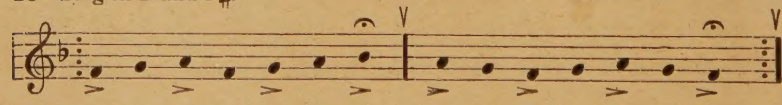


9 Sing scale and singing names to all exercises and songs. Sing with loo.

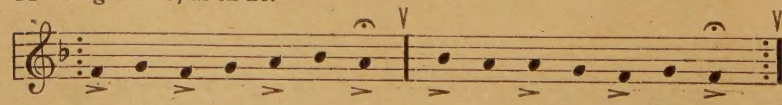


Now's the time to do good work, Those who con-quer nev-er shirk.

10 Sing in F and F♯.



11 Sing with o, as in no.



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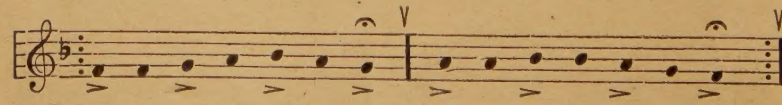
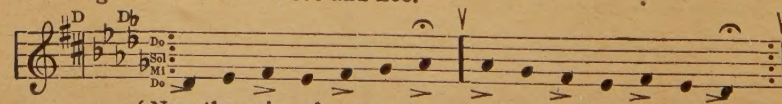
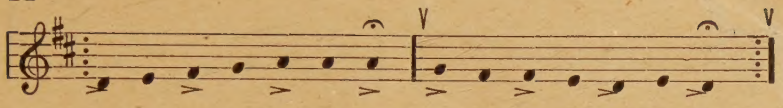

13 Sing scale names with loo and koo.



{ Now the voice of nature sings, Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the cho-ral song, And the grateful notes prolong. }

14



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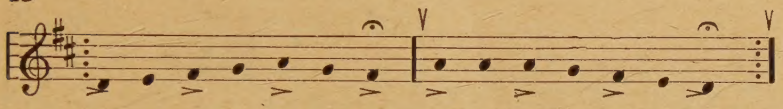

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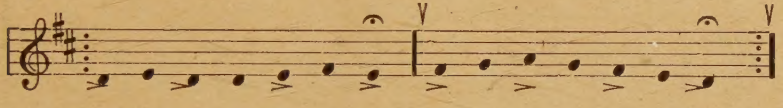

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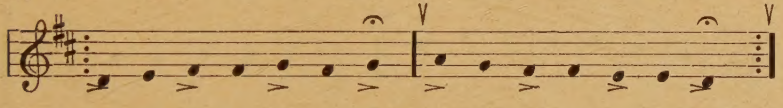

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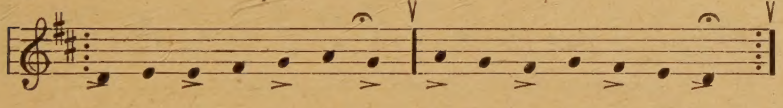

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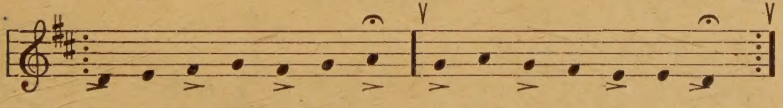

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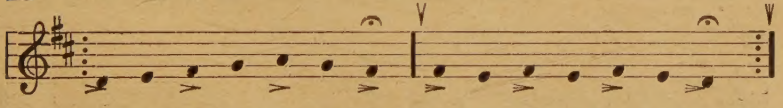

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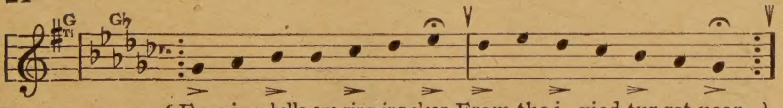
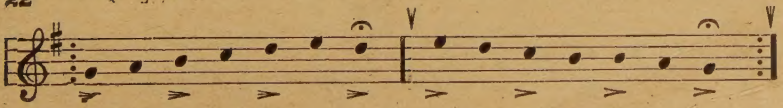


{ Evening bells are ring-ing clear, From the i - vied tur-ret near,
{ Wak'ning in their mellowed chime Mem'ries of the old-en time.

22



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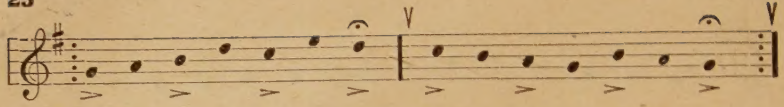

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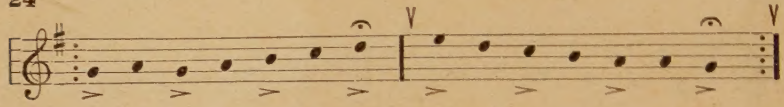

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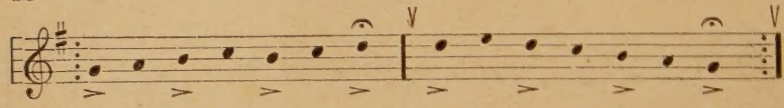
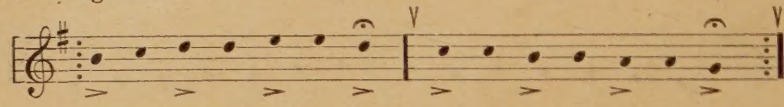


26 Sing in G♭ also.



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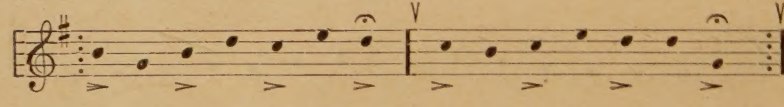
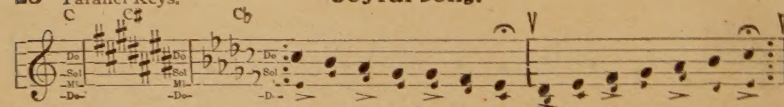


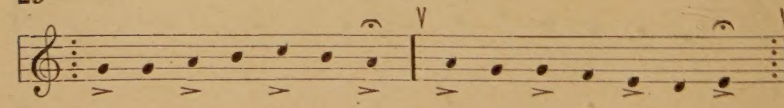
28 Parallel Keys. C C♯ C♭

Joyful Song.



{ Let's unite in joyful song, Strains of melody prolong;
{ Music lends a charm most rare, Rests the weary, lightens care.

29



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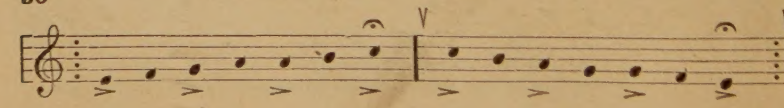

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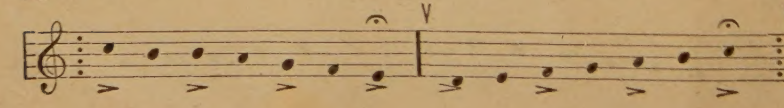

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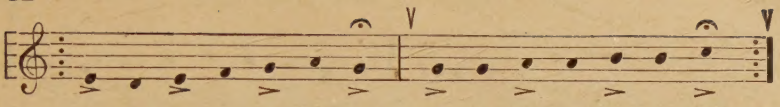
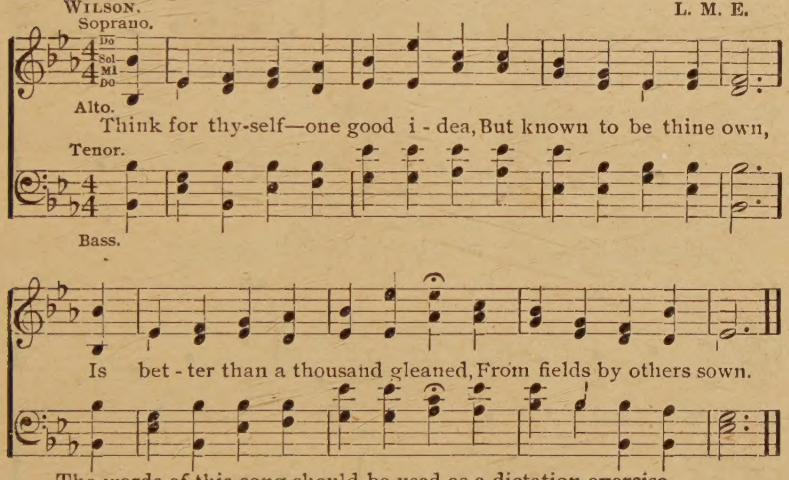

One Good Idea.

33 Rote Song. All learn the melody.

WILSON. L. M. E.



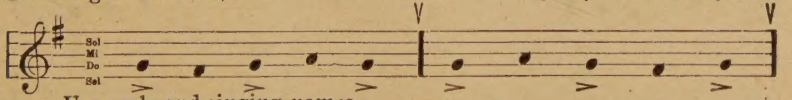
The words of this song should be used as a dictation exercise.

To the Teacher.

Pupils sit erect. Receptive mood. In the key of C the pitch-pipe gives Do. Make short tones one count long, one tick of the clock, or about as long as it would take to count one. While singing the exercises in numbers 34 to 67 use singing names, scale names, also sing with vowels lah, loo, koo, moo. Have one division hum with the letter "m," lips and mouth closed lightly, tongue in roof of mouth. Change divisions, repeating each phrase. Be careful and breathe at the sign made thus: V. Breathe deep and low for singing. Sound the various vowels thus: e, as in me; a, as in day; ah, as in arm; awe, as in all; o, as in no; oo, as in soon. The teacher should show the pupils the position of the different vowels. In e, a, ah, awe, o, oo we have six distinct positions, e is a sharp vowel, and in singing should be sung in a smiling position, and by drawing the corners of the mouth back somewhat. Hum with "m"; this humming throws the tone up against the "sounding board" (roof of mouth), that is, just back of the upper front teeth. In the humming there will be vibrations or a sensation at the bridge of the nose.

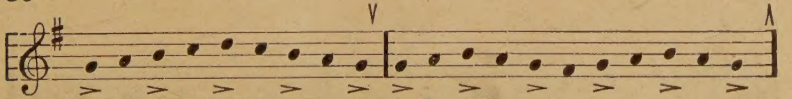
34 Sing in G and G♭.

35 *Repeat p ad lib. throughout.*



Use scale and singing names.

36



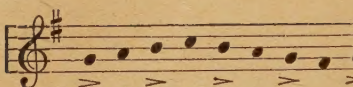
Sing scale names and loo.

37

Sing la and moo.

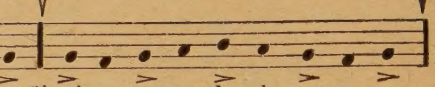
A pitch-pipe is Re, and C pitch-pipe is Fa.

38



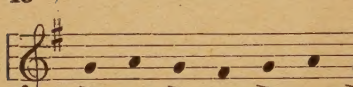
Hum with the letter m.

39



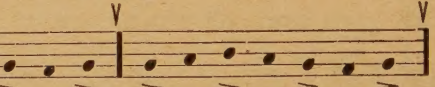
Singing names and scale names.

40



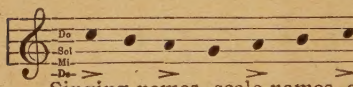
Sing with o, as in no.

41

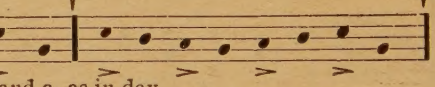


Sing with oo, as in soon.

42 Key of C. Loud.



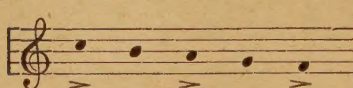
43 Soft.



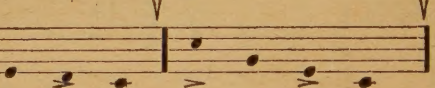
Singing names, scale names, and a, as in day.

A pitch-pipe is La, and C pitch-pipe is Do in the key of C.

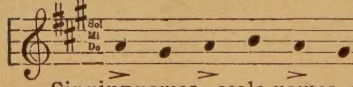
44



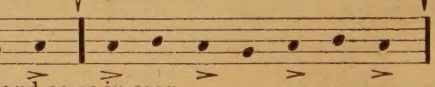
45



46 Sing in A and A♭.



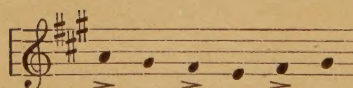
47



Singing names, scale names, and oo as in soon.

A pitch-pipe gives Do. For the key of A♭ the C pitch-pipe gives Mi.

48



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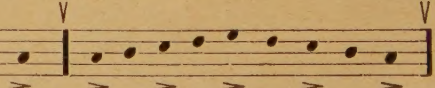
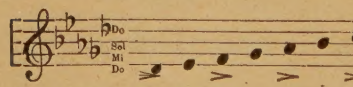
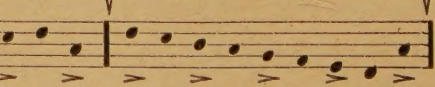
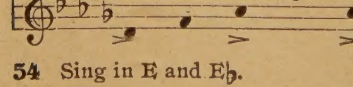


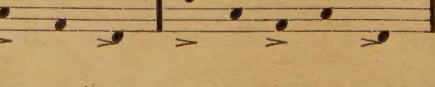
50 Sing in D and D♭.

51



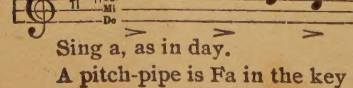
52



53



54 Sing in E and E♭.

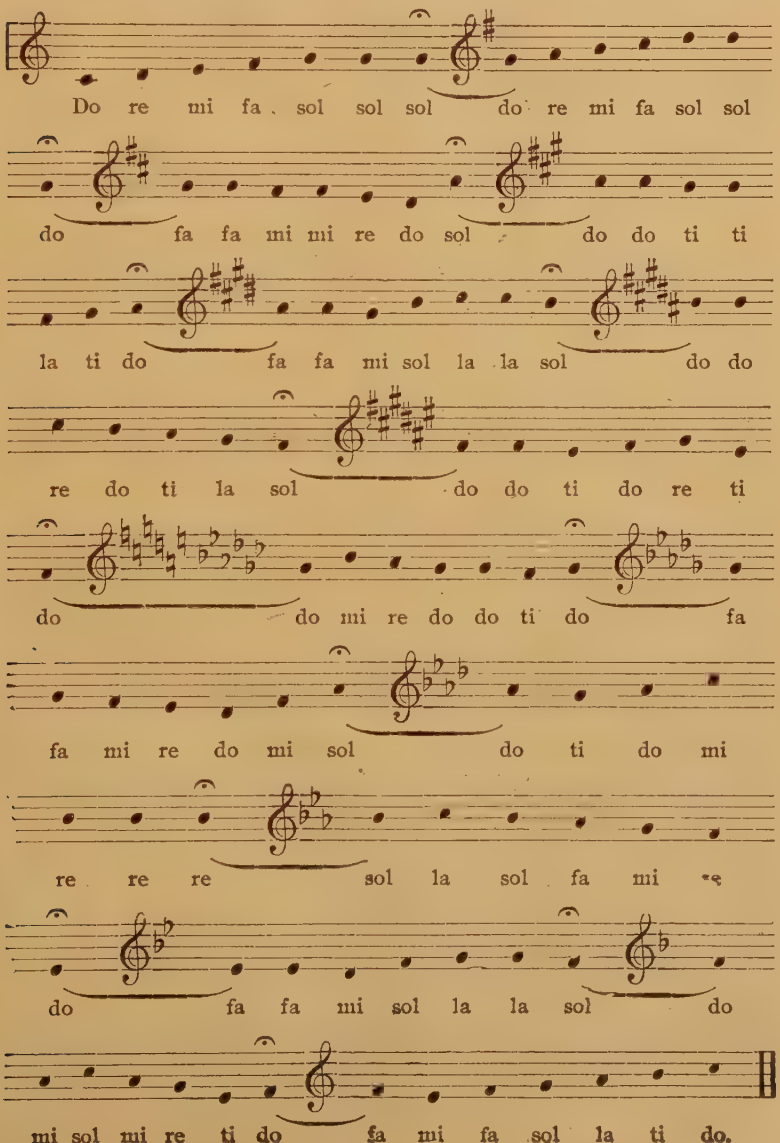


Sing a, as in day.

Sing awe, as in all.

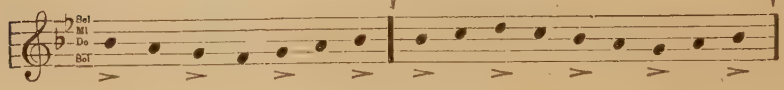
A pitch-pipe is Fa in the key of E, and C pitch-pipe La in E♭.

55 Daily Exercise in Thirteen Keys.

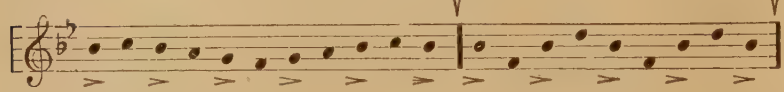
Every one should be able to read music in all keys. The intelligent practice of the following exercise will help accomplish this. The teacher should explain that the Enharmonic Change is a change to the eye and not to the ear. G flat, though written on the second line, has the same pitch as F sharp which is represented in the first space.

Do re mi fa sol sol sol do re mi fa sol sol
do fa fa mi mi re do sol do do ti ti
la ti do fa fa mi sol la la sol do do
re do ti la sol do do ti do re ti
do do mi re do do ti do fa
fa mi re do mi sol do ti do mi
re re re sol la sol fa mi re
do fa fa mi sol la la sol do
mi sol mi re ti do fa mi fa sol la ti do.

56 **57** **58**

Sing scale names.

59 Sing in B♭ and B. **60**

C pitch-pipe is Re in the key of B♭, and A is Ti.

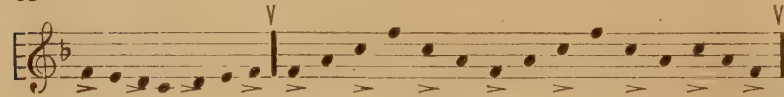
61 **62**



63 Sing in F and F♯. **64**

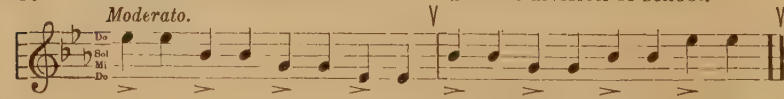
A pitch-pipe is Mi, and the C end is Sol.

65 **66**



Round in Two Parts.

67 First division of school. Second division of school.

Moderato.

Bounding billows cease your motion, Be thou still, ma-jes-tic o-cean.

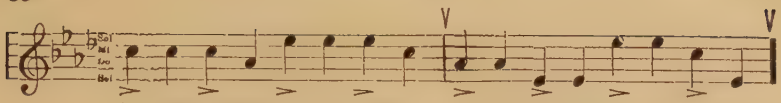
C end of pitch-pipe gives La in E♭, and A end gives Fa in E.
Mark time by tapping with the finger tips.

Round in Two Parts.

68 Sing in A and A♭.

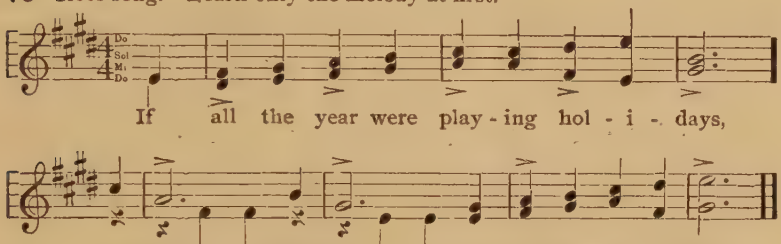
Do you al-ways do to oth-ers, As you'd have them do to you? Yes.

A end of pitch-pipe is Do, and C end Mi.

69

Do you al-ways do to others As you'd have them do to you? Yes.

Holidays.

70 Rote song. Learn only the melody at first.



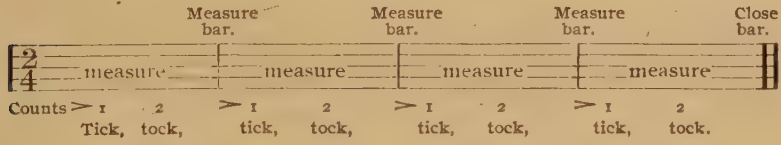
If all the year were play - ing hol - i - days,

To sport would be as te-dious as to work.
To sport would be

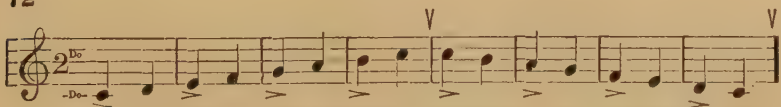
The bass may sing with altos if desired.

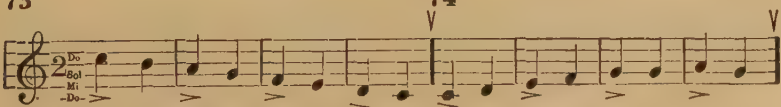
71

Regularity of movement produces pulsations, which are called beats. These must be measured, regulated and brought under control. They flow in groups called measures. In two part measure the first beat is strong, and the second weak. The bar might be called an accent mark, as it shows the strong part of a measure. A measure is the space between two bars, as well as a group of pulsations. Many teachers employ taps instead of motions of the hand. The hand motions should be made from the wrist. Piano and organ students count aloud in measuring time.



A short tone thus: ♩ is called a quarter note. Its length is one count, equal to one tick of the clock. A quarter note fills one part of the measure.

72

Hark the pealing of the school bell, Hear the old bell pealing ding dong.

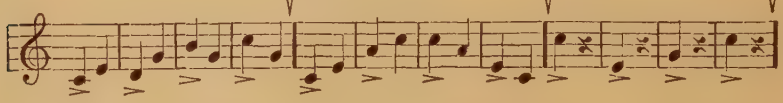
73 **74**

We are singing songs of gladness, We are singing, etc.

75

We are singing, etc.

76

We are singing, etc.

77

78

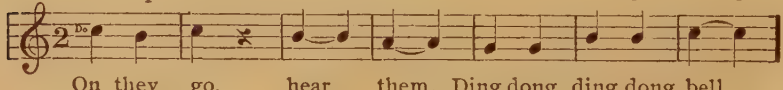
79

Instead of a silence (a quarter rest) being in the second part of a measure, the sound of the first part may be continued all through the measure. If the tone on any word is to be continued through another part of the measure, the notes may be tied together, thus: Such a curved line under or over two notes tied together stand for one long tone, and may also be shown by one note, thus: called a half note;

A Rest made like this (an inverted Z) is called a Quarter Rest and stands for a silence through one part of the measure. A Rest made thus is called a Half Rest. The Half Rest continues through two parts of the measure.

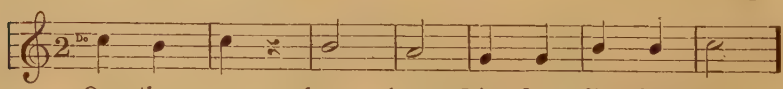
80

Down Up D U D U D U D U D U D U D U



On they go, hear them, Ding dong, ding dong bell.

81 D U D U D U D U D U D U D U

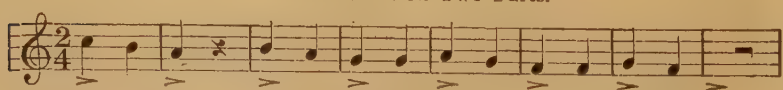


On they go hear them, Ding dong, ding dong bell.

Key of C Do on third space and line below. C end of pipe gives Do, A end La.

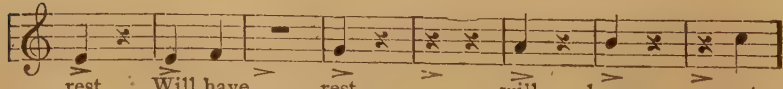
Work and Rest.

82 A Round in Two Parts.



Work with rest is the best, But laz - y peo - ple will have

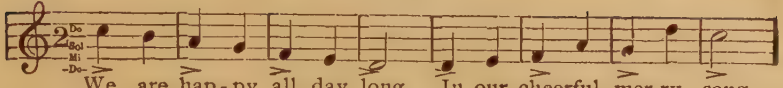
Counts 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2

D U D U D U D U D U D U D U D U

rest, Will have rest, will have rest.

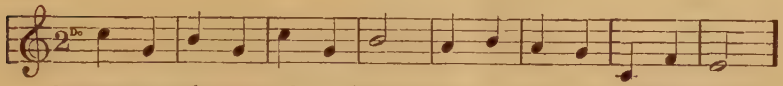
1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2

D U D U D U D U D U D U D U D U

83 Use singing names. Sing with loo, as in soon.

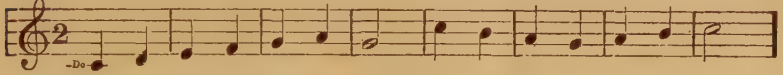


84

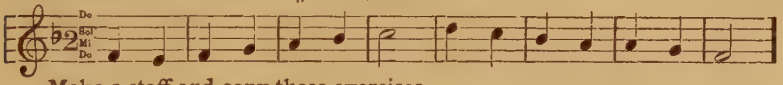


Use same words as No. 83. Sing with loo, and la. Use singing names also in all exercises.

85 Learn to sing in any key. It is easy to do if we practice.

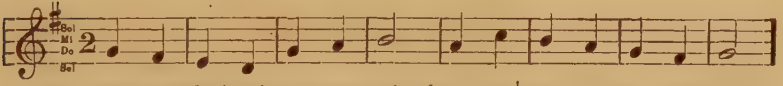


86 Sing in keys of F and F♯ (sharp)



Make a staff and copy these exercises.

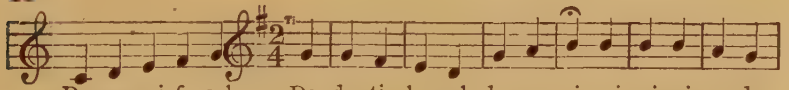
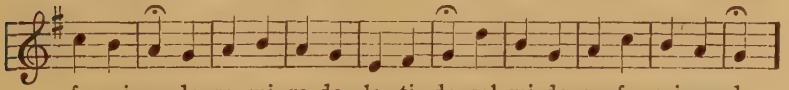
87



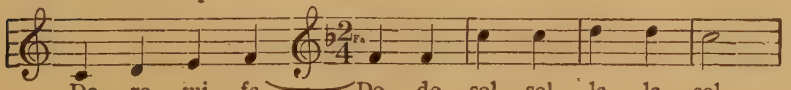
In G the A end pipe is Re, and C is Fa. In A♭ use only C end of pipe which gives Mi.

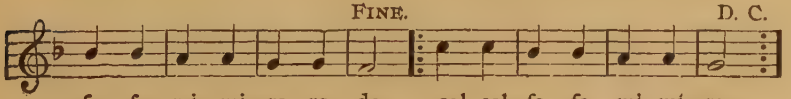
It is a good thing to make use of the Pitch-pipe. To find the pitch we have another way given below, showing how to find the pitch in going from the key of C to G.

88



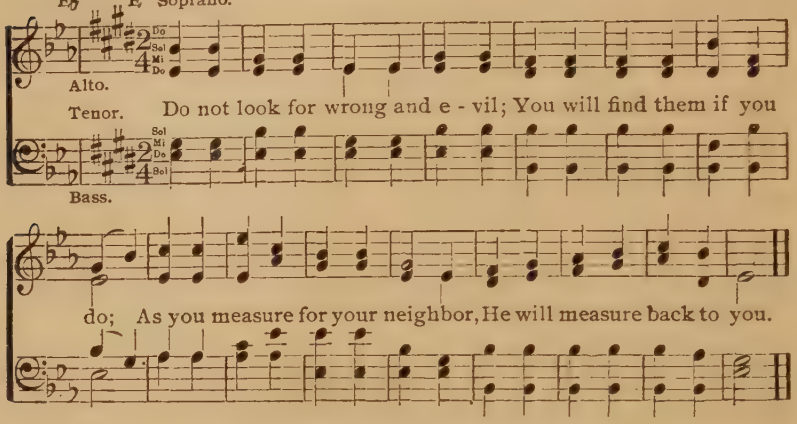
89 To find the pitch F.



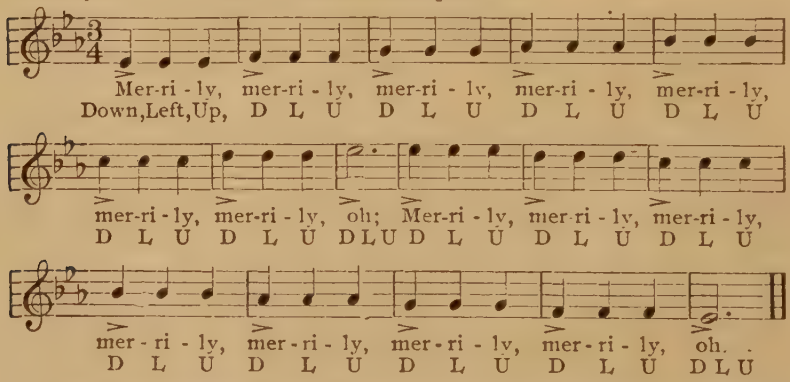


Equal Rights.

90 Sing in E♭ first, then in E, they are parallel keys, having the same position to the eye, E♭ is a half step lower than E.

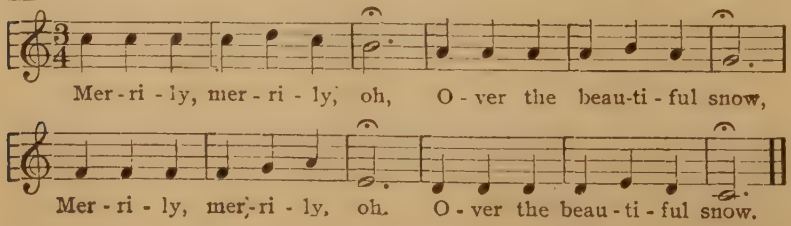

E♭
E
Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Do not look for wrong and e - vil; You will find them if you
do; As you measure for your neighbor, He will measure back to you.

When the figure 3 is placed at the beginning of the staff, it denotes that there are 3 parts in the measure, one strong part and two weak parts. In marking the time, the motions of the hand are Down, Left, Up.

91 Key of E♭. Do first line and fourth space.

Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly,
Down, Left, Up, D L U D L U D L U D L U
mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, oh; Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly,
D L U D L U D L U D L U D L U D L U
mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, oh.
D L U D L U D L U D L U D L U

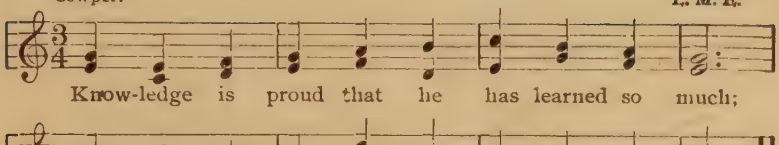
One tone may last through three parts of a measure, this is shown by a note thus: 𝅗𝅥. called a dotted half note.

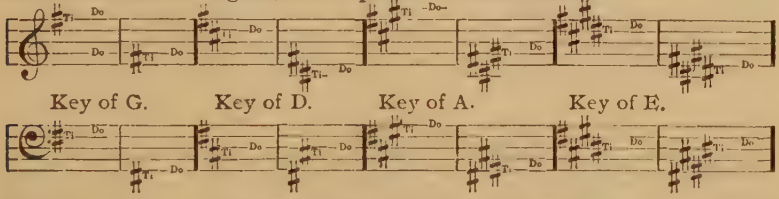
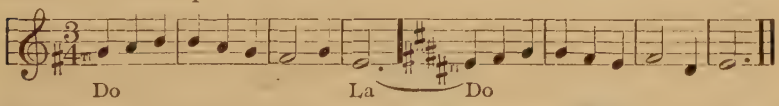
92

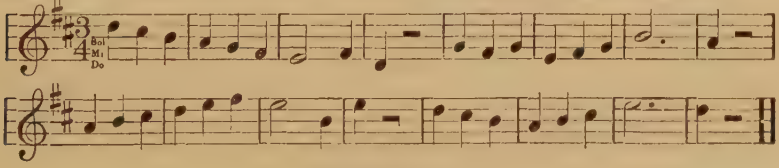


93 **Knowledge and Wisdom.**

Cowper. L. M. E.

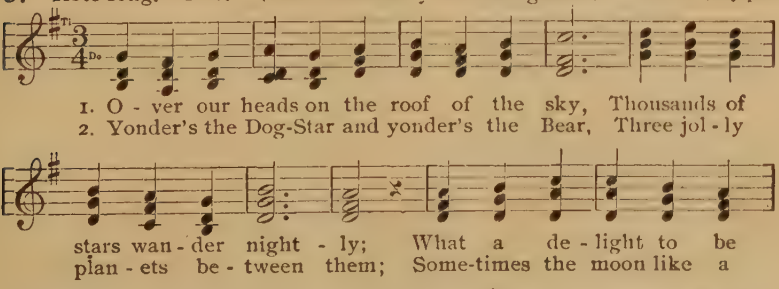


94 Sometimes the signatures are placed an octave below.

95 Key of G. F is sharped. When F sharp is used as the signature it makes all F's sharp.

96 Key of D, (F sharp and C sharp.) Learn to read as readily in one key as another. Change keys often. Think of the key note and its position.

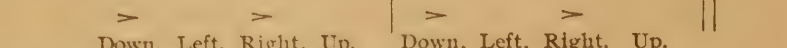


The Planets.

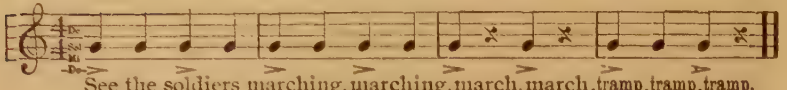
97 Rote song. Trio. Learn the melody in lower grades. L. M. E. by per.


1. O - ver our heads on the roof of the sky, Thousands of
2. Yonder's the Dog-Star and yonder's the Bear, Three jol - ly
stars wan - der night - ly; What a de - light to be
plan - ets be - tween them; Some-times the moon like a
up there so high, Light-ing the whole world so bright - ly.
Queen lingers there,— Sure - ly my dear, you have seen them.

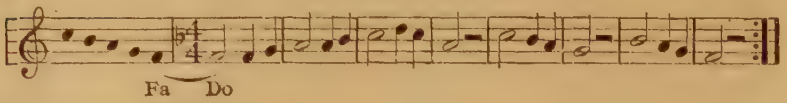
When the figure 4 is placed at the beginning of the staff it denotes that there are four parts in the measure, one strong part and two weak parts; the third part is medium and the fourth weak. The motions of the hand are down, left, right, up.



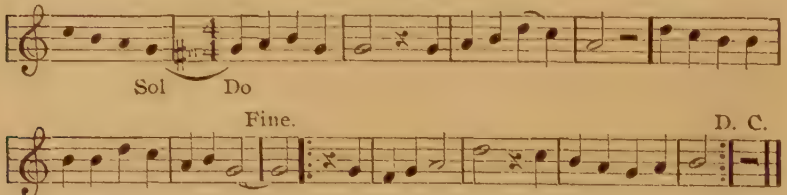
98 **Round.**



99 **Long, Long Ago.**

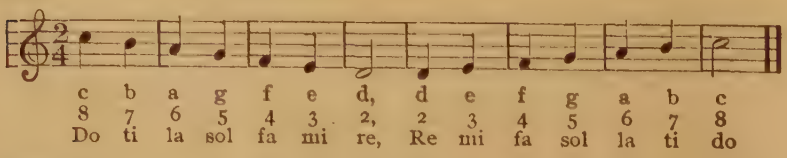


100 **I'm a Pilgrim.**



Transpose (write) these exercises in D flat, D, E flat, E, F and F sharp keys, placing the pitch names, scale names, and singing names down to all of them. It pays to work, but not to shirk.

101



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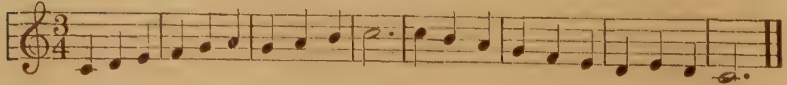

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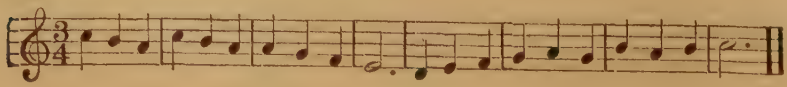

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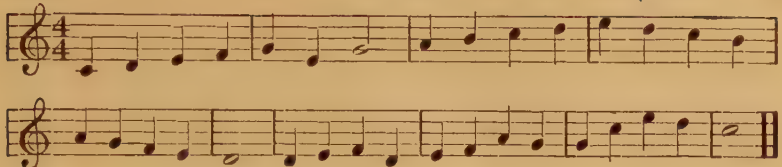
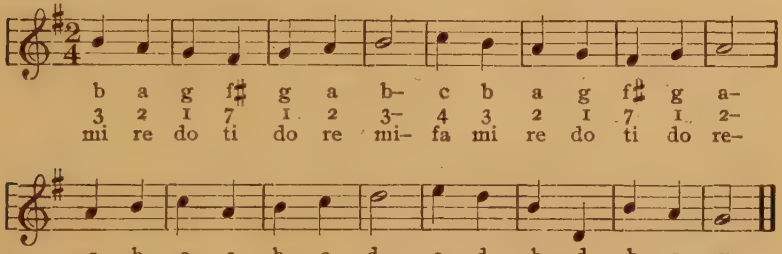
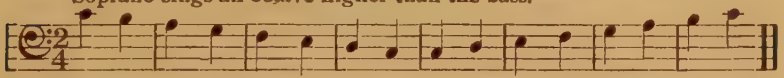

105


b a g f♯ g a b– c b a g f♯ g a–
3 2 1 7 1 2 3– 4 3 2 1 7 1 2–
mi re do ti do re mi– fa mi re do ti do re–
a b c a b c d– e d b d b a g–
2 3 4 2 3 4 5– 6 5 3 5 3 2 1–
re mi fa re mi fa sol– la sol mi sol mi re do–

106 Write this exercise in D♭, D, E♭ and E. It is good practice. Soprano sings an octave higher than the bass.

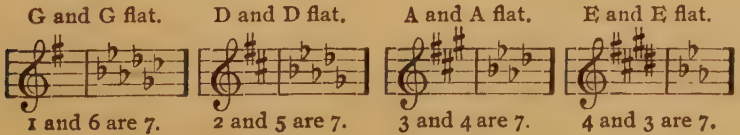


Like the martyr, good old Stephen, Keep your temper always e - ven.

c b a g f e d c c d e f g a b c
8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Do ti la sol fa mi re do do re mi fa sol la ti do.

Corresponding or Parallel Keys.

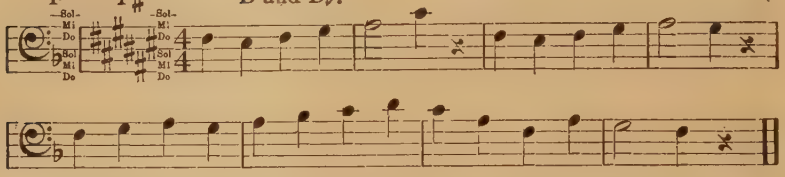
By the use of flats and sharps, any degree of the scale may be made to represent two major keys. These keys are called parallel keys. The singing names will be the same in either key, but the pitch name will be different. Those having flats will be a half step lower than those having sharps. It is an interesting fact that the sum of both signatures will be seven. See the following example:



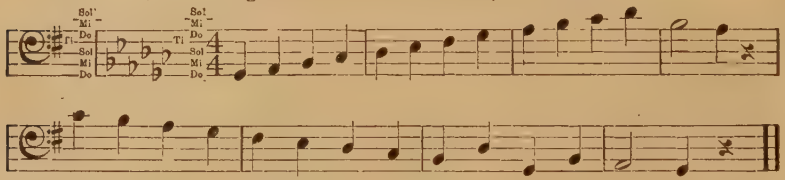
Notice the diagram on the fourth page preceding the index, under the head of MAIN FACTS TO BE REMEMBERED, have Corresponding Keys, Signatures, Scales, showing the middle scale, part of the upper, and part of the lower scales. This diagram should be carefully studied and learned the same way as we would learn the multiplication table, or anything else of importance.

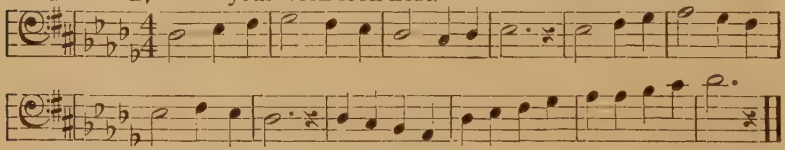
In the cadences following these Diatonic Major Keys will be found a most excellent example of reading music. Much attention should be given to other practical truths such as are found in Main Facts to be Remembered.

107 Parallel keys. Sing in both keys. Write it in keys of F♯, G, E, E♭, F F♯ D and D♭.



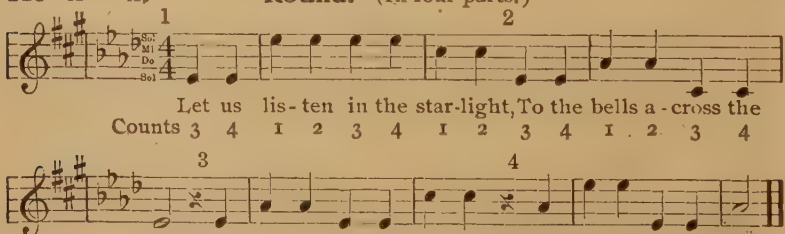
Writing and copying helps to makes you a good reader of music. Home Practice is good. Learn to copy and transpose pieces. It is the only true way of being an accurate reader.

108 Parallel keys. Sing in both keys. Let the soprano sing an octave higher. Write it in A, A♭, B and B♭. G G♭

109 Parallel keys. Home work. Write this in C, D♭, E, and E♭. Make your work look neat. D D♭



A Broken Measure is where we start with a fractional part of a measure and end with a fractional part. Add the two together and it will make a whole measure.

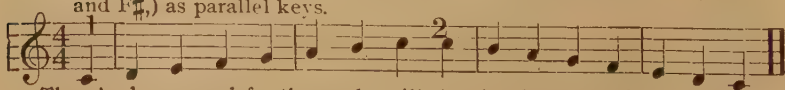
110 A A♭ **Round.** (In four parts.)



Let us lis-ten in the star-light, To the bells a-cross the
Counts 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4

snow, They peal a mer-ry Christmas, Like voices sweet and low.
1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2

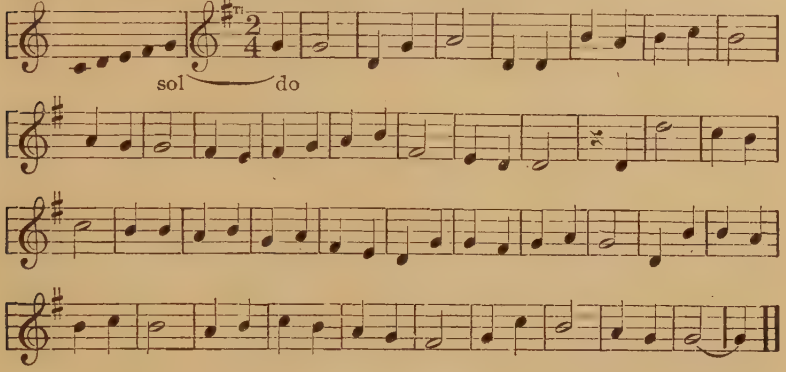
Work and Persevere. Round. (In two parts.)

111 Sing and write this in the Keys of D and D♭, E and E♭, and F and F♯,) as parallel keys.

There's always work for those who will, So la-bor on and per-se-vere.
4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3

Popular Melodies for Reading Lessons.

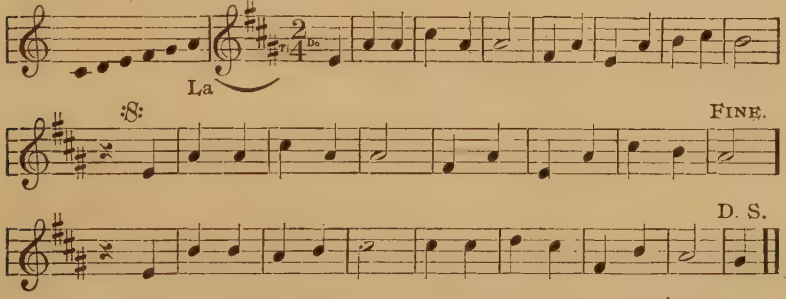
Portuguese Hymn.

112 Write this out and also sing this in G, G♭, A♭, A and B♭.



Tune: Webb.

113 Key of A three sharps.



Sing and write it out on the staff in the keys of A, A♭, and B♭.

To the Teacher.

Many popular melodies might be here introduced. Write some of them out every day on the blackboard, or on music paper.

The scale names are here used as a short hand in writing exercises for practice.

A figure standing alone, thus: 1 means a quarter note, one beat or tap in duration.

A dash after a figure: thus, 1— means a half note, two beats or taps in duration.

A dot over a dash after a figure, thus: 1·— means a dotted half note, three beats or taps in duration.

A plus sign after a figure, thus: 1+means a whole note, four beats or taps in duration.

When a figure has a comma at the bottom, thus: 1, it indicates that the note is in the scale below.

When a figure,has an apostrophe at the top, thus: 1' it indicates that the note is in the upper scale.

This is for home work. Each piece should be copied in the key in

which it is written. Then write in the keys above and below. Thus if a piece is written in F, copy it verbatim in F. Then the key above is G, second line, and the key below is E, first line. We learn by the doing. We know arithmetic, geography, etc., as far as we study.

Bounding Billows.

114 Sing and write with staff in D, E♭, F, G♭ and A♭.

FINE. D. C.

$\frac{2}{4}$ 3 3 | 4 3 | 2 2 | 3 1 | 3 3 | 4 3 | 2 2 | 1— ‖ 5 6 | 5 3 | 5 6 | 5 3 |

Monastery Bells.

115 Slow. Sing and write in D♭, E♭, F and D.

$\frac{2}{4}$ 3 5 | 4 5 | 3 5 | 2 5 | 3 5 | 4 2 | 1 7, | 1— |

| 8 7 | 8 5 | 4 2 | 3 5 | 8 7 | 8 5 | 4 2 | 1— ‖

Wearing of the Green.

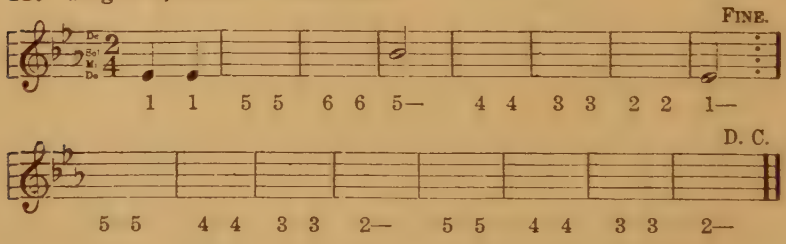
116 Sing and write in D, E♭, C and F.

$\frac{2}{4}$ 1 2 | 3 3 | 3 3 | 3 5 | 5 3 | 3 2 | 2 2 | 2— |

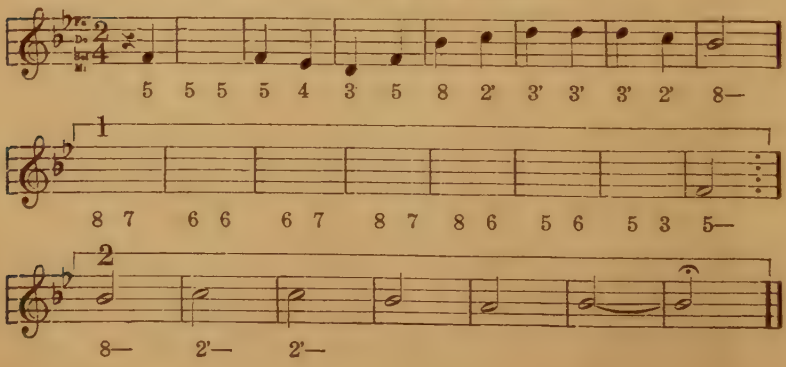
| 𝄽 5 | 6 4 | 8 6 | 6 5 | 3 1 | 2 1 | 1 1 | 1— ‖

Haste, Ye School-boy.

117 Sing in E♭ and E. Do first line.

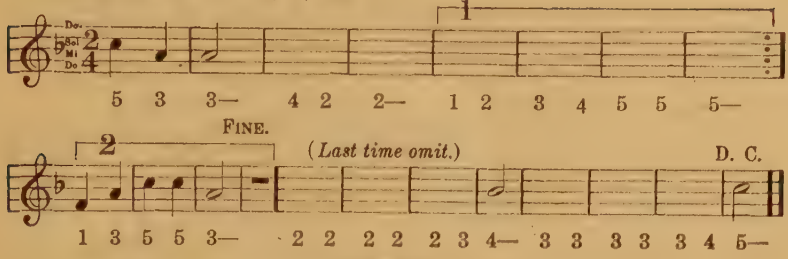


118 **Battle Hymn of the Republic.**



Lightly Row.

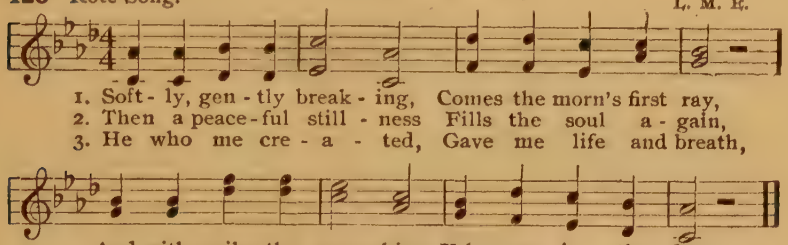
119 Sing and write in F, E, and G.



A Morning Song.

120 Rote Song.

L. M. E.


1. Soft - ly, gen - tly break - ing, Comes the morn's first ray,
2. Then a peace - ful still - ness Fills the soul a - gain,
3. He who me cre - a - ted, Gave me life and breath,
And with smiles the sun - shine Ush - ers in the day.
Heal-ing all its sor - row, Sooth-ing all its pain.
Lov - ing - ly shall guide me Thro' the gates of death.

To the Teacher.

Review on two part, three and four part measures, using the same movement but different length of tones. Notes have a relative, not an absolute length.

The figures at the beginning of a piece do not indicate the movement of a piece. The movement, or spirit of the music is indicated by certain words, meaning from very slow to very fast, as Adagio, Andante, or Moderato, Allegretto, Allegro, Vivace.

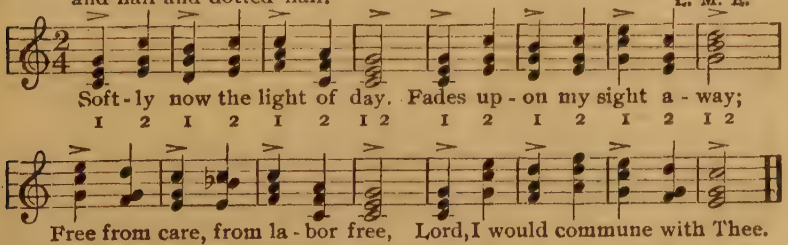
Notice Metronome signs as given in Theory of Music. No words can express such accuracy as the number of strokes of the metronome to each minute in the music. Most schools use them.

We learn by doing. Much practice should be given in written work, in copying music and transposing (writing the same thing in different keys). Be in earnest, be honest, be not indolent.

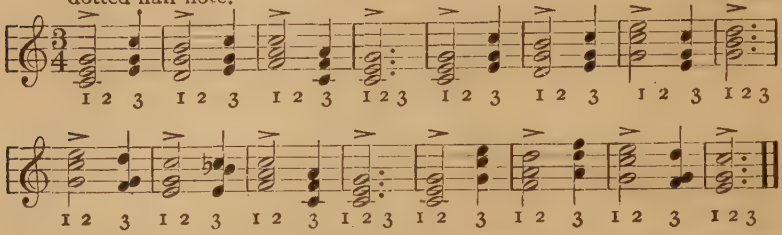
Softly Now the Light of Day.

121 Chord practice, in two part measure. Notation figure, two quarters and half and dotted half.

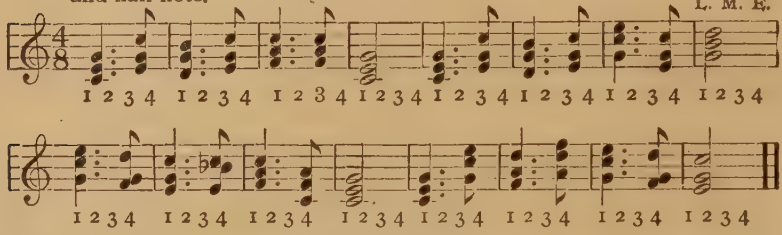
L. M. E.


Soft - ly now the light of day. Fades up - on my sight a - way;
1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.
1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2

122 In three part measure. Notation figure, half note, quarter and a dotted half note.

L. M. E.

123 In four part measure. Notation figure, dotted quarter, eighth note, and half note.

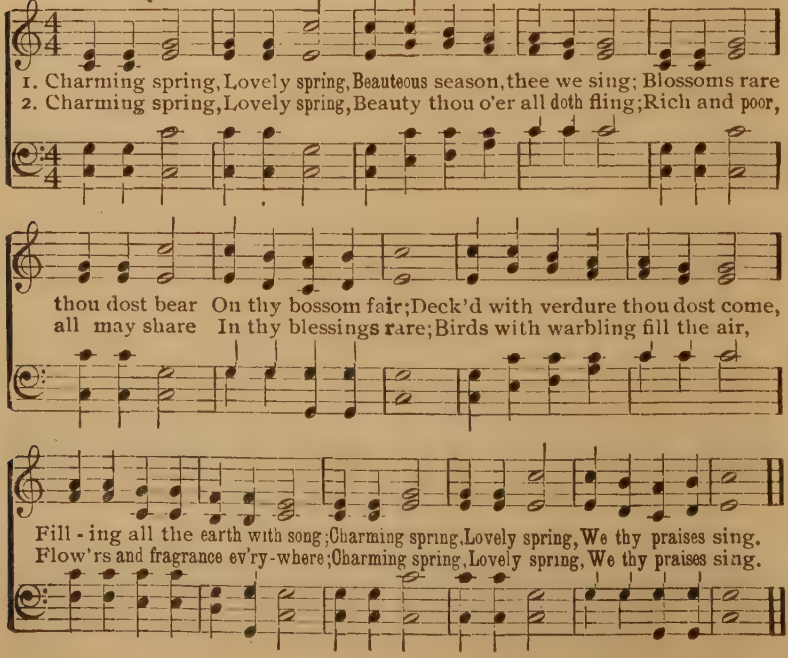
L. M. E.



Charming Spring.

124 In singing we take breath at the punctuation marks, rests, and rhetorical pauses (emphatic words.

L. M. E. by per.

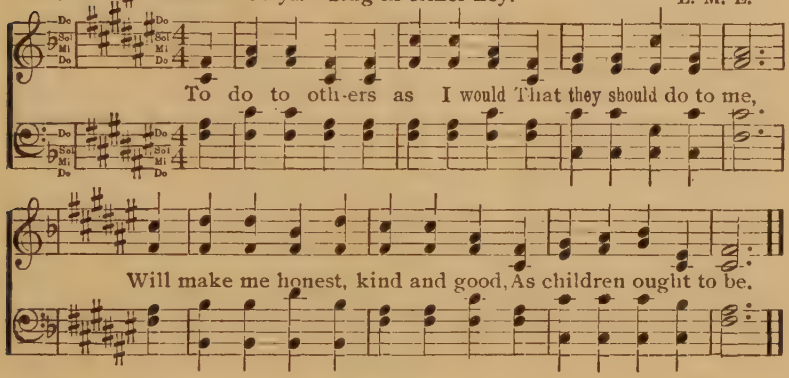

1. Charming spring, Lovely spring, Beauteous season, thee we sing; Blossoms rare
2. Charming spring, Lovely spring, Beauty thou o'er all doth fling; Rich and poor,
thou dost bear On thy bossom fair; Deck'd with verdure thou dost come,
all may share In thy blessings rare; Birds with warbling fill the air,
Fill - ing all the earth with song; Charming spring, Lovely spring, We thy praises sing.
Flow'rs and fragrance ev'ry-where; Charming spring, Lovely spring, We thy praises sing.

See paragraph 17 and 18 in the Theory of Music for definition of accent in various kinds of measures. Accent in music must accommodate the accent in the poetry.

The Golden Rule.

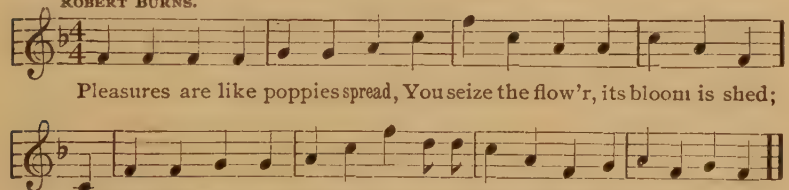
125 Home practice. Copy this piece as it is; also write it in G, E, E♭ and G♭. Written work is to be done as often as there can be time taken for it, and that should be every day. An earnest student will find time for music.

F. F♯ Parallel Keys. Sing in either key. L. M. E.



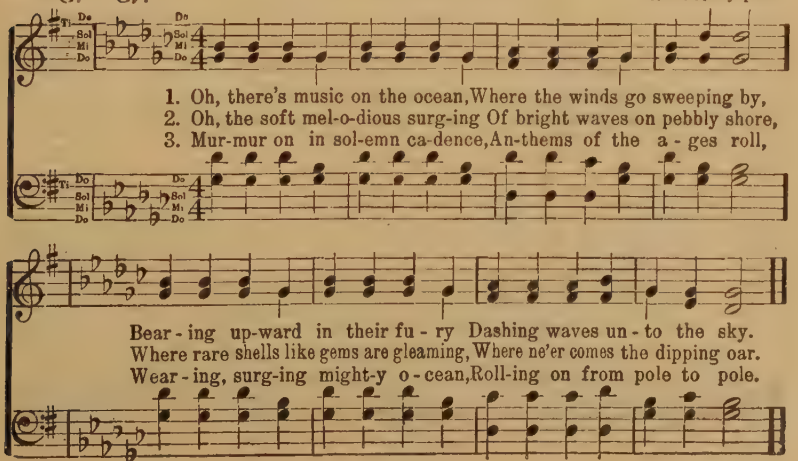
126 **Pleasures.**

ROBERT BURNS.


Pleasures are like poppies spread, You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow,—falls in the riv-er, A moment white, then melts for-ever.

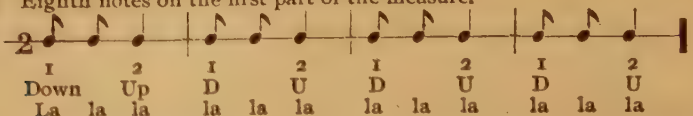
127 **Oh, There's Music.**

G. G♭. L. M. E. by per.

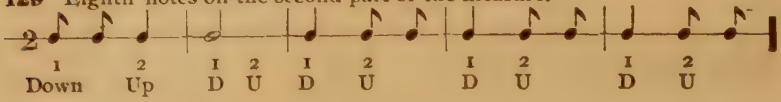

Do Sol Mi Do
1. Oh, there's music on the ocean, Where the winds go sweeping by,
2. Oh, the soft mel-o-dious surg-ing Of bright waves on pebbly shore,
3. Mur-mur on in sol-emn ca-dence, An-thems of the a-ges roll,
Bear-ing up-ward in their fu-ry Dashing waves un-to the sky.
Where rare shells like gems are gleaming, Where ne'er comes the dipping oar.
Wear-ing, surg-ing might-y o-cean, Roll-ing on from pole to pole.

Two *short* tones of equal length may take the place of *one* tone which fills one part of the measure. Such short tones are represented on the staff by notes like these: ♪♪ called Eighth Notes.

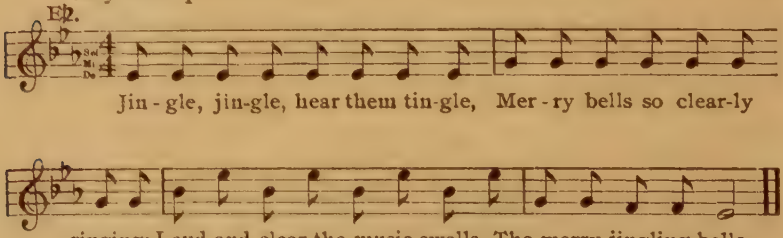
128 Eighth notes on the first part of the measure.



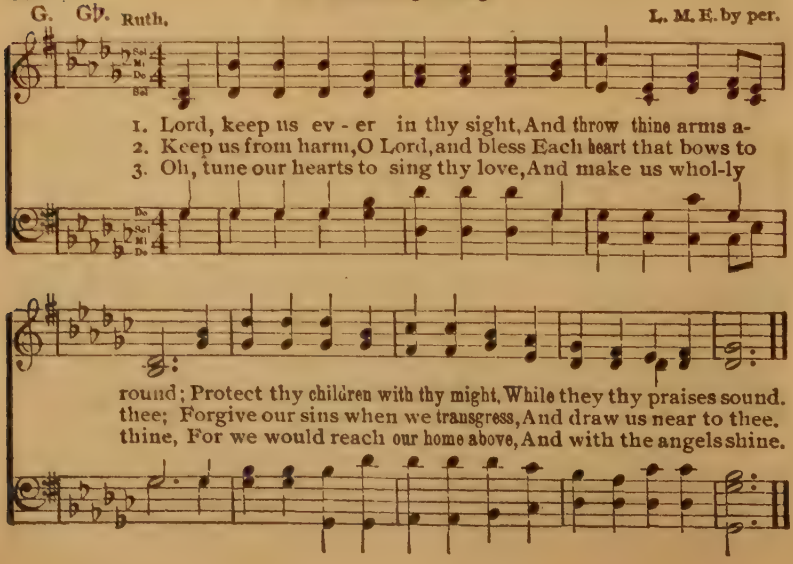
129 Eighth notes on the second part of the measure.



130 Commit to memory where the Do (the key note) is in all the keys. Only seven places for Do.

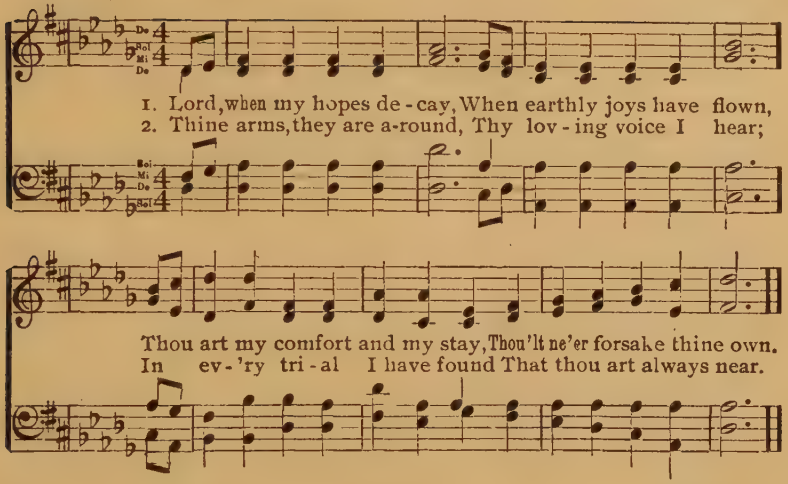

E♭.
Jin - gle, jin-gle, hear them tin-gle, Mer - ry bells so clear-ly
ringing; Loud and clear the music swells, The merry jingling bells.

131 **An Evening Song.**


G. G♭. Ruth.
L. M. E. by per.
1. Lord, keep us ev - er in thy sight, And throw thine arms a-
2. Keep us from harm, O Lord, and bless Each heart that bows to
3. Oh, tune our hearts to sing thy love, And make us whol-ly
round; Protect thy children with thy might, While they thy praises sound.
thee; Forgive our sins when we transgress, And draw us near to thee.
thine, For we would reach our home above, And with the angels shine.

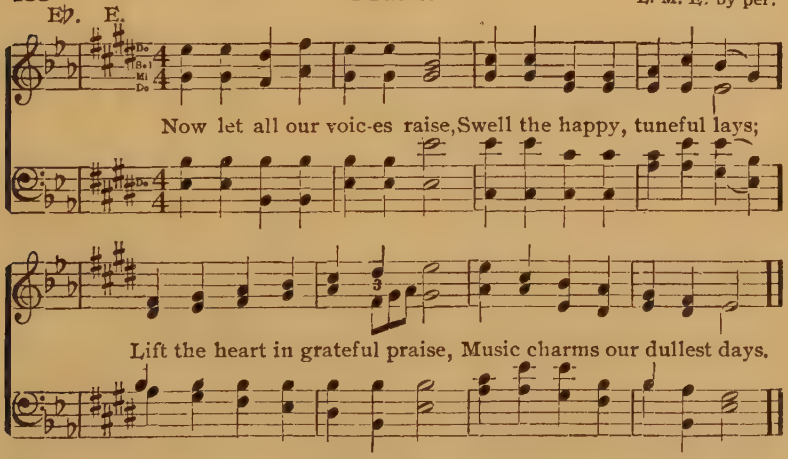
132 **Thy Loving Voice.** L. M. E. by per.

D D♭.

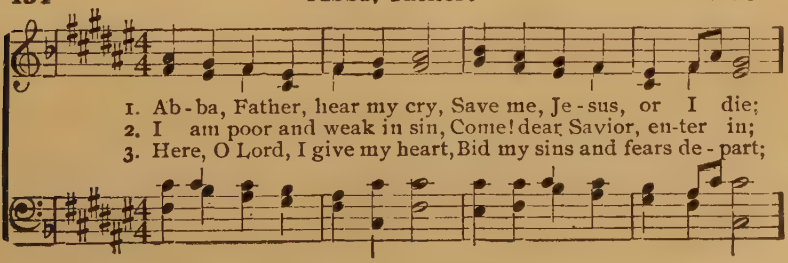

1. Lord, when my hopes de - cay, When earthly joys have flown,
2. Thine arms, they are a-round, Thy lov - ing voice I hear;
Thou art my comfort and my stay, Thou'lt ne'er forsake thine own.
In ev - 'ry tri - al I have found That thou art always near.

133 **Music.** L. M. E. by per.

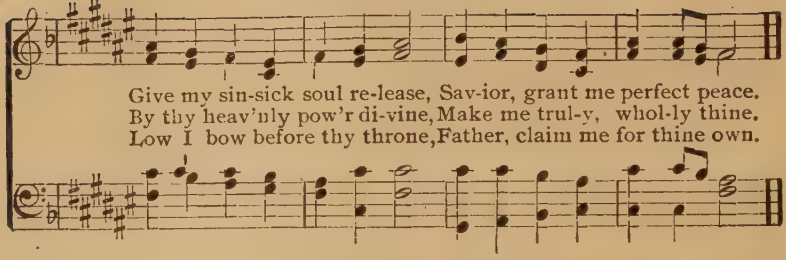
E♭. E.


Now let all our voic-es raise, Swell the happy, tuneful lays;
Lift the heart in grateful praise, Music charms our dullest days.

134 **Abba, Father.** L. M. E. by per.

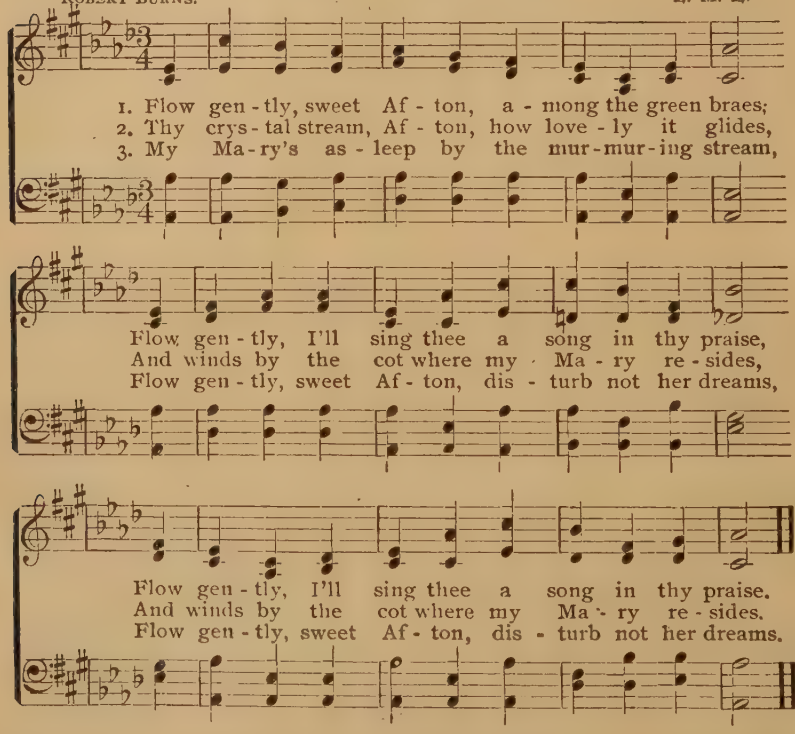

1. Ab - ba, Father, hear my cry, Save me, Je - sus, or I die;
2. I am poor and weak in sin, Come! dear Savior, en-ter in;
3. Here, O Lord, I give my heart, Bid my sins and fears de - part;

Abba, Father.


Give my sin-sick soul re-lease, Sav-ior, grant me perfect peace.
By thy heav'nly pow'r di-vine, Make me trul-y, whol-ly thine.
Low I bow before thy throne, Father, claim me for thine own.

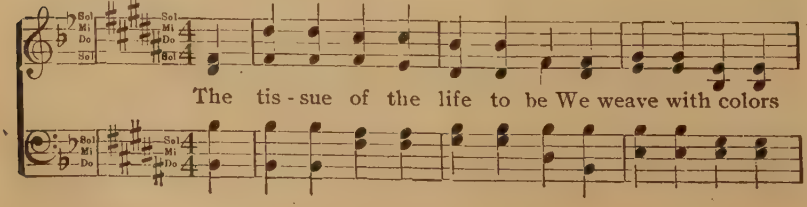
135 Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

ROBERT BURNS. L. M. E.

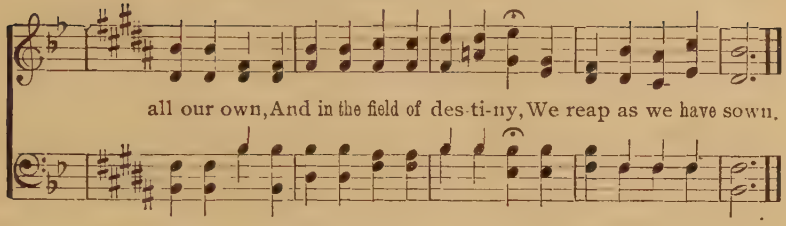

1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mong the green braes;
2. Thy crys-tal stream, Af-ton, how love-ly it glides,
3. My Ma-ry's as-leep by the mur-mur-ing stream,
Flow gen-tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise,
And winds by the cot where my Ma-ry re-sides,
Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dreams,
Flow gen-tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise.
And winds by the cot where my Ma-ry re-sides.
Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dreams.

136 We Reap as We Have Sown.

WHITTIER. L. M. E.



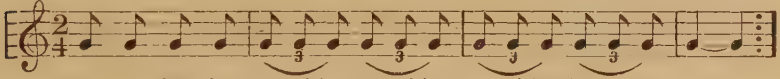
We Reap as We Have Sown.



Triplet Rhythm and Compound Measures. Dr. J. W. Moore says there are two kinds of measures—two part and three part. This being the case he says he has seen whole books wherein these two measures only were used. But of course for convenience we may have three simple forms and three compound forms; the simple being $\frac{2}{4}$, $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{4}{4}$, and the compound $\frac{6}{8}$ or $\frac{6}{4}$, $\frac{9}{8}$, $\frac{12}{8}$.

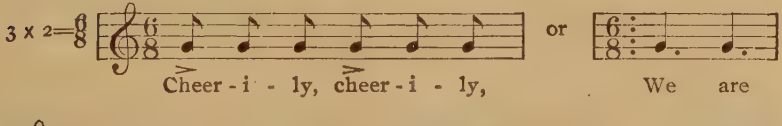
Three equal tones sung in the time of one beat are called a triplet, made thus: or and from this triplet we introduce the compound forms as follows.

137

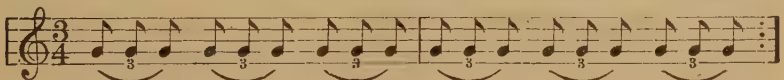


Omitting the curved line and the figure 3, we use once and for all six eighths notes with six for the numeral, and as the notes in the triplets are eighths, we use 8 as the denominator.

138 Compound Two Part Measure.

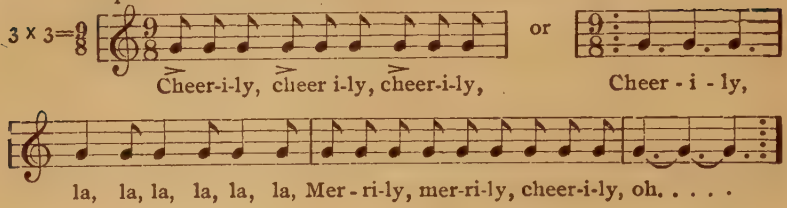


139 Three Part Measure, derived from Three Part groups of triplets.

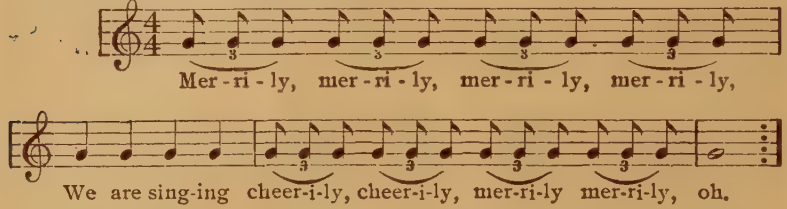


Dropping the curved line and the figure 3, multiply 3 x by 3=9, we have three triplets in the measure, and the kind of notes being eighths, place the 8 under the 9, thus: $\frac{9}{8}$, which is our new fraction.

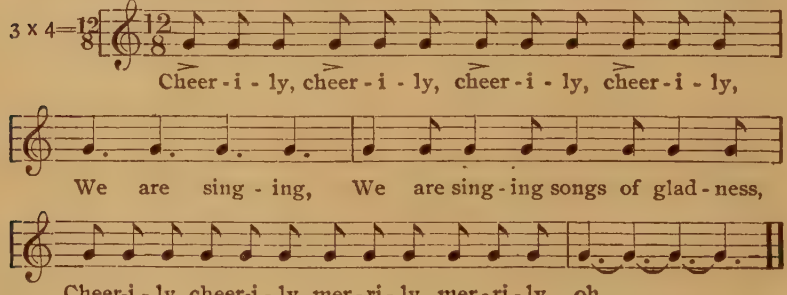
140 Compound Measure as derived from Three Part Measure.



141 Four Part Measure. Drop the curved line as in the example below and we have a new measure signature.

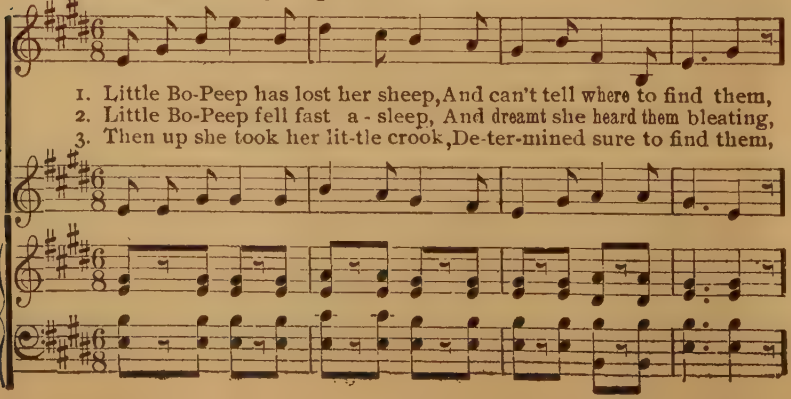


142 Compound Four Part Measure. By dropping the curved line and the figure 3, or 3 times $4=\frac{12}{8}$ we have a new fraction for measure signature.

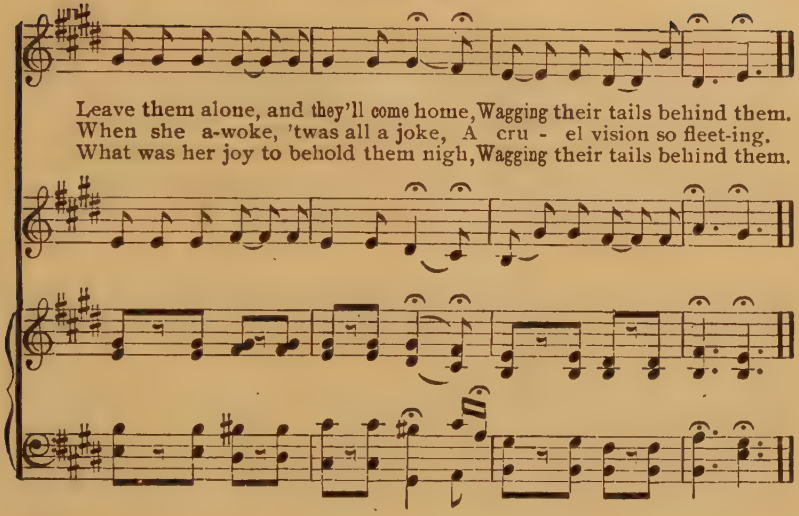

3 x 4=12/8
Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly,
We are sing - ing, We are sing - ing songs of glad - ness,
Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, oh. . . . .

Little Bo-Peep.

143 Rote Song, in first year grades. L. M. E. by per.

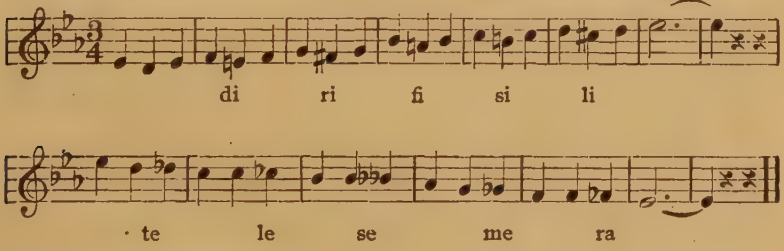
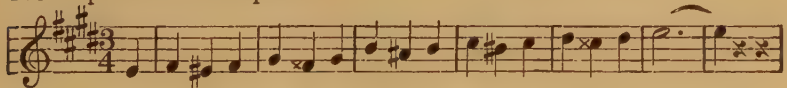

1. Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them,
2. Little Bo-Peep fell fast a - sleep, And dreamt she heard them bleating,
3. Then up she took her lit-tle crook, De-ter-mined sure to find them,

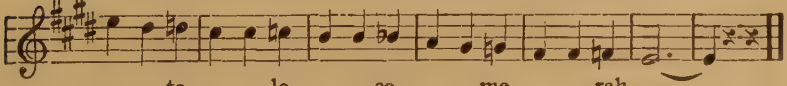
Little Bo-Peep.


Leave them alone, and they'll come home, Wagging their tails behind them.
When she a-woke, 'twas all a joke, A cru - el vision so fleet-ing.
What was her joy to behold them nigh, Wagging their tails behind them.

CHROMATIC EXERCISES.

See what is said about the Chromatic Scale in Theory of Music, Nos. 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36.

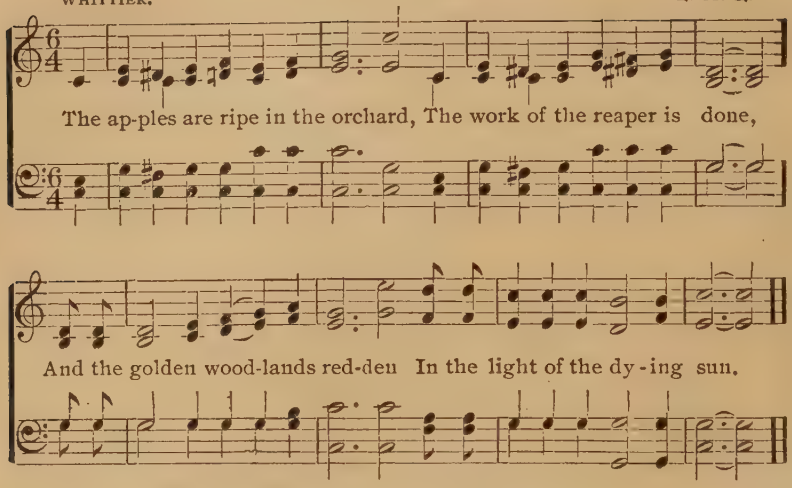
144 Write this exercise out in all the keys. Downward with flats.

145 Upward with sharps.

Downward with cancels (naturals) which flatten the degree.



Write the above exercises out in all keys until they are firmly fixed in the mind.

146 Autumn.

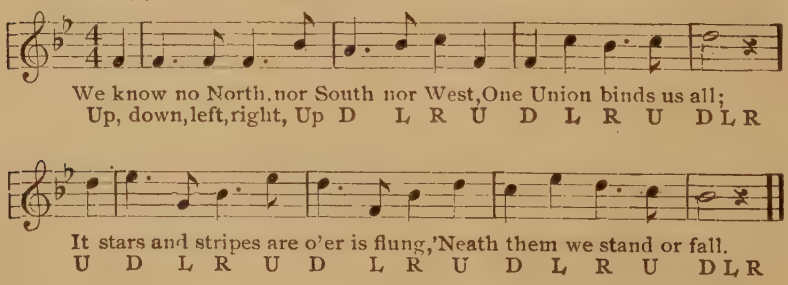
WHITTIER. L. M. E.


The ap-ples are ripe in the orchard, The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden wood-lands red-den In the light of the dy-ing sun.

A tone as long as a quarter and an eighth note, thus: ♩♪ may also be represented by a dot after the quarter note, called a dotted quarter note. A dot adds one half to the duration of the note after which it is placed.

Stars and Stripes.

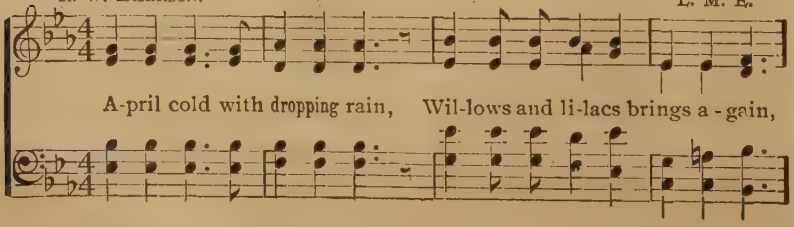
147 Dotted quarter in four part measure.


We know no North, nor South nor West, One Union binds us all;
Up, down, left, right, Up D L R U D L R U D L R
It stars and stripes are o'er is flung, 'Neath them we stand or fall.
U D L R U D L R U D L R U D L R

April.

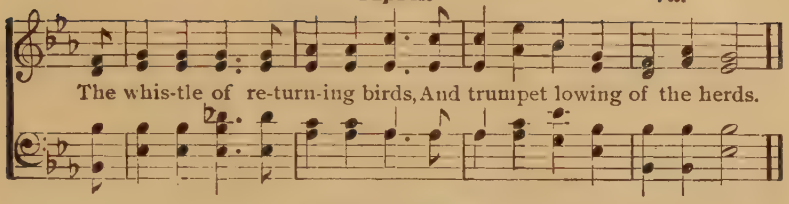
148

R. W. EMERSON. L. M. E.



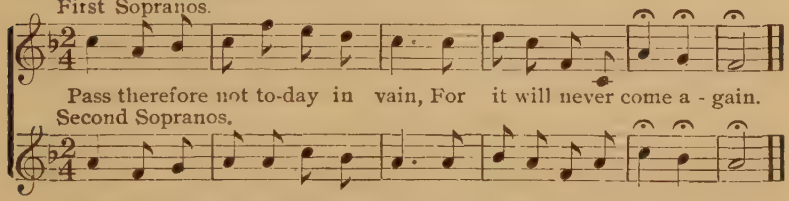
April.

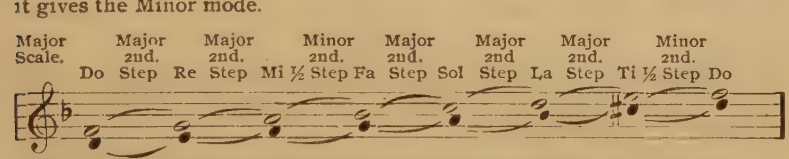
rit.



Value of Time.

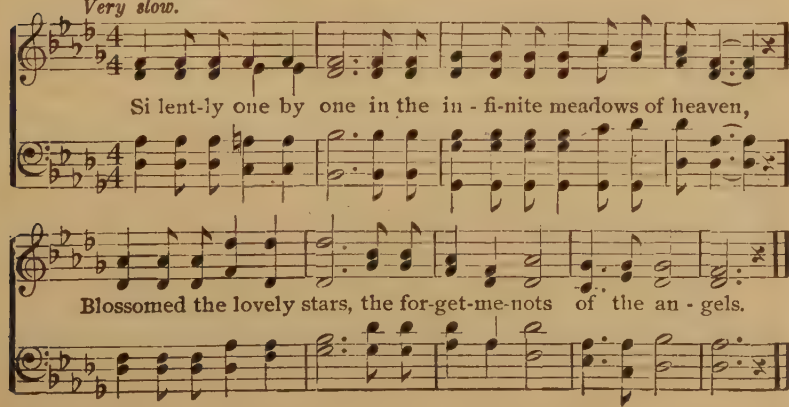
149 Duet Dotted Quarter note in two part measure.



In the study of the Minor Scale, No. 28 in Theory of Music explains it very well. Here is an example of the Major Scale in conection with the Minor Scale. The Major and the Minor have both the same signature. Two degrees below the Major gives the Minor, and *visa versa*. The large note shows the Major and the small note the Minor. When we sharp tone five of any Major Scale in the order taken up in No 28 in Theory of Music, it gives the Minor mode.

Major Scale. Major 2nd. Major 2nd. Minor 2nd. Major 2nd. Major 2nd. Major 2nd. Minor 2nd.
Do Step Re Step Mi ½ Step Fa Step Sol Step La Step Ti ½ Step Do
Minor Scale. La Step Ti ½ Step Do Step Re Step Mi ½ Step Fa Step & ½ Si ½ Step La
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Major 2d. Minor 2d. Major 2nd. Major 2nd. Minor 2nd. Augm'd 2nd. Minor 2nd.

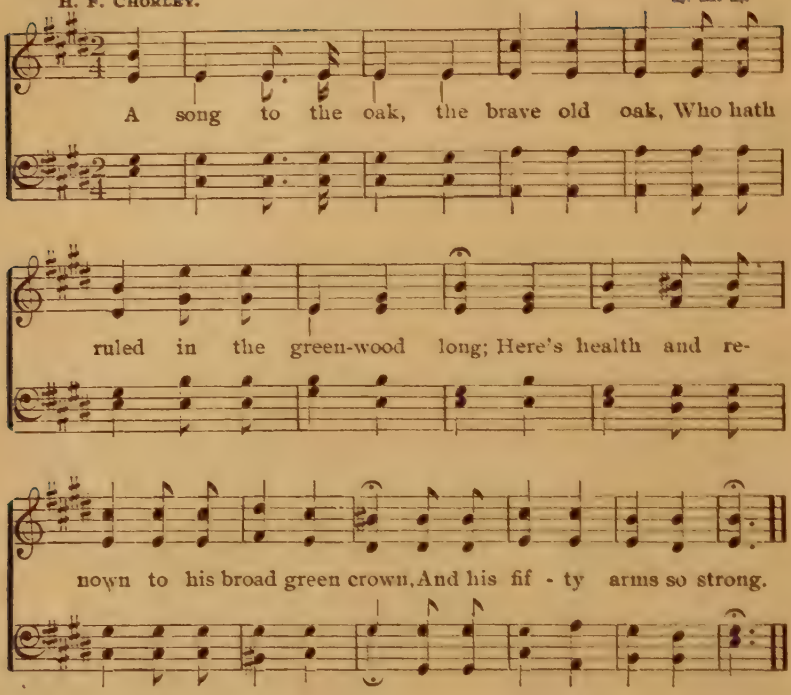
150 **Forget-me-nots.**

H. W. LONGFELLOW. L. M. E.


Very slow.
Si lent-ly one by one in the in - fi-nite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the for-get-me-nots of the an - gels.

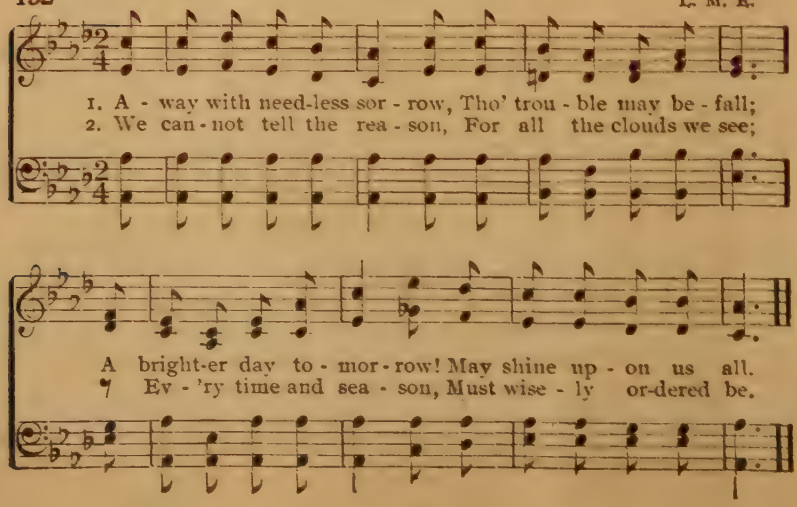
151 The Brave Old Oak.

H. F. CHORLEY. L. M. E.


A song to the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath
ruled in the green-wood long; Here's health and re-
nown to his broad green crown, And his fif - ty arms so strong.

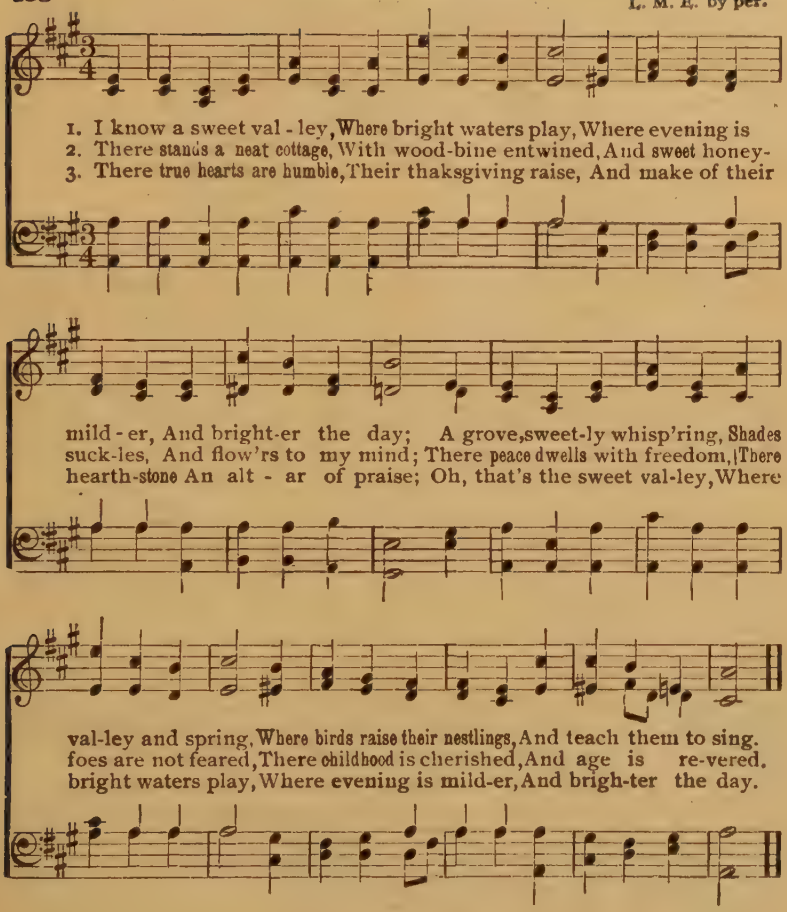
Away With Sorrow.

152 L. M. E.


1. A - way with need-less sor - row, Tho' trou - ble may be - fall;
2. We can - not tell the rea - son, For all the clouds we see;
A bright-er day to - mor - row! May shine up - on us all.
Ev - 'ry time and sea - son, Must wise - ly or-dered be.

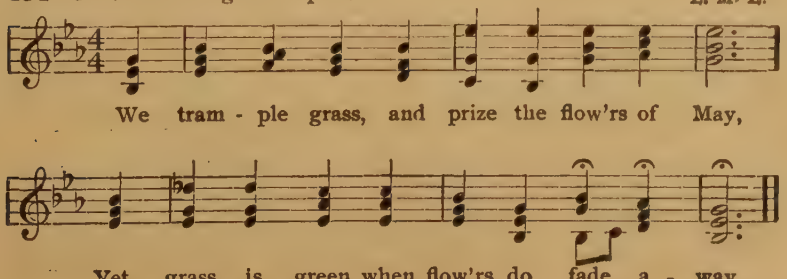
Home in the Valley.

153 L. M. E. by per.


1. I know a sweet val - ley, Where bright waters play, Where evening is
2. There stands a neat cottage, With wood-bine entwined, And sweet honey-
3. There true hearts are humble, Their thaksgiving raise, And make of their
mild - er, And bright-er the day; A grove, sweet-ly whisp'ring, Shades
suck-les, And flow'rs to my mind; There peace dwells with freedom, There
hearth-stone An alt - ar of praise; Oh, that's the sweet val-ley, Where
val-ley and spring, Where birds raise their nestlings, And teach them to sing.
foes are not feared, There childhood is cherished, And age is re-vered.
bright waters play, Where evening is mild-er, And brigh-ter the day.

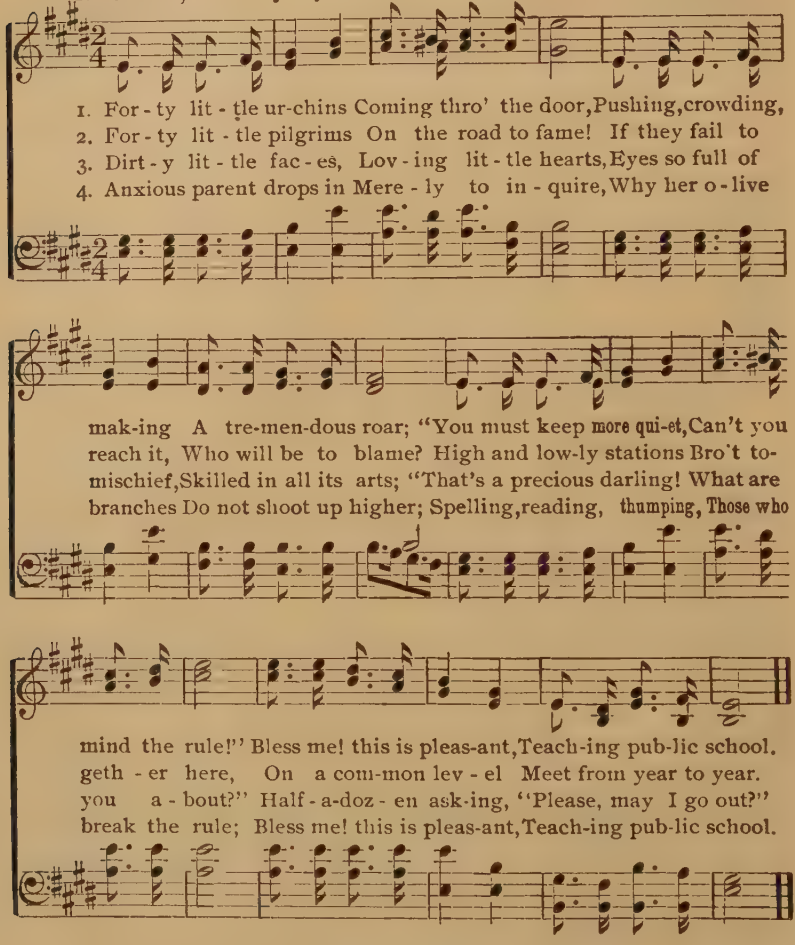
A Tribute to the Grass.

154 Trio. Bass sing lower part. L. M. E.



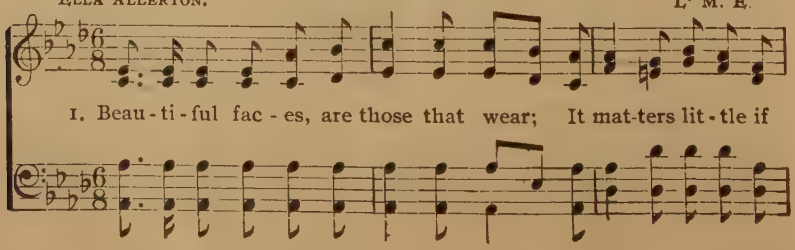
Teaching Public School.

155 Give the full time to the Dotted Eighth Note, and make the Sixteenth Note short, but not jerky. L. M. E. by per.

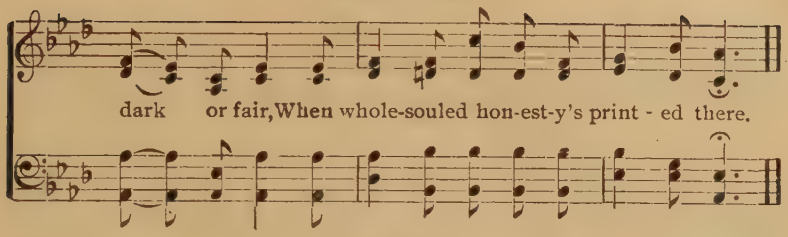

1. For - ty lit - tle ur-chins Coming thro' the door, Pushing, crowding,
2. For - ty lit - tle pilgrims On the road to fame! If they fail to
3. Dirt - y lit - tle fac - es, Lov - ing lit - tle hearts, Eyes so full of
4. Anxious parent drops in Mere - ly to in - quire, Why her o - live
mak-ing A tre-men-dous roar; "You must keep more qui-et, Can't you
reach it, Who will be to blame? High and low-ly stations Bro't to-
mischief, Skilled in all its arts; "That's a precious darling! What are
branches Do not shoot up higher; Spelling, reading, thumping, Those who
mind the rule!" Bless me! this is pleas-ant, Teach-ing pub-lic school.
geth - er here, On a com-mon lev - el Meet from year to year.
you a - bout?" Half - a-doz - en ask-ing, "Please, may I go out?"
break the rule; Bless me! this is pleas-ant, Teach-ing pub-lic school.

156 **Beautiful Faces.**

ELLA ALLERTON. L. M. E.

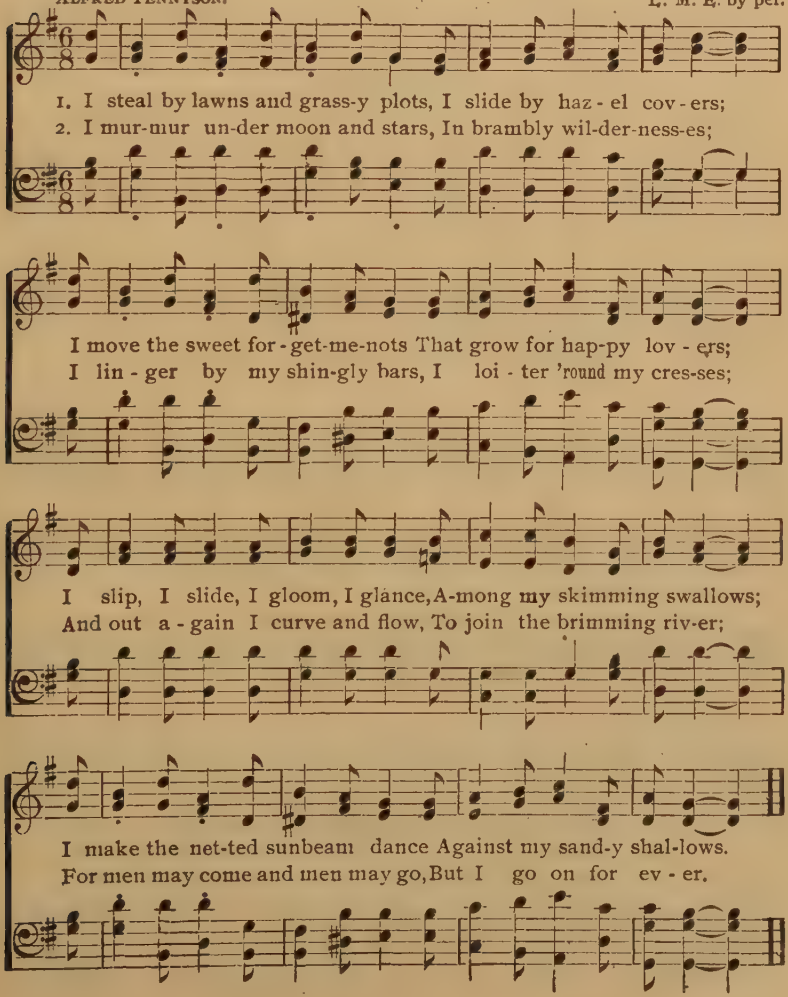


Beautiful Faces.



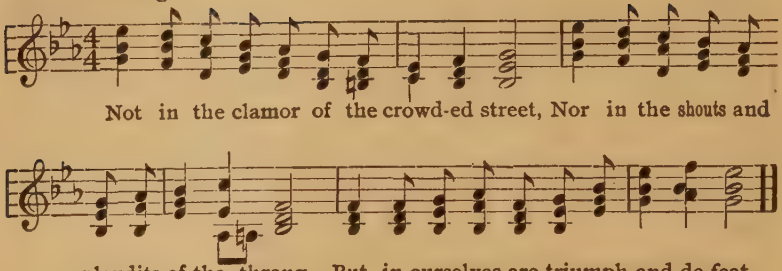
157 The Brook.

ALFRED TENNYSON. L. M. E. by per.


1. I steal by lawns and grass-y plots, I slide by haz - el cov - ers;
2. I mur-mur un-der moon and stars, In brambly wil-der-ness-es;
I move the sweet for - get-me-nots That grow for hap-py lov - ers;
I lin - ger by my shin-gly bars, I loi - ter 'round my cres-ses;
I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance, A-mong my skimming swallows;
And out a - gain I curve and flow, To join the brimming riv-er;
I make the net-ted sunbeam dance Against my sand-y shal-lows.
For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ev - er.

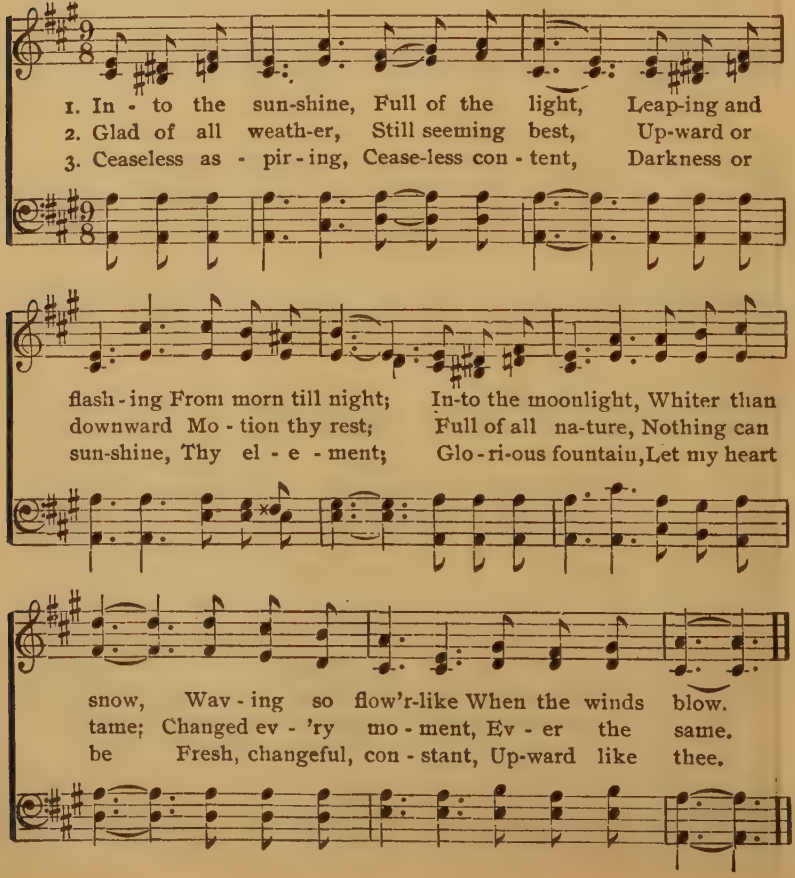
The Crowded Street.

158 Rote Song. L. M. E.


Not in the clamor of the crowd-ed street, Nor in the shouts and
plaudits of the throng, But in ourselves are triumph and de-feat.

159 **The Fountain.**

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. L. M. E. by per.

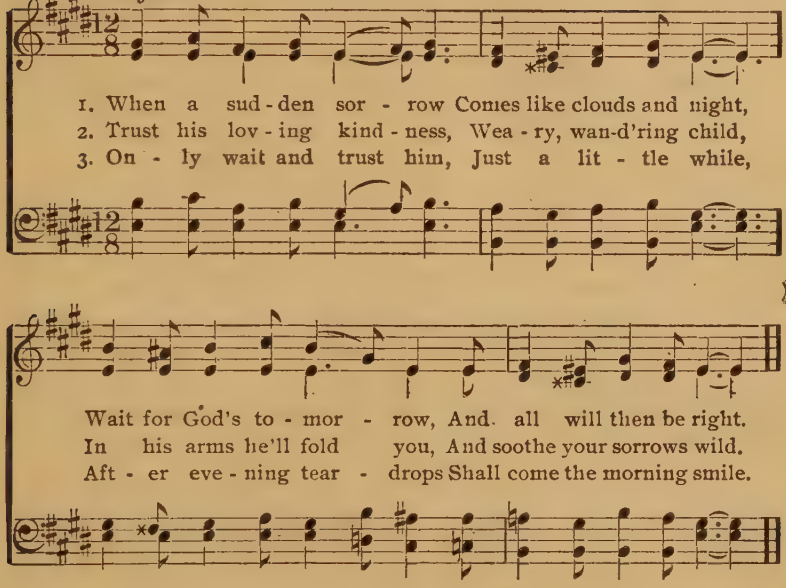

1. In - to the sun-shine, Full of the light, Leap-ing and
2. Glad of all weath-er, Still seeming best, Up-ward or
3. Ceaseless as - pir - ing, Cease-less con - tent, Darkness or
flash - ing From morn till night; In-to the moonlight, Whiter than
downward Mo - tion thy rest; Full of all na-ture, Nothing can
sun-shine, Thy el - e - ment; Glo - ri-ous fountain, Let my heart
snow, Wav - ing so flow'r-like When the winds blow.
tame; Changed ev - 'ry mo - ment, Ev - er the same.
be Fresh, changeful, con - stant, Up-ward like thee.

Trust Him.

160 Whisper Song.

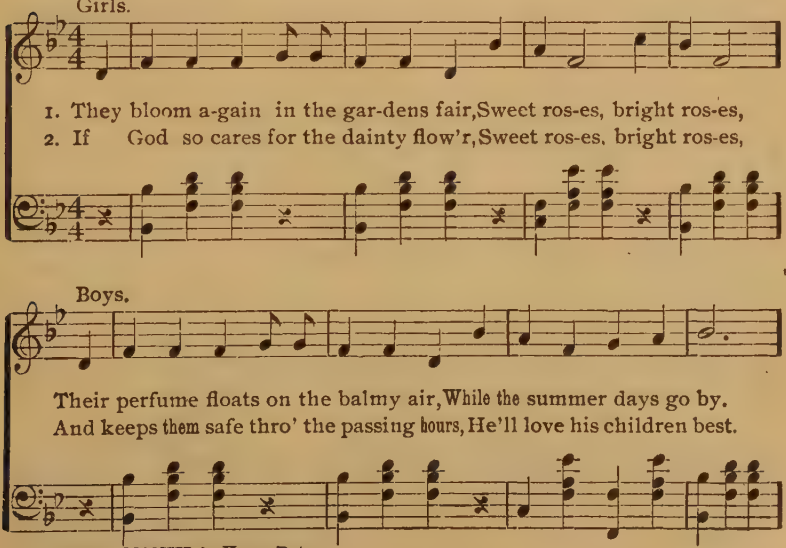
F. R. HAVERGAL. 2nd Stanza by RUTH. L. M. E. by per.

Very slow.


1. When a sud - den sor - row Comes like clouds and night,
2. Trust his lov - ing kind - ness, Wea - ry, wan-d'ring child,
3. On - ly wait and trust him, Just a lit - tle while,
Wait for God's to - mor - row, And all will then be right.
In his arms he'll fold you, And soothe your sorrows wild.
Aft - er eve - ning tear - drops Shall come the morning smile.

161 **Sweet Roses.**

LIZZIE DEARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


Girls.
1. They bloom a-gain in the gar-dens fair, Sweet ros-es, bright ros-es,
2. If God so cares for the dainty flow'r, Sweet ros-es, bright ros-es,
Boys.
Their perfume floats on the balmy air, While the summer days go by.
And keeps them safe thro' the passing hours, He'll love his children best.

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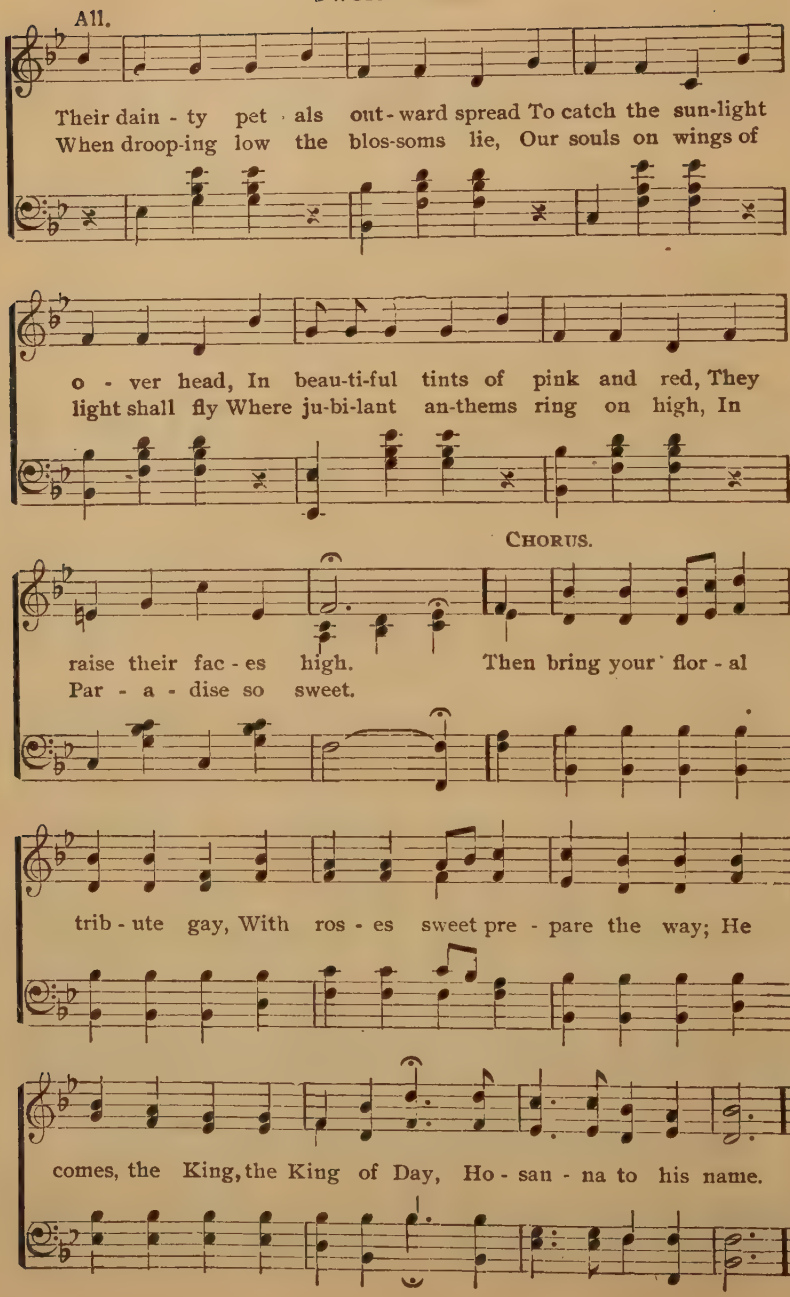
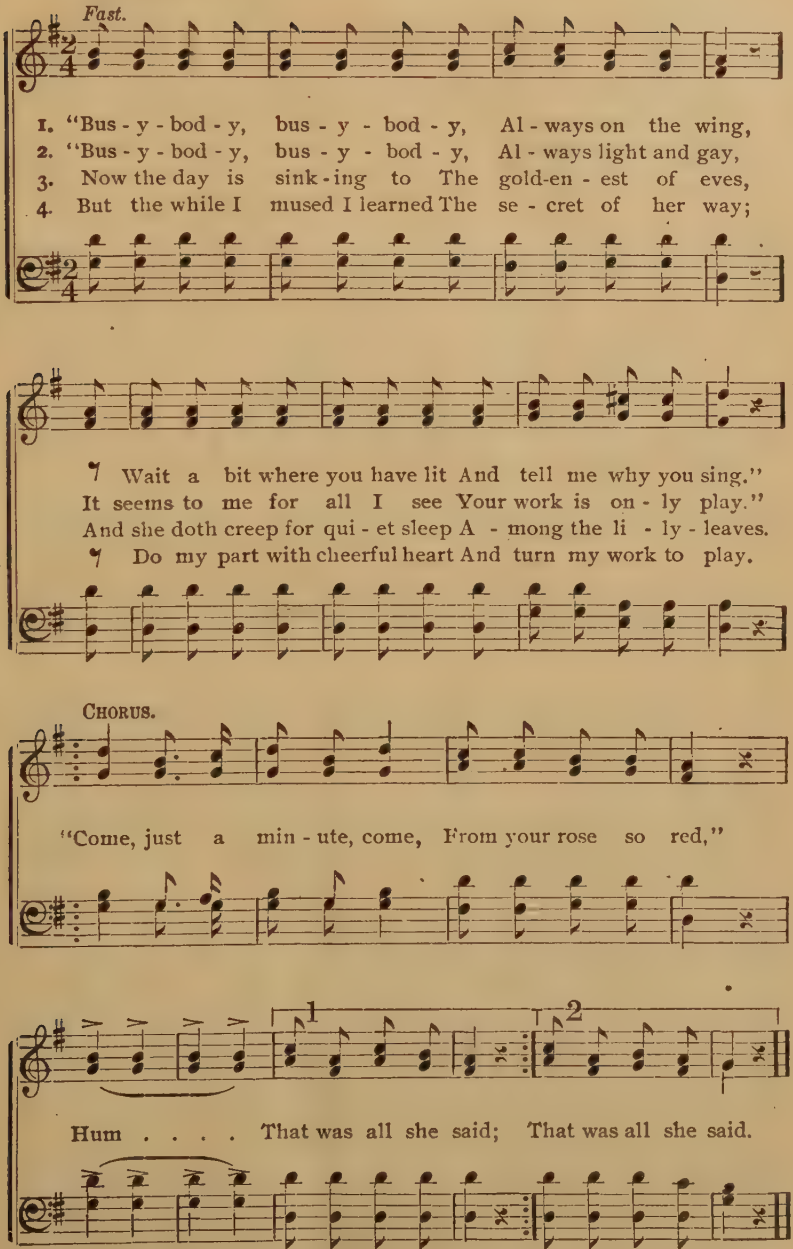
Sweet Roses.


All.
Their dain - ty pet - als out - ward spread To catch the sun-light
When droop-ing low the blos-soms lie, Our souls on wings of
o - ver head, In beau-ti-ful tints of pink and red, They
light shall fly Where ju-bi-lant an-thems ring on high, In
CHORUS.
raise their fac - es high. Then bring your flor - al
Par - a - dise so sweet.
trib - ute gay, With ros - es sweet pre - pare the way; He
comes, the King, the King of Day, Ho - san - na to his name.

To a Honey Bee.

ALICE CARY. E. O. LYTE.

Fast.


1. "Bus - y - bod - y, bus - y - bod - y, Al - ways on the wing,
2. "Bus - y - bod - y, bus - y - bod - y, Al - ways light and gay,
3. Now the day is sink - ing to The gold-en - est of eves,
4. But the while I mused I learned The se - cret of her way;
Wait a bit where you have lit And tell me why you sing."
It seems to me for all I see Your work is on - ly play."
And she doth creep for qui - et sleep A - mong the li - ly - leaves.
Do my part with cheerful heart And turn my work to play.
CHORUS.
"Come, just a min - ute, come, From your rose so red,"
1
2
Hum . . . . That was all she said; That was all she said.

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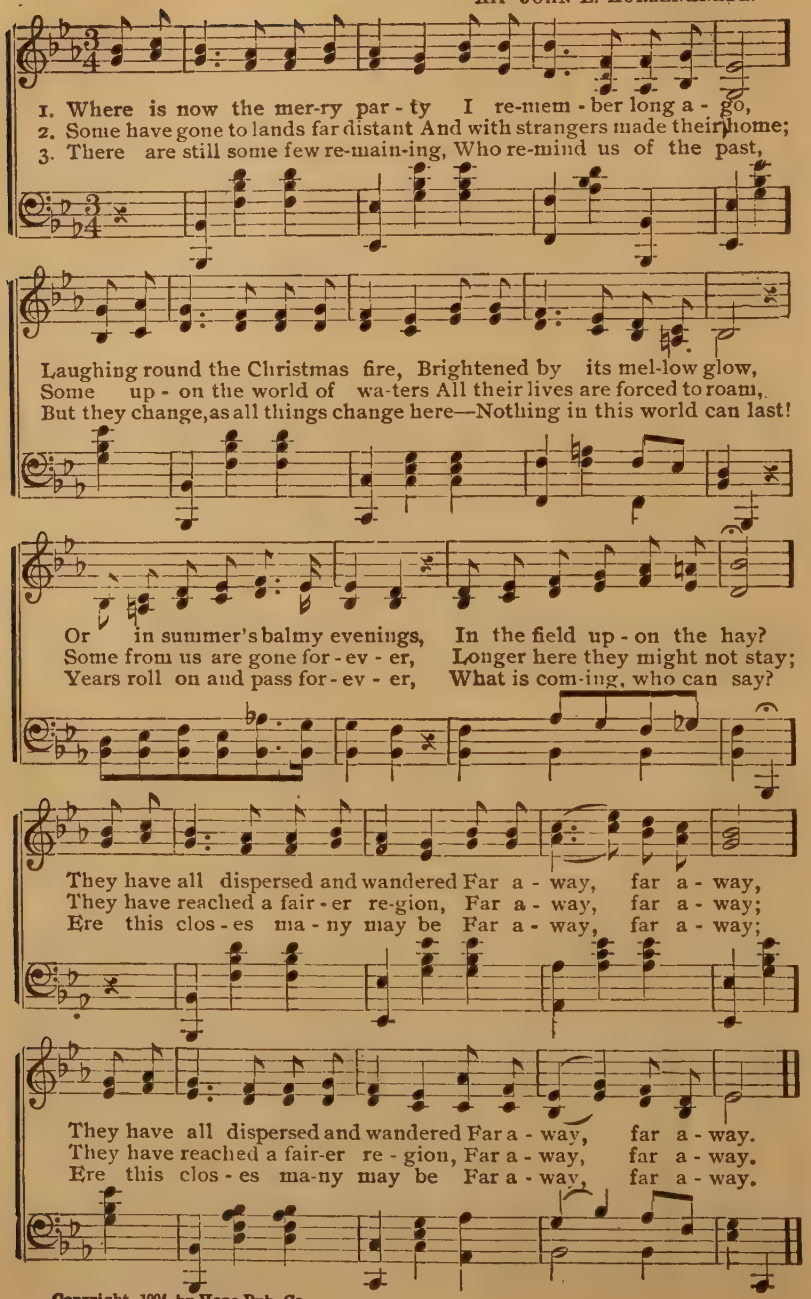
163 Far Away.

Arr John E. Kurzenknabe.


1. Where is now the mer-ry par - ty I re-mem - ber long a - go,
2. Some have gone to lands far distant And with strangers made their home;
3. There are still some few re-main-ing, Who re-mind us of the past,
Laughing round the Christmas fire, Brightened by its mel-low glow,
Some up - on the world of wa-ters All their lives are forced to roam,
But they change, as all things change here—Nothing in this world can last!
Or in summer's balmy evenings, In the field up - on the hay?
Some from us are gone for - ev - er, Longer here they might not stay;
Years roll on and pass for - ev - er, What is com-ing, who can say?
They have all dispersed and wandered Far a - way, far a - way,
They have reached a fair - er re-gion, Far a - way, far a - way;
Ere this clos - es ma - ny may be Far a - way, far a - way;
They have all dispersed and wandered Far a - way, far a - way.
They have reached a fair-er re - gion, Far a - way, far a - way.
Ere this clos - es ma-ny may be Far a - way, far a - way.

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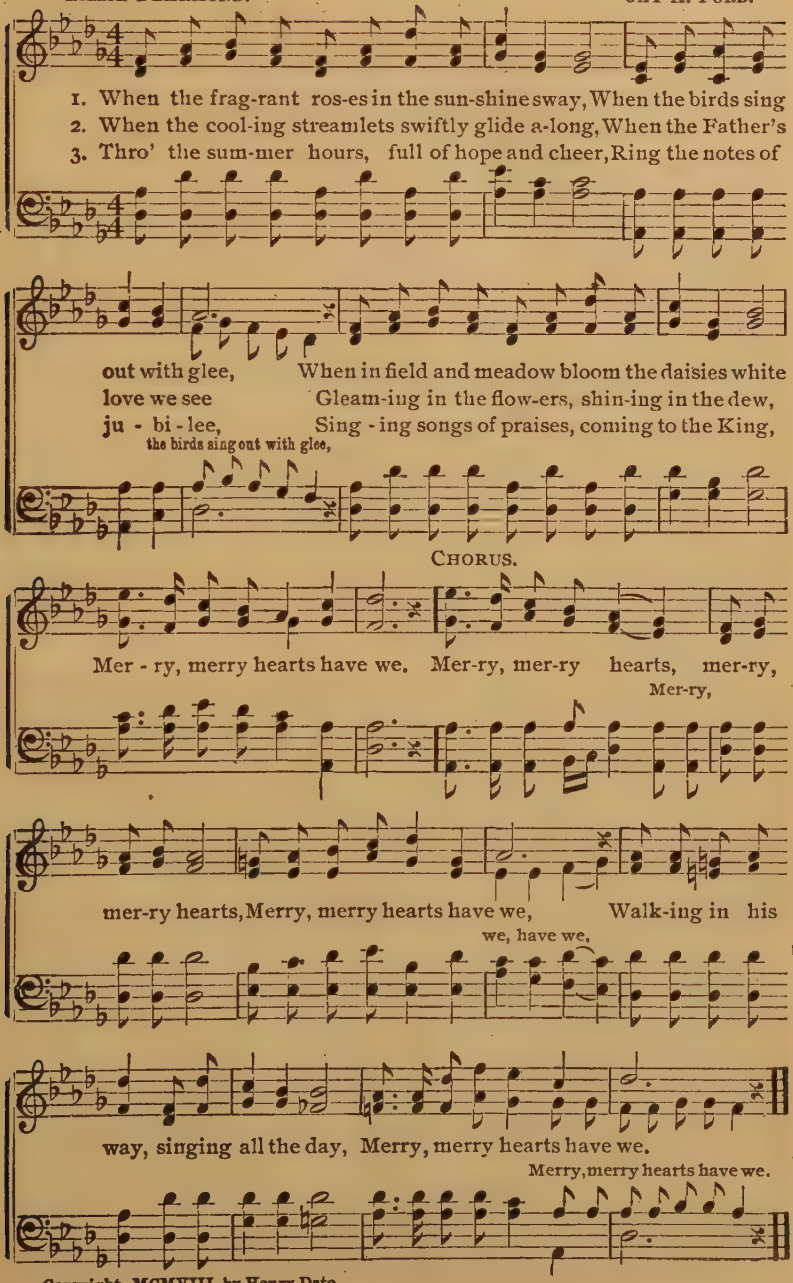
164 Merry Hearts Have We.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. JAY A. FORD.


1. When the frag-rant ros-es in the sun-shine sway, When the birds sing
2. When the cool-ing streamlets swiftly glide a-long, When the Father's
3. Thro' the sum-mer hours, full of hope and cheer, Ring the notes of
out with glee, When in field and meadow bloom the daisies white
love we see Gleam-ing in the flow-ers, shin-ing in the dew,
ju - bi - lee, Sing - ing songs of praises, coming to the King,
the birds sing out with glee,
CHORUS.
Mer - ry, merry hearts have we. Mer-ry, mer-ry hearts, mer-ry,
Mer-ry,
mer-ry hearts, Merry, merry hearts have we, Walk-ing in his
we, have we,
way, singing all the day, Merry, merry hearts have we.
Merry, merry hearts have we.

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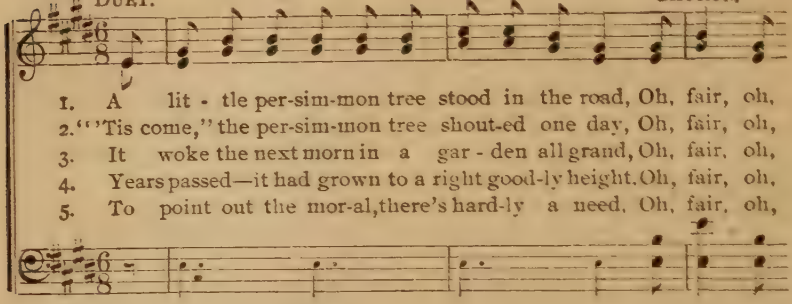
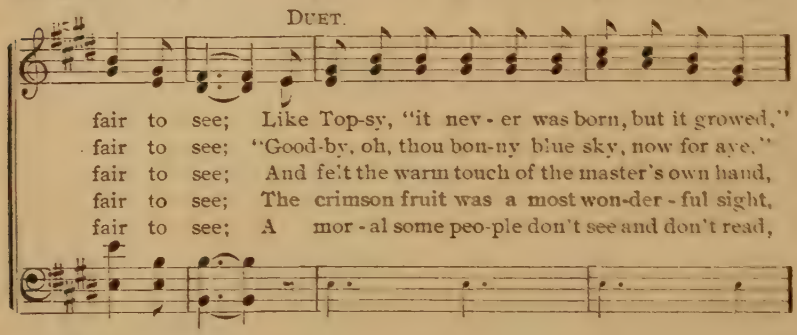
165 The Little Persimmon Tree.

MARY A. DEMSON. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

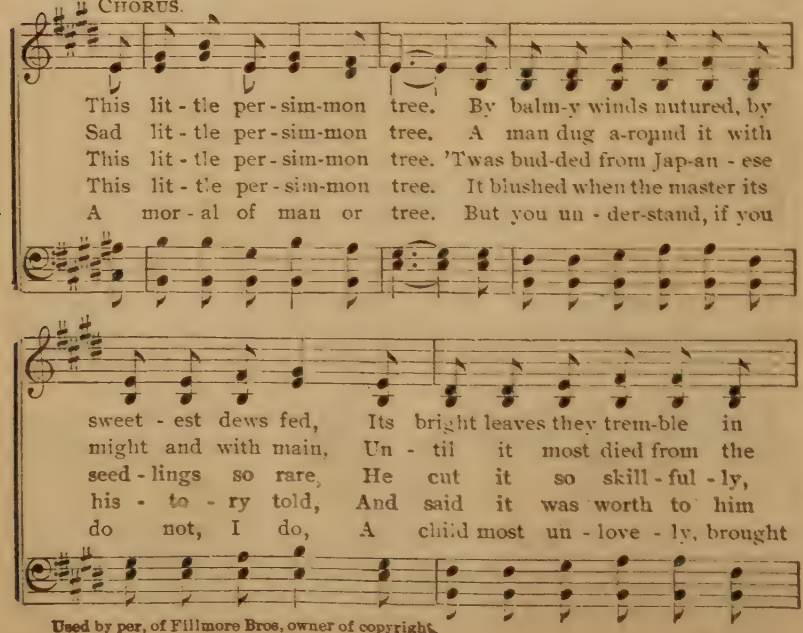
DUET. CHORUS.


1. A lit - tle per-sim-mon tree stood in the road, Oh, fair, oh,
2. "'Tis come," the per-sim-mon tree shout-ed one day, Oh, fair, oh,
3. It woke the next morn in a gar - den all grand, Oh, fair, oh,
4. Years passed—it had grown to a right good-ly height. Oh, fair, oh,
5. To point out the mor-al, there's hard-ly a need, Oh, fair, oh,

DUET.


fair to see; Like Top-sy, "it nev - er was born, but it growed,"
fair to see; "Good-by, oh, thou bon-ny blue sky, now for aye."
fair to see; And felt the warm touch of the master's own hand,
fair to see; The crimson fruit was a most won-der - ful sight,
fair to see; A mor - al some peo-ple don't see and don't read,

CHORUS.


This lit - tle per - sim-mon tree. By balm-y winds nutured, by
Sad lit - tle per - sim-mon tree. A man dug a-round it with
This lit - tle per - sim-mon tree. 'Twas bud-ded from Jap-an - ese
This lit - tle per - sim-mon tree. It blushed when the master its
A mor - al of man or tree. But you un - der-stand, if you
sweet - est dews fed, Its bright leaves they trem-ble in
might and with main, Un - til it most died from the
seed - lings so rare, He cut it so skill - ful - ly,
his - to - ry told, And said it was worth to him
do not, I do, A child most un - love - ly, brought

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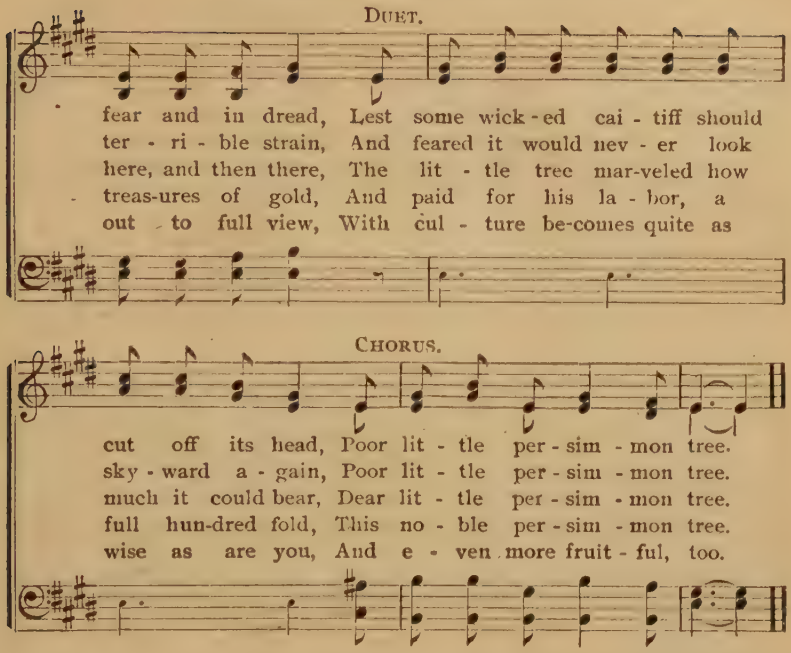
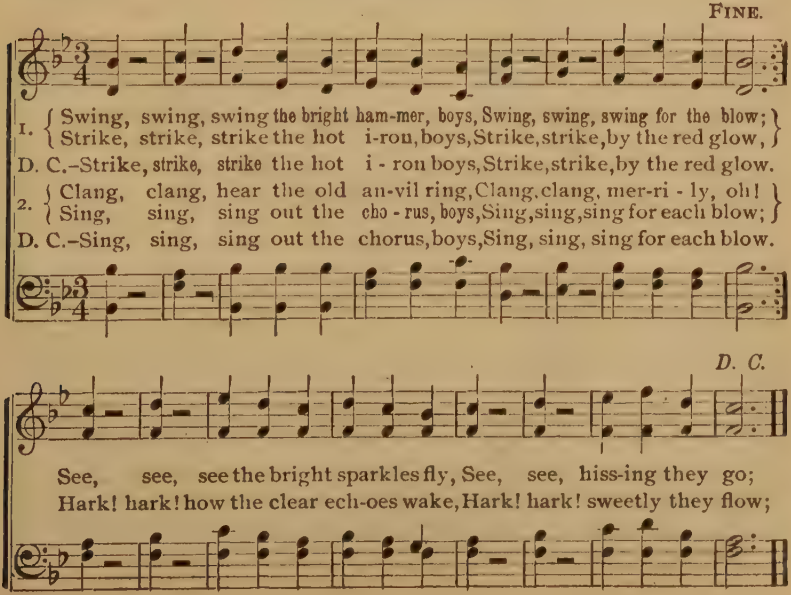
The Little Persimmon Tree.


DUET.
fear and in dread, Lest some wick - ed cai - tiff should
ter - ri - ble strain, And feared it would nev - er look
here, and then there, The lit - tle tree mar-veled how
treas-ures of gold, And paid for his la - bor, a
out to full view, With cul - ture be-comes quite as
CHORUS.
cut off its head, Poor lit - tle per - sim - mon tree.
sky - ward a - gain, Poor lit - tle per - sim - mon tree.
much it could bear, Dear lit - tle per - sim - mon tree.
full hun-dred fold, This no - ble per - sim - mon tree.
wise as are you, And e - ven more fruit - ful, too.

166 The Blacksmith.

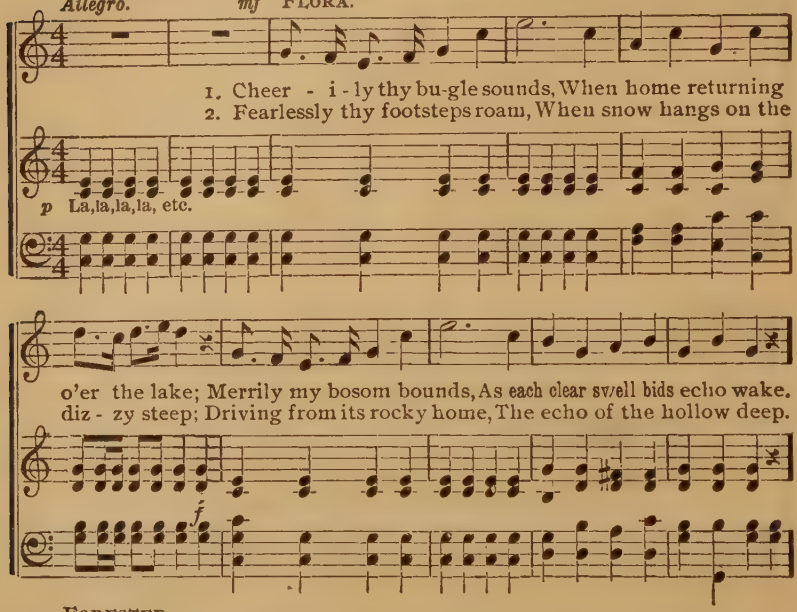

FINE.
1. Swing, swing, swing the bright ham-mer, boys, Swing, swing, swing for the blow;
Strike, strike, strike the hot i-ron, boys, Strike, strike, by the red glow,
D. C.–Strike, strike, strike the hot i - ron boys, Strike, strike, by the red glow.
2. Clang, clang, hear the old an-vil ring, Clang, clang, mer-ri - ly, oh!
Sing, sing, sing out the cho - rus, boys, Sing, sing, sing for each blow;
D. C.–Sing, sing, sing out the chorus, boys, Sing, sing, sing for each blow.
D. C.
See, see, see the bright sparkles fly, See, see, hiss-ing they go;
Hark! hark! how the clear ech-oes wake, Hark! hark! sweetly they flow;

Flora and Forester.

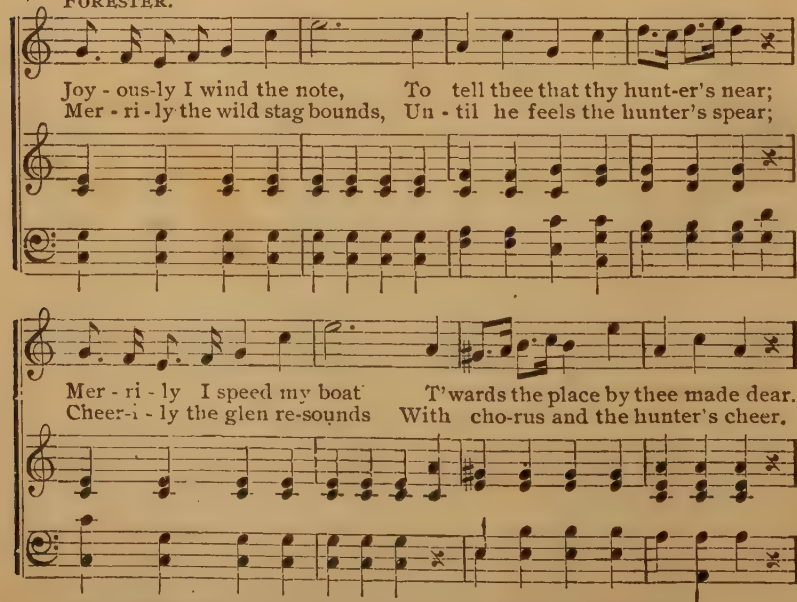
Arr. from J. H. Hewitt.

Solo, with Vocal Accompaniment and Chorus.*

Allegro. *mf* Flora.


1. Cheer - i - ly thy bu-gle sounds, When home returning
2. Fearlessly thy footsteps roam, When snow hangs on the
p La,la,la,la, etc.
o'er the lake; Merrily my bosom bounds, As each clear swell bids echo wake.
diz - zy steep; Driving from its rocky home, The echo of the hollow deep.
f

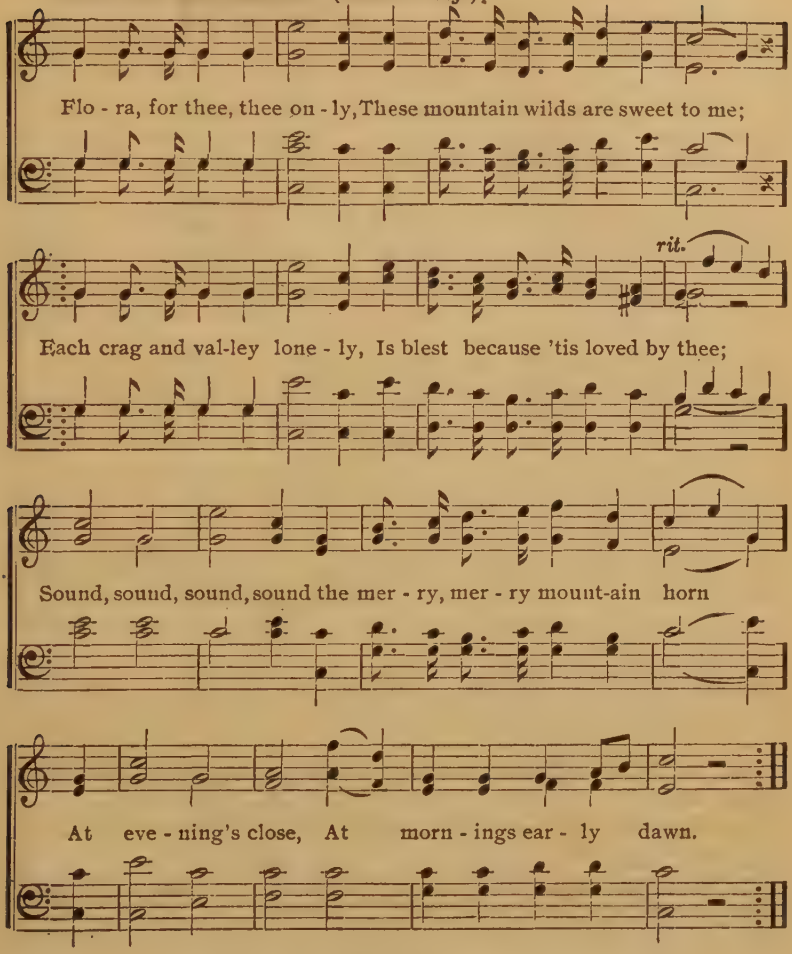
Forester.


Joy - ous-ly I wind the note, To tell thee that thy hunt-er's near;
Mer - ri - ly the wild stag bounds, Un - til he feels the hunter's spear;
Mer - ri - ly I speed my boat T'wards the place by thee made dear.
Cheer-i - ly the glen re-sounds With cho-rus and the hunter's cheer.

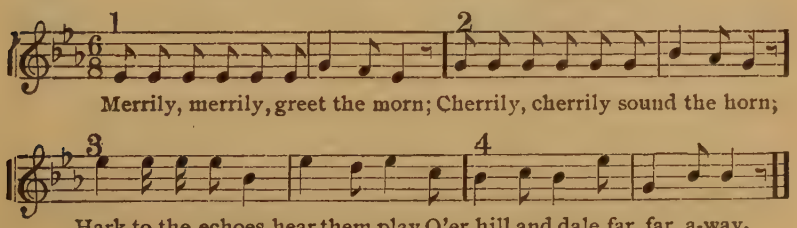
*The Chorus singing the accompaniment should remain in a sitting posture.

Flora and Forester.

FORESTER AND CHORUS. (*Chorus rising.*)

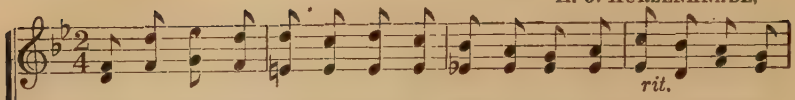

Flo - ra, for thee, thee on - ly, These mountain wilds are sweet to me;
rit.
Each crag and val-ley lone - ly, Is blest because 'tis loved by thee;
Sound, sound, sound, sound the mer - ry, mer - ry mount-ain horn
At eve - ning's close, At morn - ings ear - ly dawn.

168 Merrily, Merrily. (Round.)

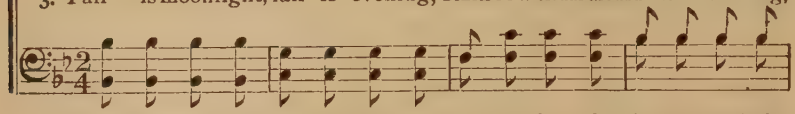

1
2
Merrily, merrily, greet the morn; Cherrily, cherrily sound the horn;
3
4
Hark to the echoes, hear them play O'er hill and dale, far, far a-way.

Come With Me.

H. J. KURZENKNABE.

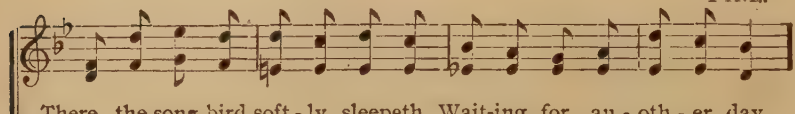


1. Come with me, the moon is shining, Round yon tree the vine is twining,
2. Come with me, sweet bells are ring-ing, Gen-tle winds their tones are bringing,
3. Fair is moonlight, fair is evening, Rainbow clouds around her wreathing,

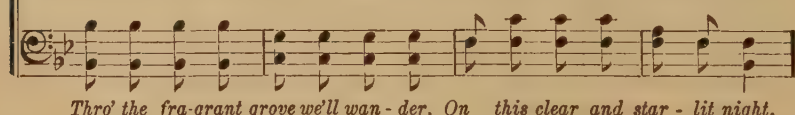


Cho.–*Come with me, the moon is shin-ing, Fair and love-ly is the moonlight,*

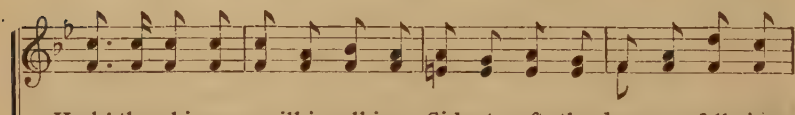
FINE.

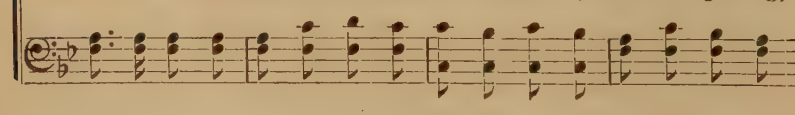


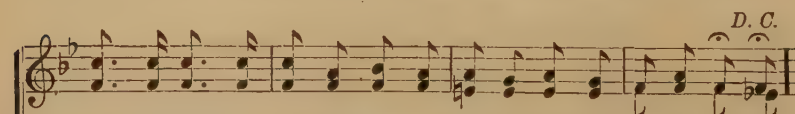
There the song-bird soft-ly sleepeth, Wait-ing for an-oth-er day.
Far a-way like spir-its sing-ing, Hark! to their sweet ves-per lay.
Night's sweet planet mild ad-vanc-es, Pleas-ing all the summer night.



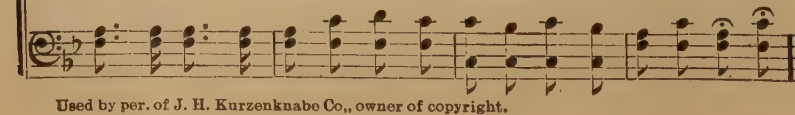
Thro' the fra-grant grove we'll wan-der, On this clear and star-lit night.



Hark! the whip-poor-will is call-ing, Si-lent, soft, the dews are fall-ing,
See the riv-u-let, it speedeth, Thro' yon dark'ning wood re-ced-eth,
See! the flow'r-bells all are clos-ing, Till the dew-y morn re-pos-ing,

D. C.



Thro' the fragrant grove we'll wander, Song shall cheer us on our way. Oh,
Pass we where in silv'ry moonlight, Lake and mount spread far away. Oh,
Home-ward now our steps re-trac-ing, Rest we till the morning light. Oh,



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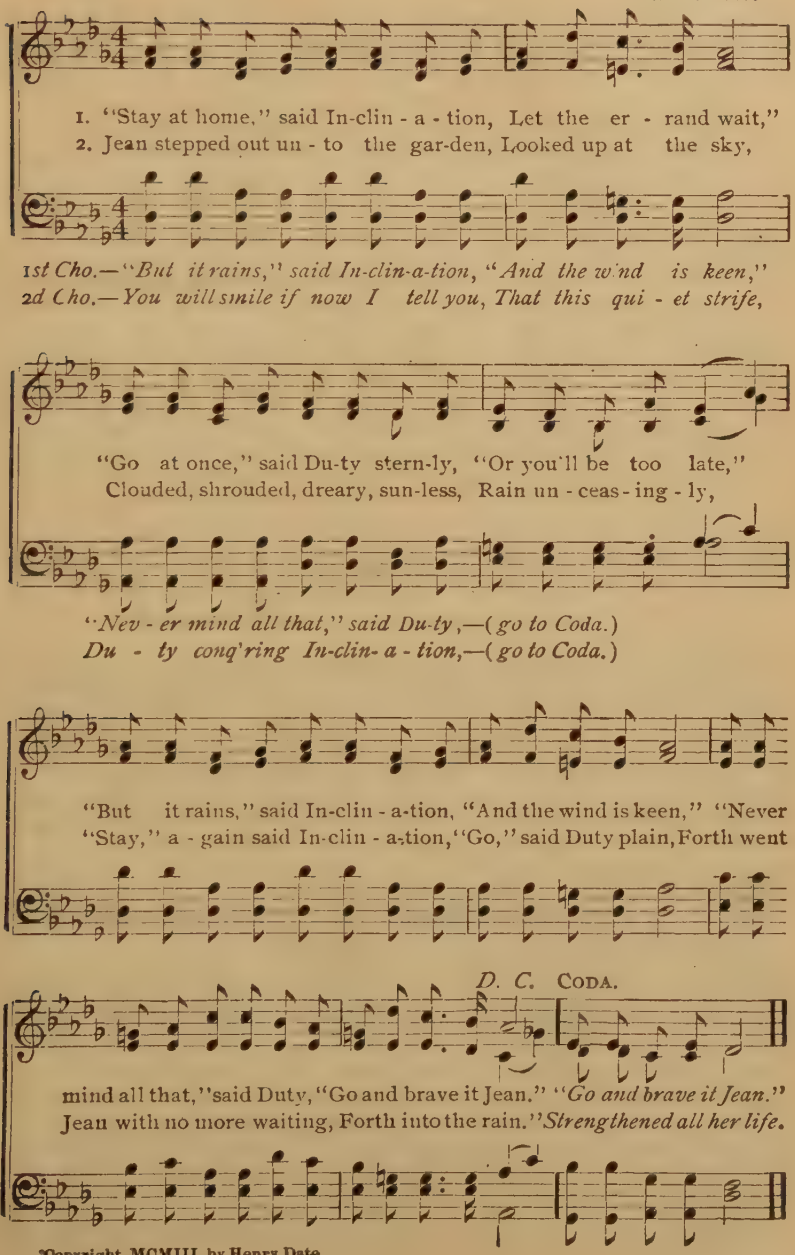
Duty and Inclination.

W. A. Post.


1. "Stay at home," said In-clin - a - tion, Let the er - rand wait,"
2. Jean stepped out un - to the gar-den, Looked up at the sky,
1st Cho.—"But it rains," said In-clin-a-tion, "And the wind is keen,"
2d Cho.—You will smile if now I tell you, That this qui - et strife,
"Go at once," said Du-ty stern-ly, "Or you'll be too late,"
Clouded, shrouded, dreary, sun-less, Rain un - ceas - ing - ly,
"Nev - er mind all that," said Du-ty,—(go to Coda.)
Du - ty conq'ring In-clin- a - tion,—(go to Coda.)
"But it rains," said In-clin - a-tion, "And the wind is keen," "Never
"Stay," a - gain said In-clin - a-tion, "Go," said Duty plain, Forth went
D. C. Coda.
mind all that," said Duty, "Go and brave it Jean." "Go and brave it Jean."
Jean with no more waiting, Forth into the rain." Strengthened all her life.

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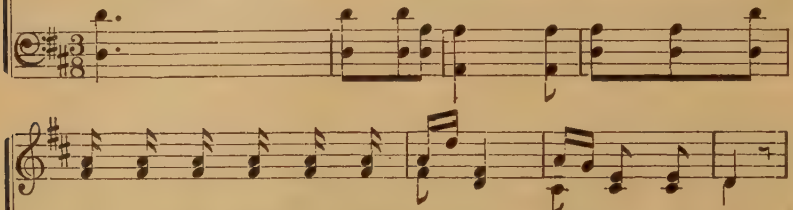
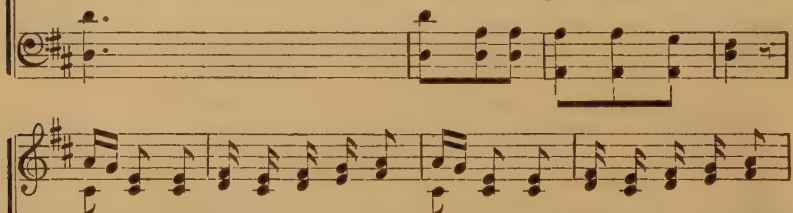
Good Resolutions.

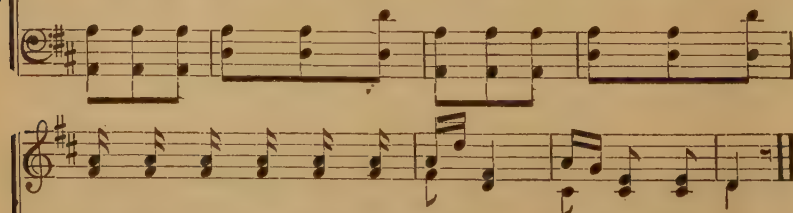
Arr.

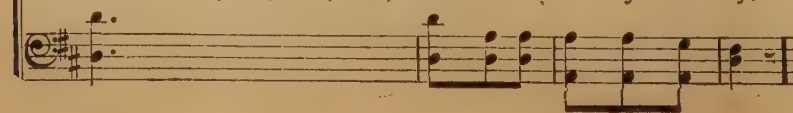
mf

1. Clip, clip, clip, clip, clip, clip, swift fish playing, so cheer-ful and so gay,
2. Twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, bright birds hopping on ev'ry bush and spray,
3. Zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, brown bee, humming so busy and so true,
4. So, so, so, so, so, so, I, too, like them, will bus - y be and gay;

Clip, clip, clip, clip, clip, clip, hap - py sport all the day;
Twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, would I sang blithe as they;
Zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, would I worked hard as you;
So, so, so, so, so, so, cheer - ful pass the long day.



This is my lit - tle earnest wish; would I were cheerful as the fish!
Would I were mer-ry as the bird, speak-ing no harsh or angry word;
Would I con - tent-ed were and free, e'en like the lit - tle bum-ble bee;
Swift fish and bird and bus - y bee, all teach a les - son un - to me;



Clip, clip, clip, clip, clip, clip, gai - ly play - ing all day.
Twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, twit, sing - ing sweet - ly all day.
Zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, work-ing gai - ly as you.
So, so, so, so, so, so, I'll be bus - y all day.

The Nest Building.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. Arr. by J. H. KURZENKNABE, from the German.

Moderato. *pp*

1. When ti - ny blush - ing leaf - lets peep, leaf - lets peep, From
2. At last when ev - 'ry bush and tree, bush and tree, Lies
3. The Por - i - ole a hammock weaves, hammock weaves, The

branch-es bare and brown, The birds from sun - ny south-land far,
'neath a mist of green, These feathered tenants build their homes,
daint-iest ev - er seen; The Mead-ow - Lark builds on the ground,

pp *mf*

south-land far, Come fly - ing back to town. They look to find the
build their homes, The queer-est ev - er seen; With sticks and thread, and
on the ground, A - mong the grasses green; Wood-peck-er hol - lows

rit. *tempo.*

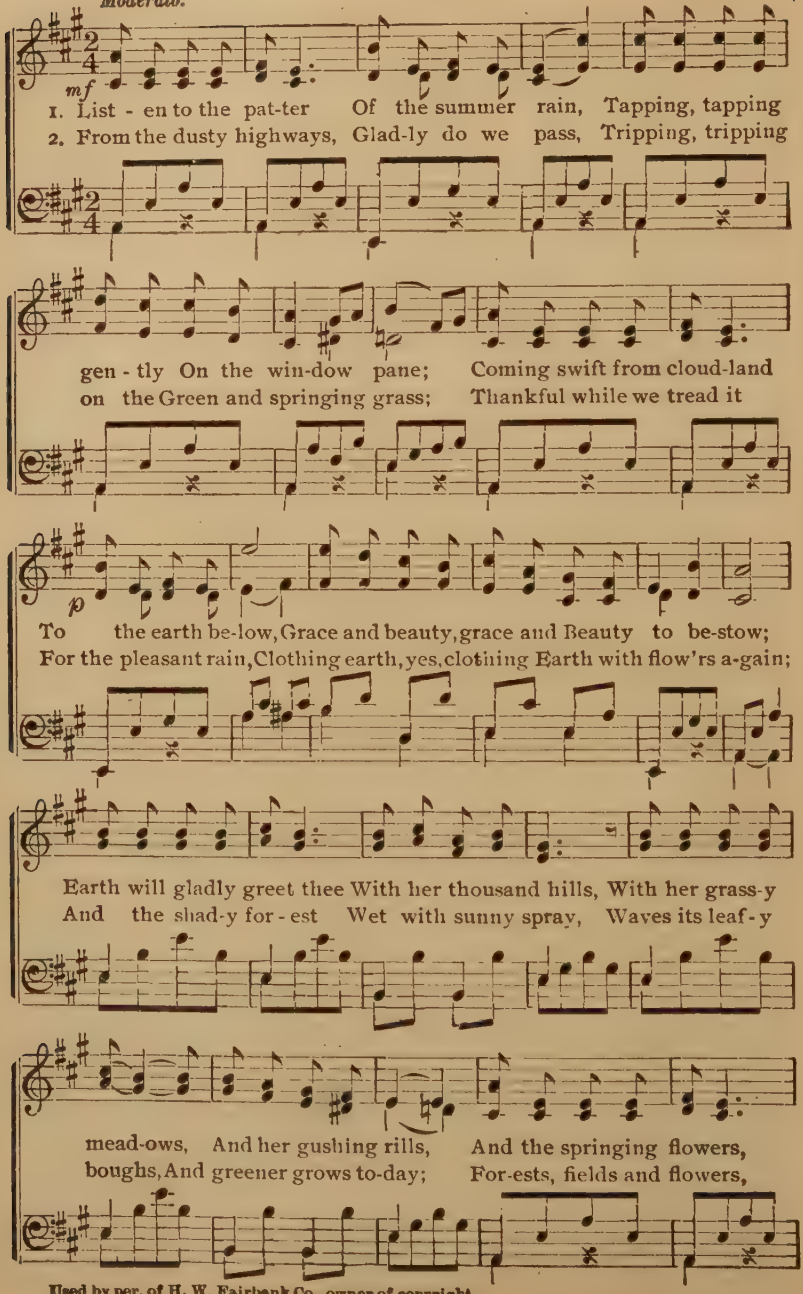
saf - est tree To build their co - zy nest; From morn till night they're
mud and straw They build them firm and strong, Oft paus - ing in their
out a nest With-out a saw or spade, Each co - zy lit - tle

pp *mf*

ques - ten - ing, ques - ten - ing, Which one would be the best.
hap - py task, hap - py task, To sing a lit - tle song.
ten - e - ment, ten - e - ment, By dif - fer - ent laws is made.

Pleasant Summer Rain.

Moderato. H. W. Fairbank.


mf
1. List - en to the pat-ter Of the summer rain, Tapping, tapping
2. From the dusty highways, Glad-ly do we pass, Tripping, tripping
gen - tly On the win-dow pane; Coming swift from cloud-land
on the Green and springing grass; Thankful while we tread it
p
To the earth be-low, Grace and beauty, grace and Beauty to be-stow;
For the pleasant rain, Clothing earth, yes, clothing Earth with flow'rs a-gain;
Earth will gladly greet thee With her thousand hills, With her grass-y
And the shad-y for - est Wet with sunny spray, Waves its leaf - y
mead-ows, And her gushing rills, And the springing flowers,
boughs, And greener grows to-day; For-ests, fields and flowers,

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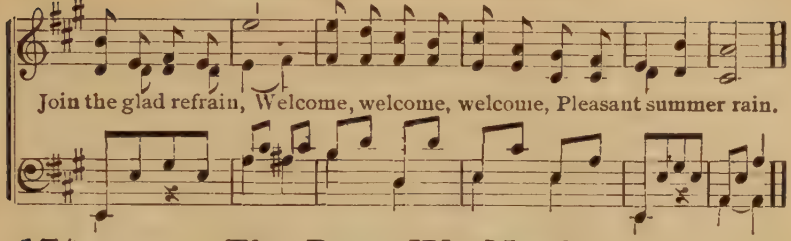
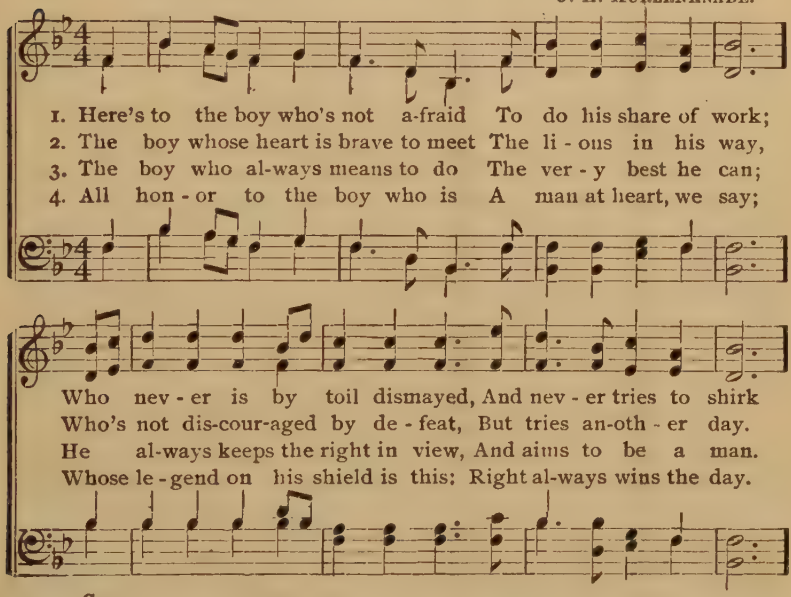
Plesant Summer Rain.

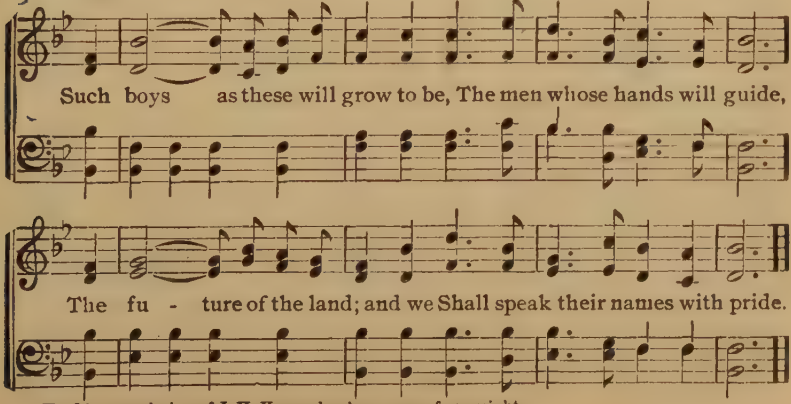


174 The Boys We Need.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. Here's to the boy who's not a-fraid To do his share of work;
2. The boy whose heart is brave to meet The li - ons in his way,
3. The boy who al-ways means to do The ver - y best he can;
4. All hon - or to the boy who is A man at heart, we say;
Who nev - er is by toil dismayed, And nev - er tries to shirk
Who's not dis-cour-aged by de - feat, But tries an-oth - er day.
He al-ways keeps the right in view, And aims to be a man.
Whose le - gend on his shield is this: Right al-ways wins the day.

CHORUS.


Such boys as these will grow to be, The men whose hands will guide,
The fu - ture of the land; and we Shall speak their names with pride.

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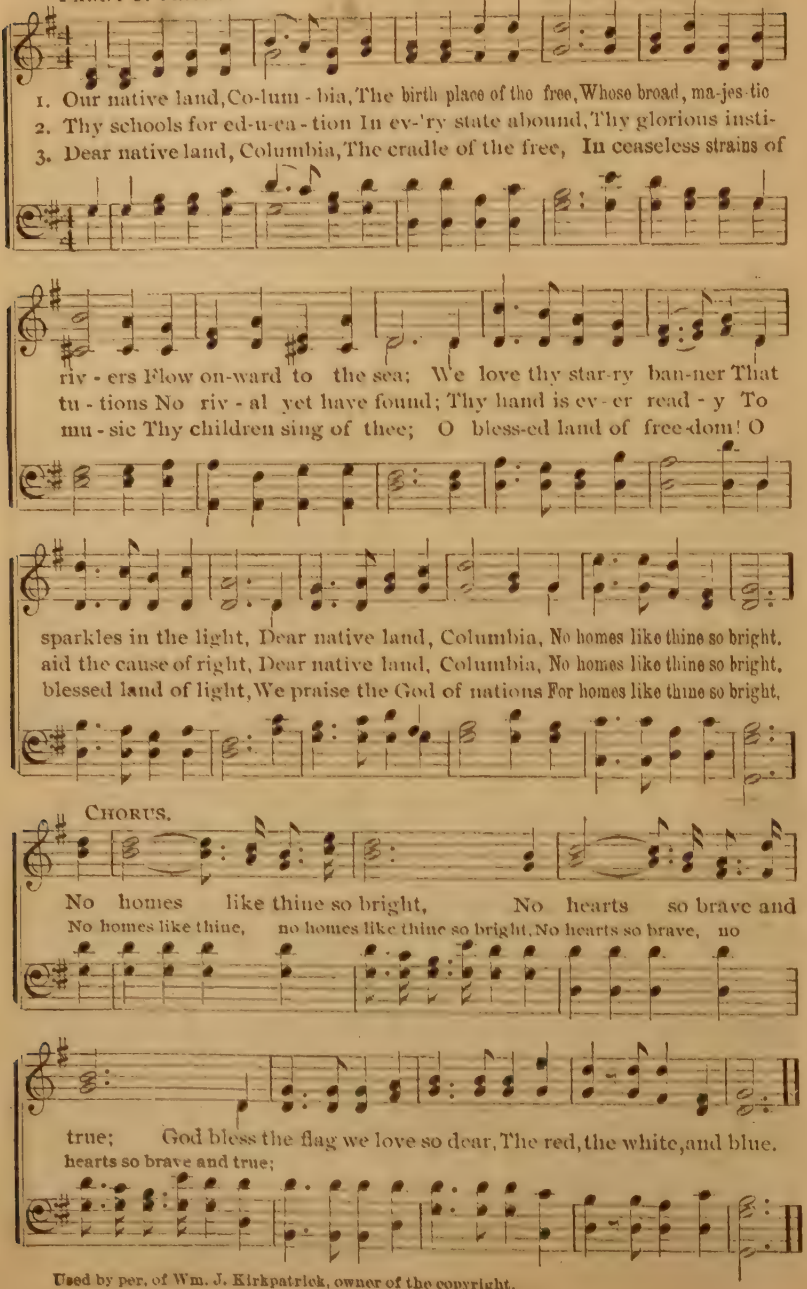
175 Our Native Land Columbia.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Our native land, Co-lum - bia, The birth place of the free, Whose broad, ma-jes-tic
2. Thy schools for ed-u-ca - tion In ev-'ry state abound, Thy glorious insti-
3. Dear native land, Columbia, The cradle of the free, In ceaseless strains of
riv - ers Flow on-ward to the sea; We love thy star-ry ban-ner That
tu - tions No riv - al yet have found; Thy hand is ev - er read - y To
mu - sic Thy children sing of thee; O bless-ed land of free-dom! O
sparkles in the light, Dear native land, Columbia, No homes like thine so bright.
aid the cause of right, Dear native land, Columbia, No homes like thine so bright.
blessed land of light, We praise the God of nations For homes like thine so bright.
CHORUS.
No homes like thine so bright, No hearts so brave and
No homes like thine, no homes like thine so bright. No hearts so brave, no
true; God bless the flag we love so dear, The red, the white, and blue.
hearts so brave and true;

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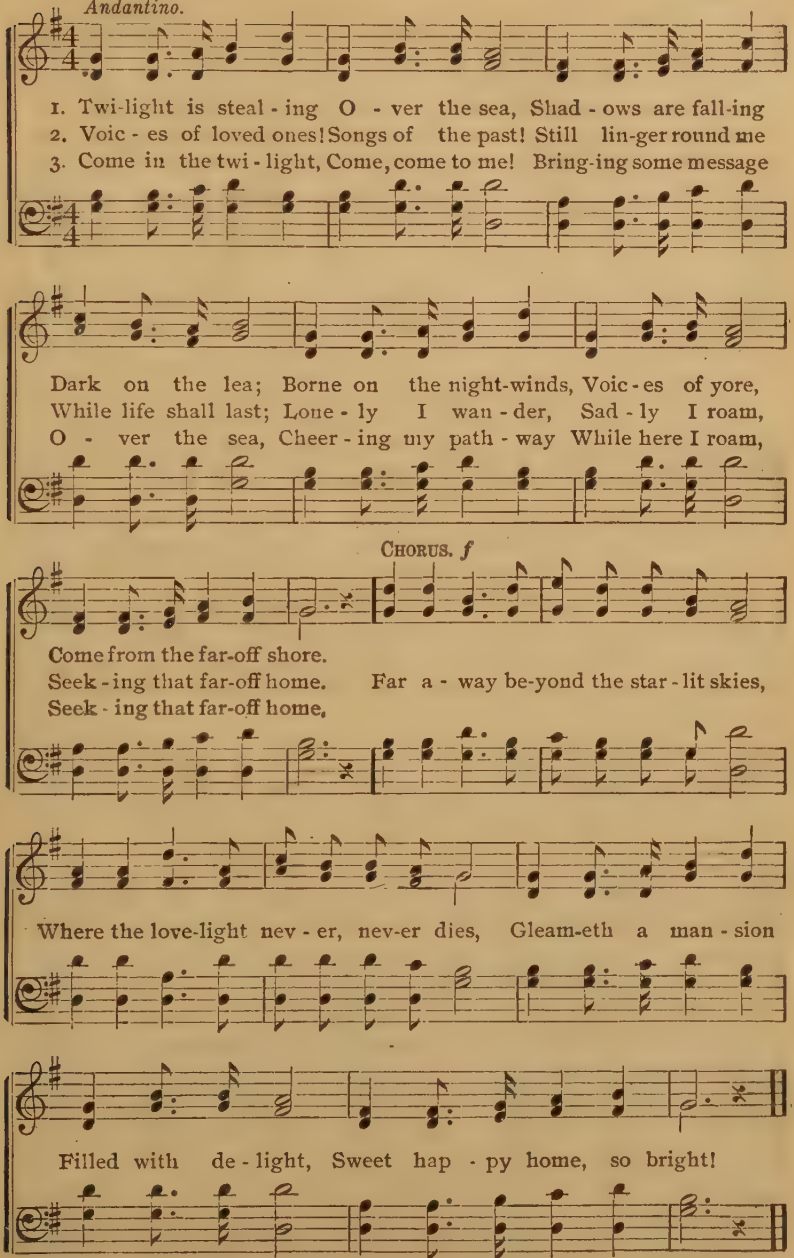
176 Twilight is Falling.

A. S. KIEFFER. B. C. UNSELD.

Andantino.

1. Twi-light is steal - ing O - ver the sea, Shad - ows are fall-ing
2. Voic - es of loved ones! Songs of the past! Still lin-ger round me
3. Come in the twi - light, Come, come to me! Bring-ing some message
Dark on the lea; Borne on the night-winds, Voic - es of yore,
While life shall last; Lone - ly I wan - der, Sad - ly I roam,
O - ver the sea, Cheer - ing my path - way While here I roam,
CHORUS. *f*
Come from the far-off shore.
Seek - ing that far-off home. Far a - way be-yond the star - lit skies,
Seek - ing that far-off home,
Where the love-light nev - er, nev-er dies, Gleam-eth a man - sion
Filled with de - light, Sweet hap - py home, so bright!

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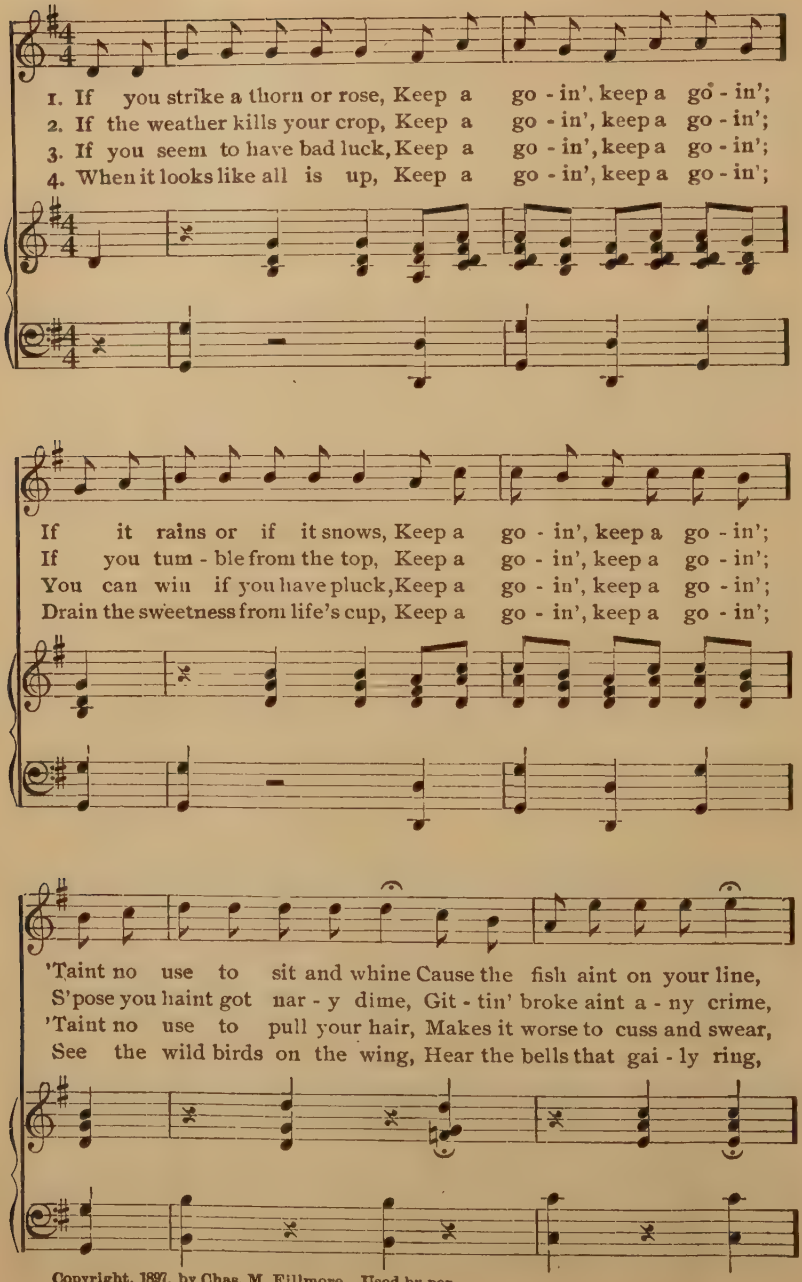
Keep a Goin'.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.


1. If you strike a thorn or rose, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in';
2. If the weather kills your crop, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in';
3. If you seem to have bad luck, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in';
4. When it looks like all is up, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in';
If it rains or if it snows, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in';
If you tum - ble from the top, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in';
You can win if you have pluck, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in';
Drain the sweetness from life's cup, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in';
'Taint no use to sit and whine Cause the fish aint on your line,
S'pose you haint got nar - y dime, Git - tin' broke aint a - ny crime,
'Taint no use to pull your hair, Makes it worse to cuss and swear,
See the wild birds on the wing, Hear the bells that gai - ly ring,

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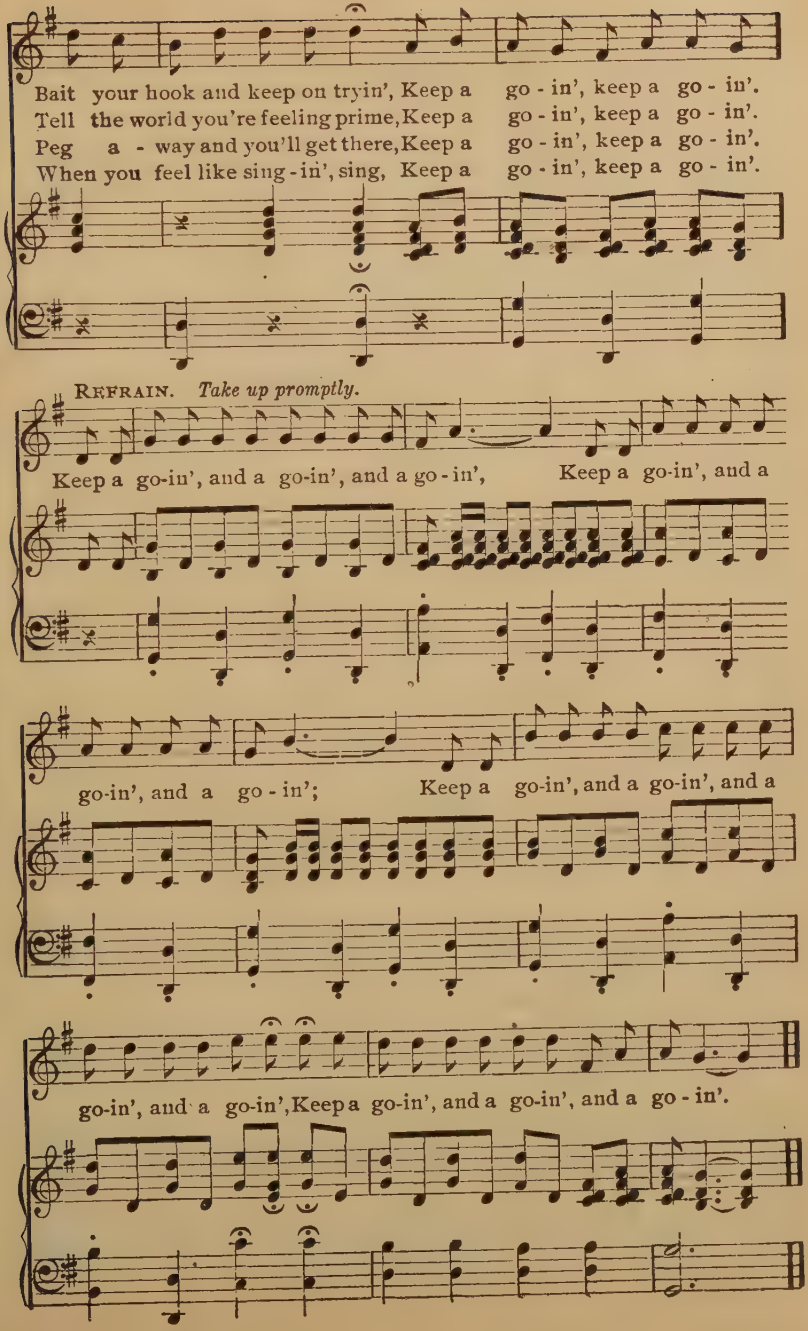
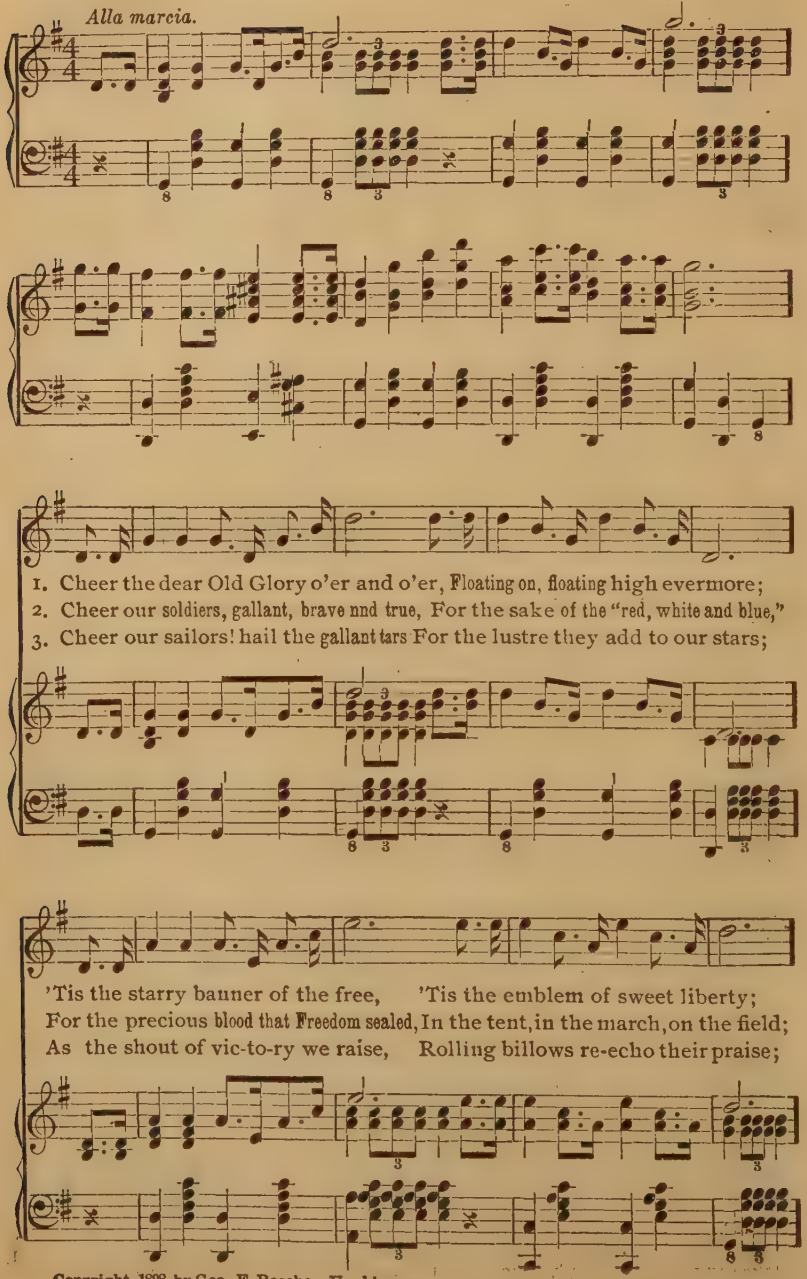
Keep a Goin'.


Bait your hook and keep on tryin', Keep a go - in', keep a go - in'.
Tell the world you're feeling prime, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in'.
Peg a - way and you'll get there, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in'.
When you feel like sing - in', sing, Keep a go - in', keep a go - in'.
REFRAIN. Take up promptly.
Keep a go-in', and a go-in', and a go - in', Keep a go-in', and a
go-in', and a go - in'; Keep a go-in', and a go-in', and a
go-in', and a go-in', Keep a go-in', and a go-in', and a go - in'.

Cheer Old Glory.

E. E. HEWITT. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

Alla marcia.


1. Cheer the dear Old Glory o'er and o'er, Floating on, floating high evermore;
2. Cheer our soldiers, gallant, brave nnd true, For the sake of the "red, white and blue,"
3. Cheer our sailors! hail the gallant tars For the lustre they add to our stars;
'Tis the starry banner of the free, 'Tis the emblem of sweet liberty;
For the precious blood that Freedom sealed, In the tent, in the march, on the field;
As the shout of vic-to-ry we raise, Rolling billows re-echo their praise;

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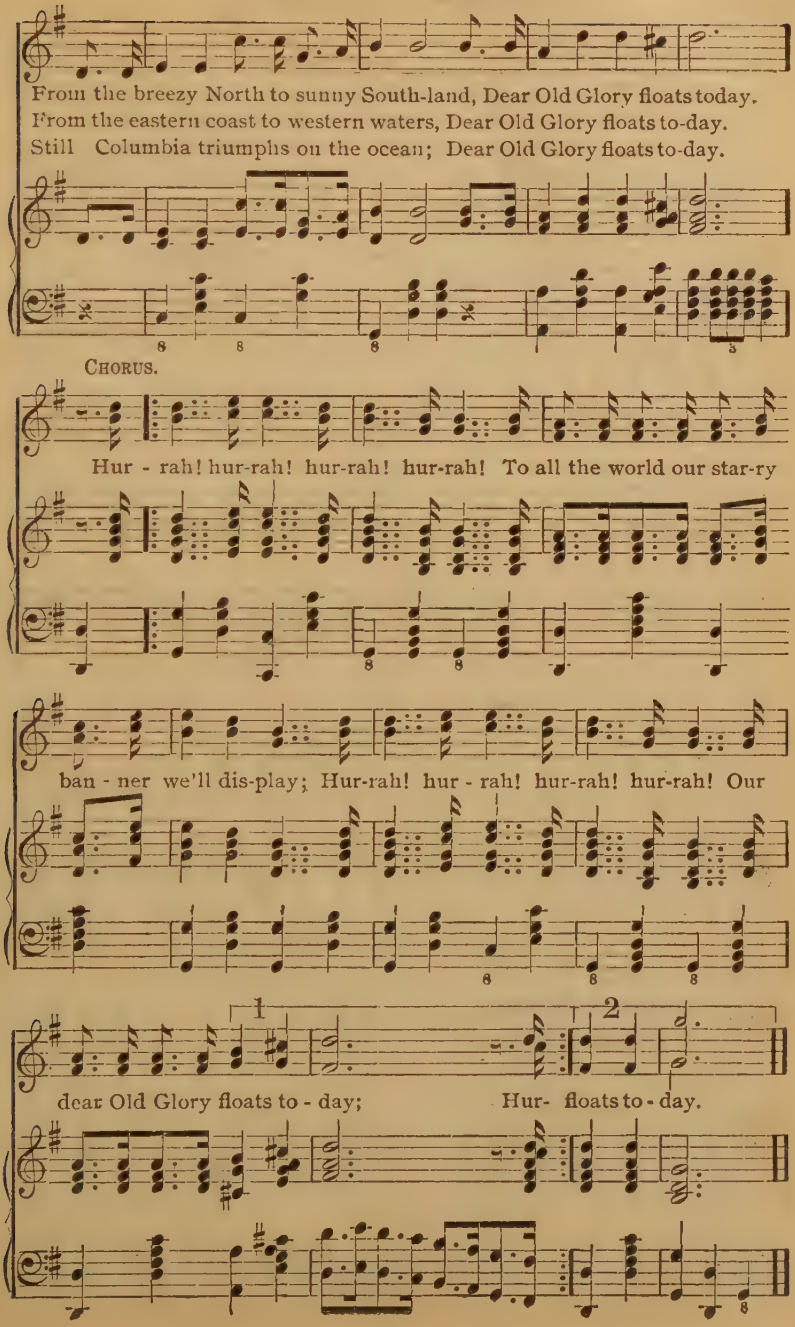
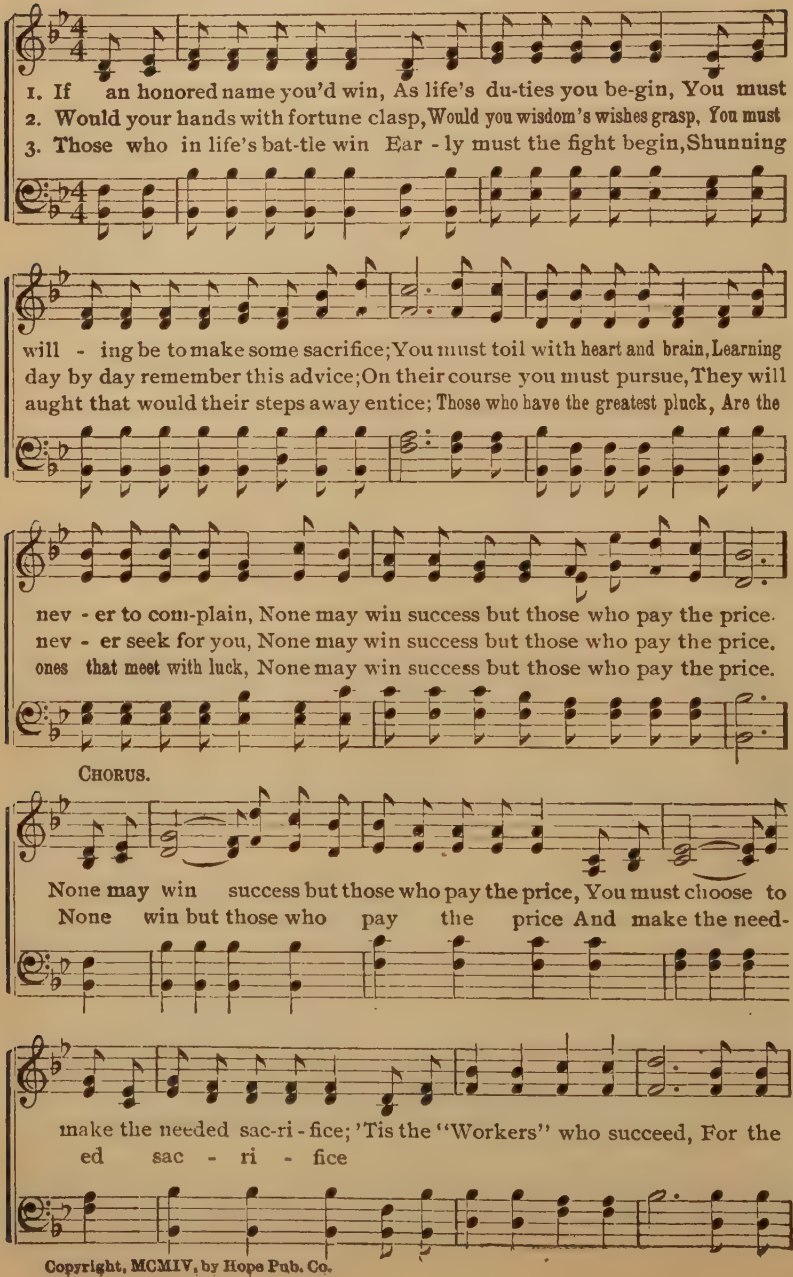
Cheer Old Glory.

From the breezy North to sunny South-land, Dear Old Glory floats today.
From the eastern coast to western waters, Dear Old Glory floats to-day.
Still Columbia triumphs on the ocean; Dear Old Glory floats to-day.
CHORUS.
Hur - rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! To all the world our star-ry
ban - ner we'll dis-play; Hur-rah! hur - rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! Our
1
2
dear Old Glory floats to - day;
Hur- floats to - day.

The Secret of Success.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. If an honored name you'd win, As life's du-ties you be-gin, You must
2. Would your hands with fortune clasp, Would you wisdom's wishes grasp, You must
3. Those who in life's bat-tle win Ear - ly must the fight begin, Shunning
will - ing be to make some sacrifice; You must toil with heart and brain, Learning
day by day remember this advice; On their course you must pursue, They will
aught that would their steps away entice; Those who have the greatest pluck, Are the
nev - er to com-plain, None may win success but those who pay the price.
nev - er seek for you, None may win success but those who pay the price.
ones that meet with luck, None may win success but those who pay the price.
CHORUS.
None may win success but those who pay the price, You must choose to
None win but those who pay the price And make the need-
make the needed sac-ri - fice; 'Tis the "Workers" who succeed, For the
ed sac - ri - fice

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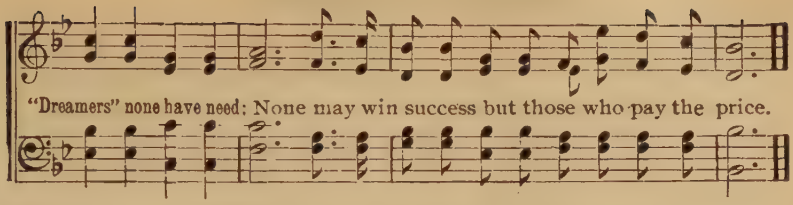
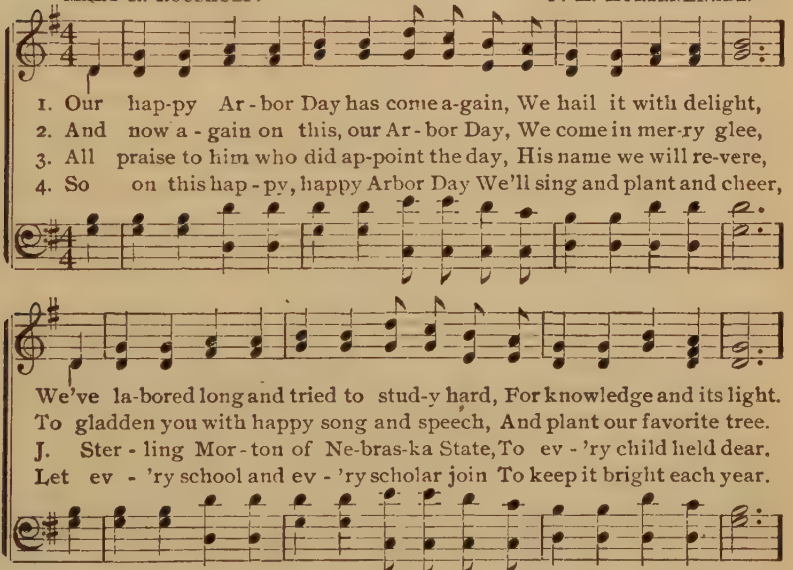
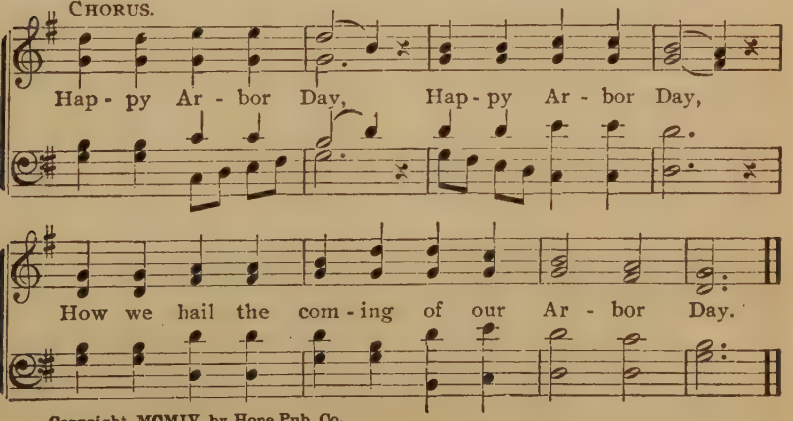
The Secret of Success.



180 Happy Arbor Day.

MARY R. ROUSKULP. J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. Our hap-py Ar - bor Day has come a-gain, We hail it with delight,
2. And now a - gain on this, our Ar - bor Day, We come in mer-ry glee,
3. All praise to him who did ap-point the day, His name we will re-vere,
4. So on this hap - py, happy Arbor Day We'll sing and plant and cheer,
We've la-bored long and tried to stud-y hard, For knowledge and its light.
To gladden you with happy song and speech, And plant our favorite tree.
J. Ster - ling Mor - ton of Ne-bras-ka State, To ev - 'ry child held dear.
Let ev - 'ry school and ev - 'ry scholar join To keep it bright each year.



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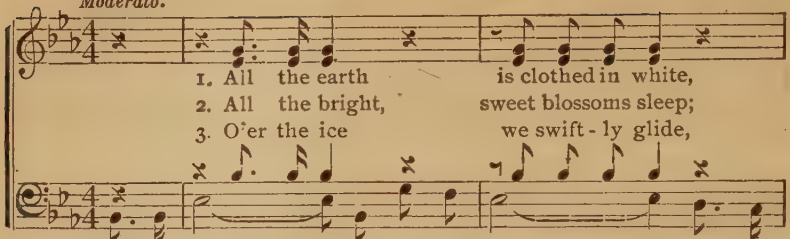
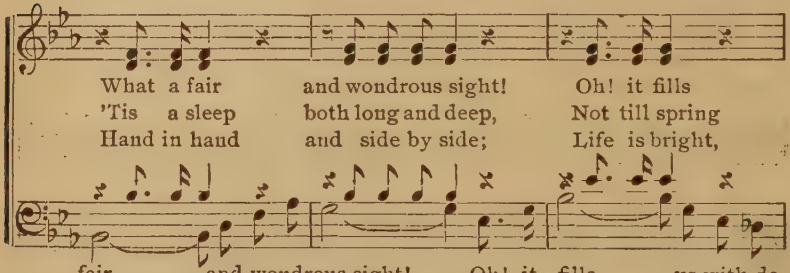
Winter is King.

BIRDIE BELL. A. BEIRLY.

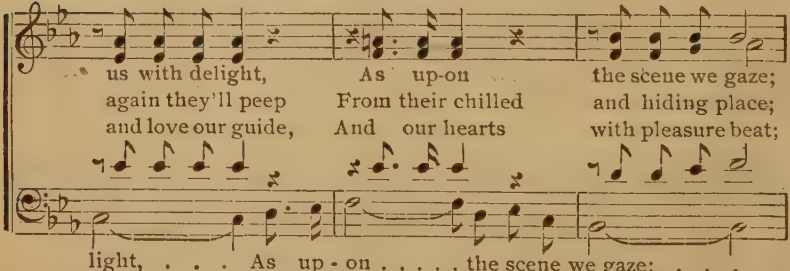
Moderato.



1. All the earth . . . . . is clothed in white, ... What a
2. All the bright, ... sweet blossoms sleep; . . . . . 'Tis a
3. O'er the ice . . . . . we swift - ly glide, ... Hand in

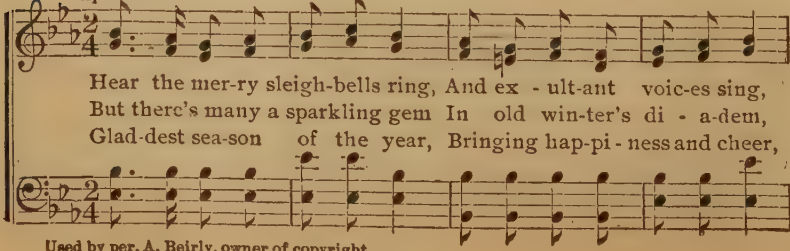

What a fair and wondrous sight! Oh! it fills
'Tis a sleep both long and deep, Not till spring
Hand in hand and side by side; Life is bright,

fair . . . . . and wondrous sight! . . . Oh! it fills us with de-
sleep, ... both long and deep, . . . Not till spring again they'll
hand . . . . and side by side; . . . . . Life is bright, and love our


us with delight, As up-on the scene we gaze;
again they'll peep From their chilled and hiding place;
and love our guide, And our hearts with pleasure beat;

light, . . . As up - on . . . . . the scene we gaze; . . .
peep . . . From their chilled . . and hid-ing place; . . .
guide, . . . And our hearts . . . with pleasure beat. . . .

Spirited


Hear the mer-ry sleigh-bells ring, And ex - ult-ant voic-es sing,
But there's many a sparkling gem In old win-ter's di - a-dem,
Glad-dest sea-son of the year, Bringing hap-pi - ness and cheer,

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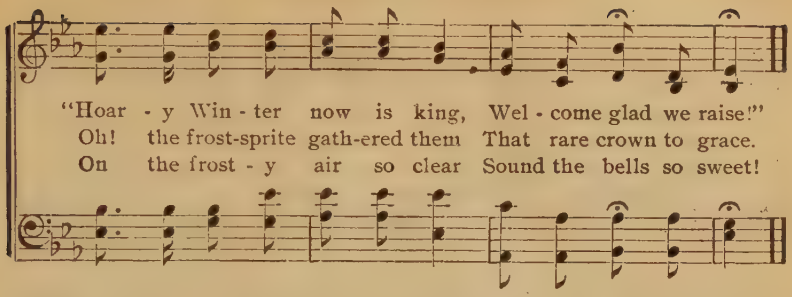
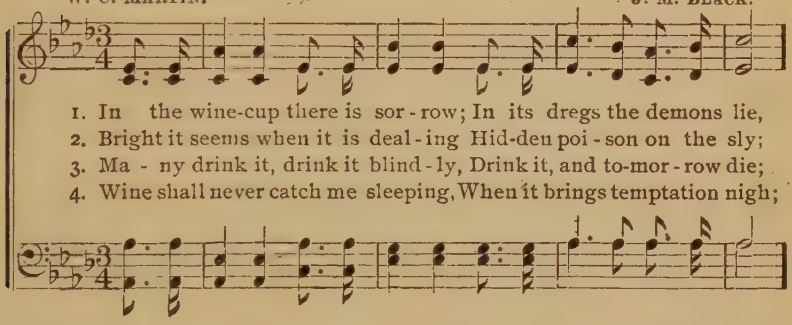
Winter Is King.

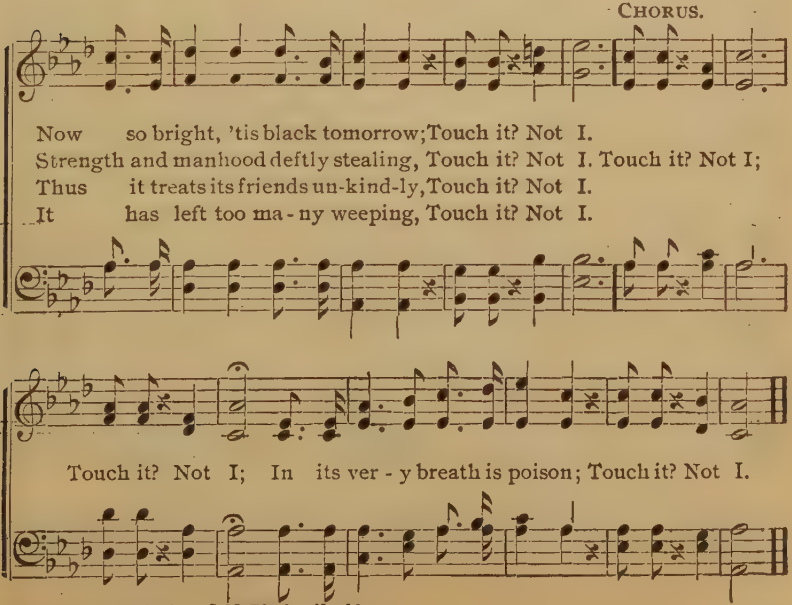

"Hoar - y Win - ter now is king, Wel - come glad we raise!"
Oh! the frost-sprite gath-ered them That rare crown to grace.
On the frost - y air so clear Sound the bells so sweet!

182 Touch It? Not I.

W. C. MARTIN. J. M. BLACK.


1. In the wine-cup there is sor - row; In its dregs the demons lie,
2. Bright it seems when it is deal - ing Hid-den poi - son on the sly;
3. Ma - ny drink it, drink it blind - ly, Drink it, and to-mor - row die;
4. Wine shall never catch me sleeping, When it brings temptation nigh;

CHORUS.


Now so bright, 'tis black tomorrow; Touch it? Not I.
Strength and manhood deftly stealing, Touch it? Not I. Touch it? Not I;
Thus it treats its friends un-kind-ly, Touch it? Not I.
It has left too ma - ny weeping, Touch it? Not I.
Touch it? Not I; In its ver - y breath is poison; Touch it? Not I.

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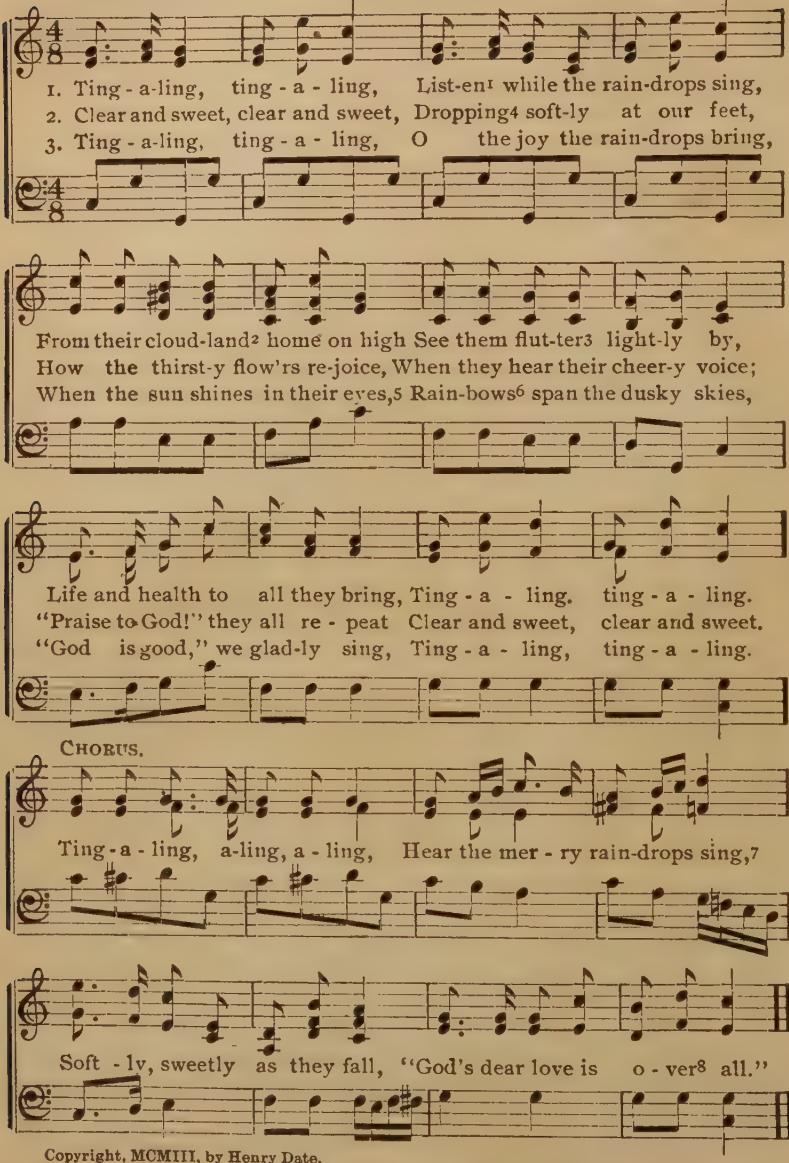
183 Listen While the Raindrops Sing.

LIZZIE DEARMOND (Motion Song.) W. A. POST.


1. Ting - a-ling, ting - a - ling, List-en[1] while the rain-drops sing,
2. Clear and sweet, clear and sweet, Dropping[4] soft-ly at our feet,
3. Ting - a-ling, ting - a - ling, O the joy the rain-drops bring,
From their cloud-land[2] home on high See them flut-ter[3] light-ly by,
How the thirst-y flow'rs re-joice, When they hear their cheer-y voice;
When the sun shines in their eyes,[5] Rain-bows[6] span the dusky skies,
Life and health to all they bring, Ting - a - ling. ting - a - ling.
"Praise to God!" they all re - peat Clear and sweet, clear and sweet.
"God is good," we glad-ly sing, Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling.
CHORUS.
Ting - a - ling, a-ling, a - ling, Hear the mer - ry rain-drops sing,[7]
Soft - ly, sweetly as they fall, "God's dear love is o - ver[8] all."

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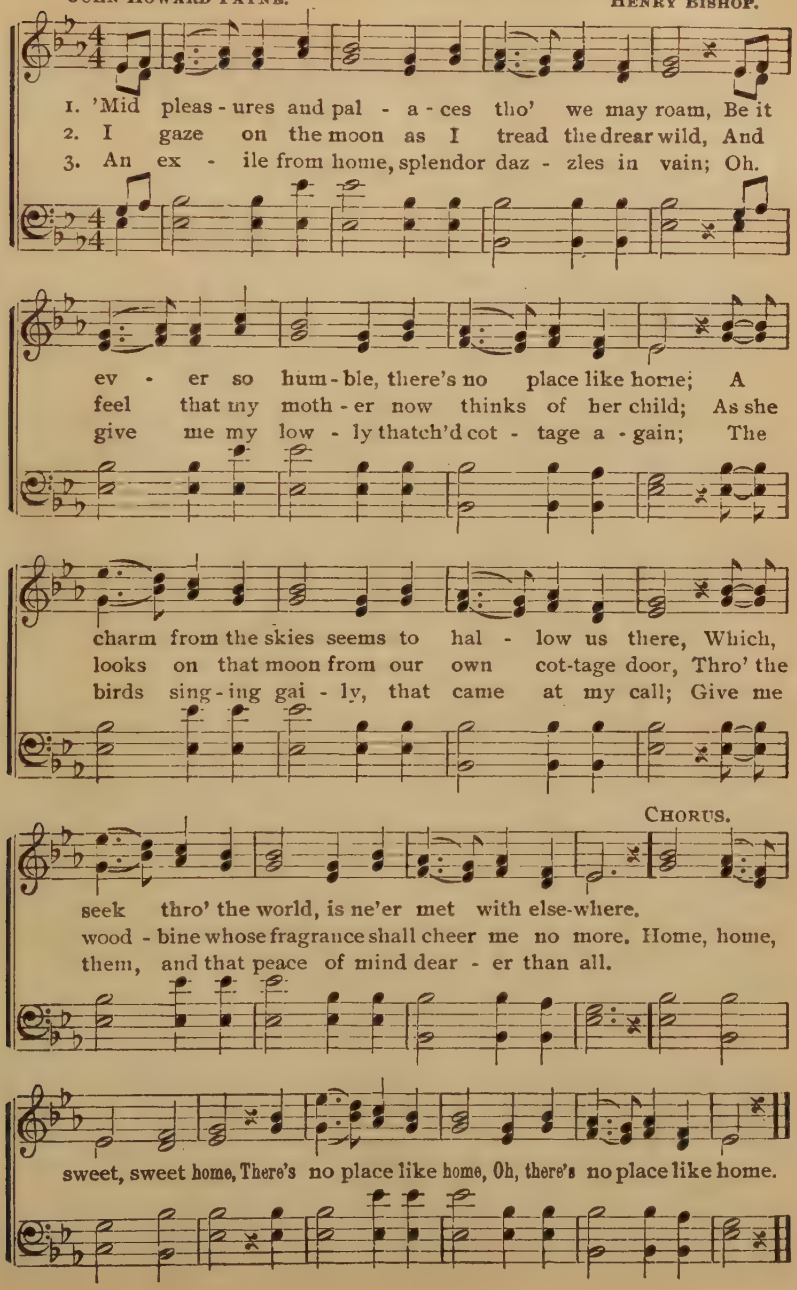
1. Raise index finger of right hand, bend slightly forward in listening attitude. 2. Point up. 3. Raise hands and make fluttering motion. 4. Bring hands down with dropping motion. 5. Put hands to eyes. 6. With right hand describe an arch from left to right 7. Tap lightly with fingers of right hand on palm of left. 8. Hold hands out with palms downwards.

NOTE.—The chorus, played both clefs 8 va. may be used to good advantage as a forming march.

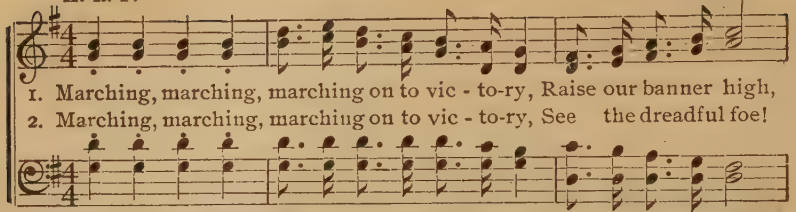
Home, Sweet Home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. HENRY BISHOP.

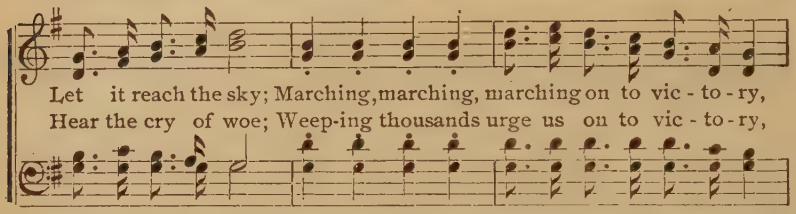

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home; A
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my moth - er now thinks of her child; As she
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh. give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The
charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
looks on that moon from our own cot-tage door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,
birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my call; Give me them, and that peace of mind dear - er than all.
CHORUS.
sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

185 Marching on to Victory.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.

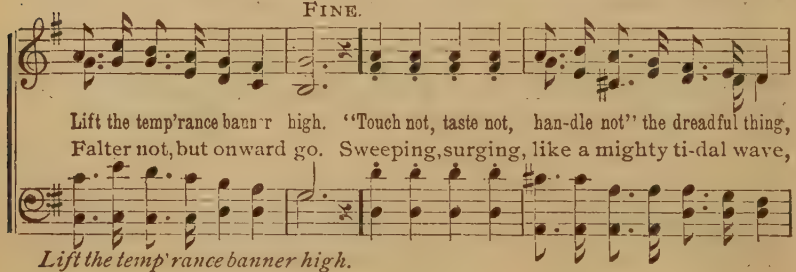

1. Marching, marching, marching on to vic - to-ry, Raise our banner high,
2. Marching, marching, marching on to vic - to-ry, See the dreadful foe!

CHO.–*Marching, marching, marching, on to vic - to-ry, Raise our ban-ner high,*

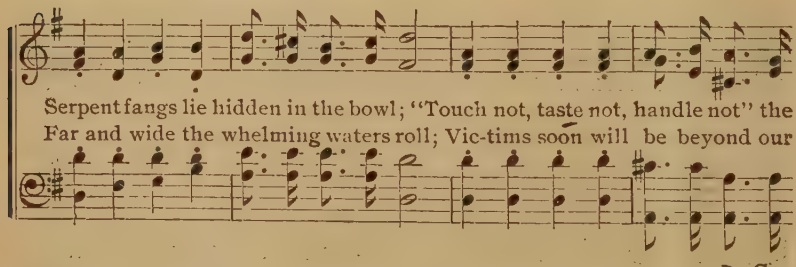


Let it reach the sky; Marching, marching, marching on to vic - to - ry,

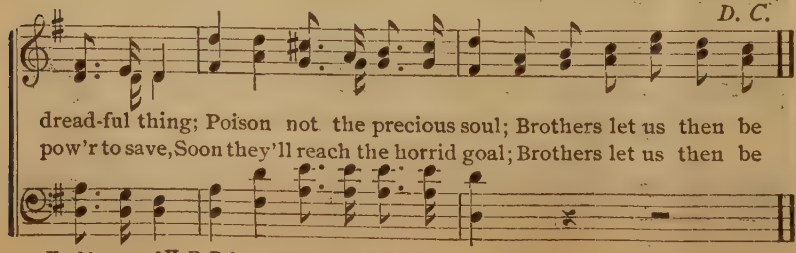
FINE.


Lift the temp'rance banner high. "Touch not, taste not, han-dle not" the dreadful thing,
Falter not, but onward go. Sweeping, surging, like a mighty ti-dal wave,

Lift the temp'rance banner high.


Serpent fangs lie hidden in the bowl; "Touch not, taste not, handle not" the
Far and wide the whelming waters roll; Vic-tims soon will be beyond our

D. C.


dread-ful thing; Poison not the precious soul; Brothers let us then be
pow'r to save, Soon they'll reach the horrid goal; Brothers let us then be

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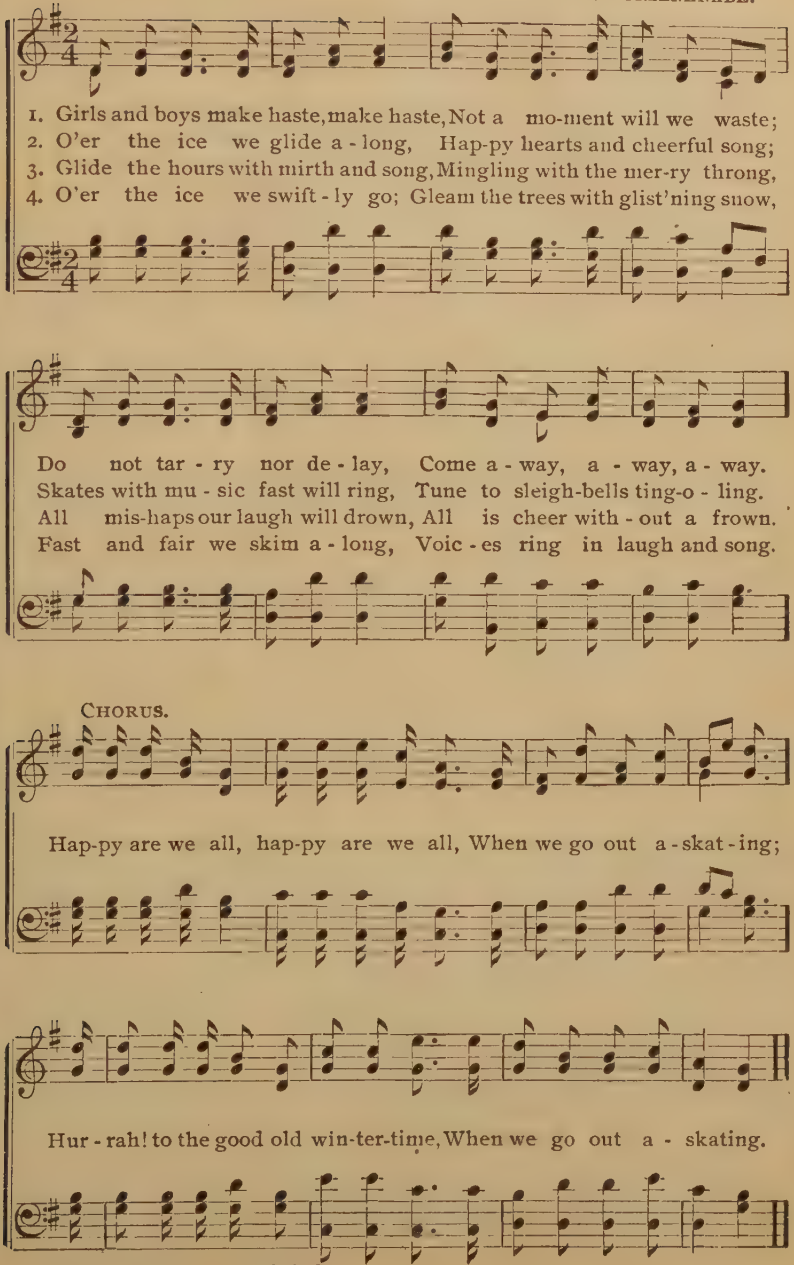
Skating Song.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. Girls and boys make haste, make haste, Not a mo-ment will we waste;
2. O'er the ice we glide a - long, Hap-py hearts and cheerful song;
3. Glide the hours with mirth and song, Mingling with the mer-ry throng,
4. O'er the ice we swift - ly go; Gleam the trees with glist'ning snow,
Do not tar - ry nor de - lay, Come a - way, a - way, a - way.
Skates with mu - sic fast will ring, Tune to sleigh-bells ting-o - ling.
All mis-haps our laugh will drown, All is cheer with - out a frown.
Fast and fair we skim a - long, Voic - es ring in laugh and song.
CHORUS.
Hap-py are we all, hap-py are we all, When we go out a - skat - ing;
Hur - rah! to the good old win-ter-time, When we go out a - skating.

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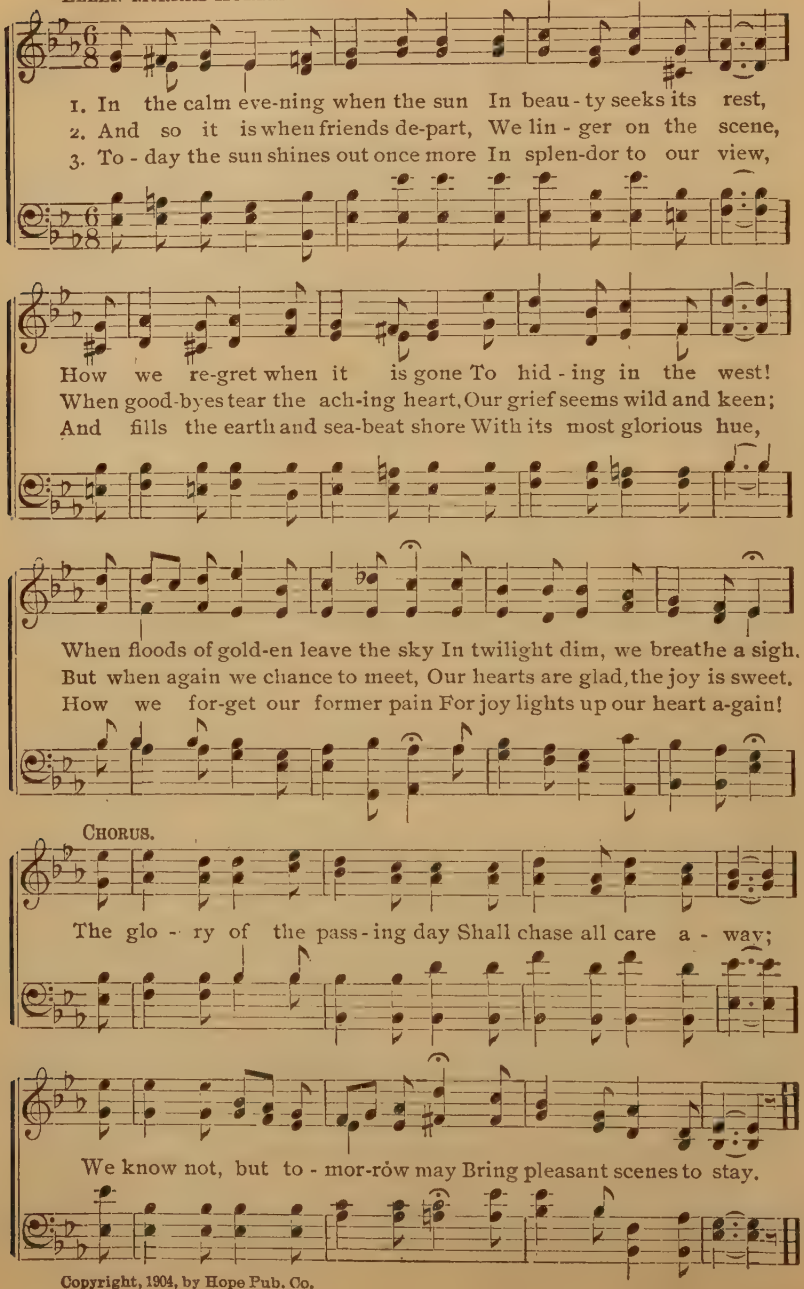
187 Changing Scenes.

ELLEN MIRIAM KURZENKNABE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. In the calm eve-ning when the sun In beau-ty seeks its rest,
2. And so it is when friends de-part, We lin-ger on the scene,
3. To-day the sun shines out once more In splen-dor to our view,
How we re-gret when it is gone To hid-ing in the west!
When good-byes tear the ach-ing heart, Our grief seems wild and keen;
And fills the earth and sea-beat shore With its most glorious hue,
When floods of gold-en leave the sky In twilight dim, we breathe a sigh.
But when again we chance to meet, Our hearts are glad, the joy is sweet.
How we for-get our former pain For joy lights up our heart a-gain!
CHORUS.
The glo-ry of the pass-ing day Shall chase all care a-way;
We know not, but to-mor-rów may Bring pleasant scenes to stay.

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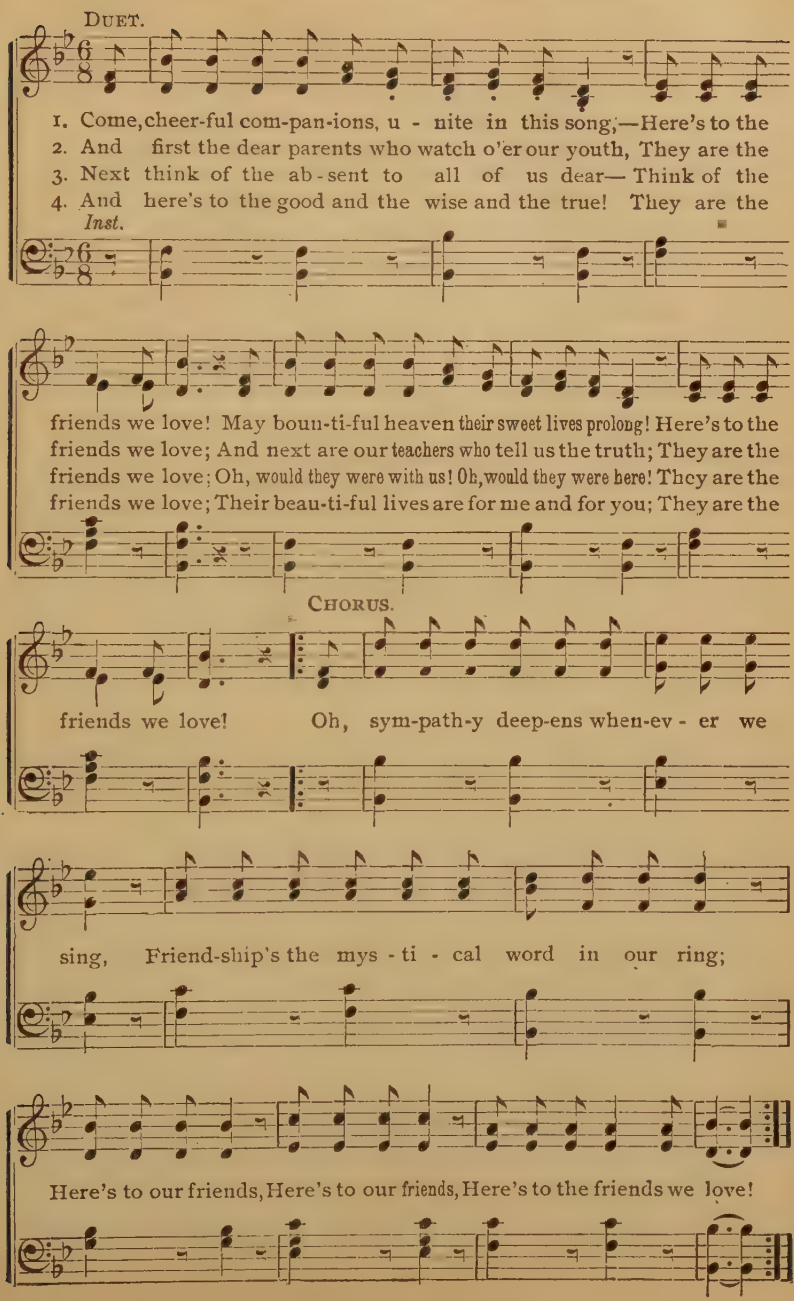
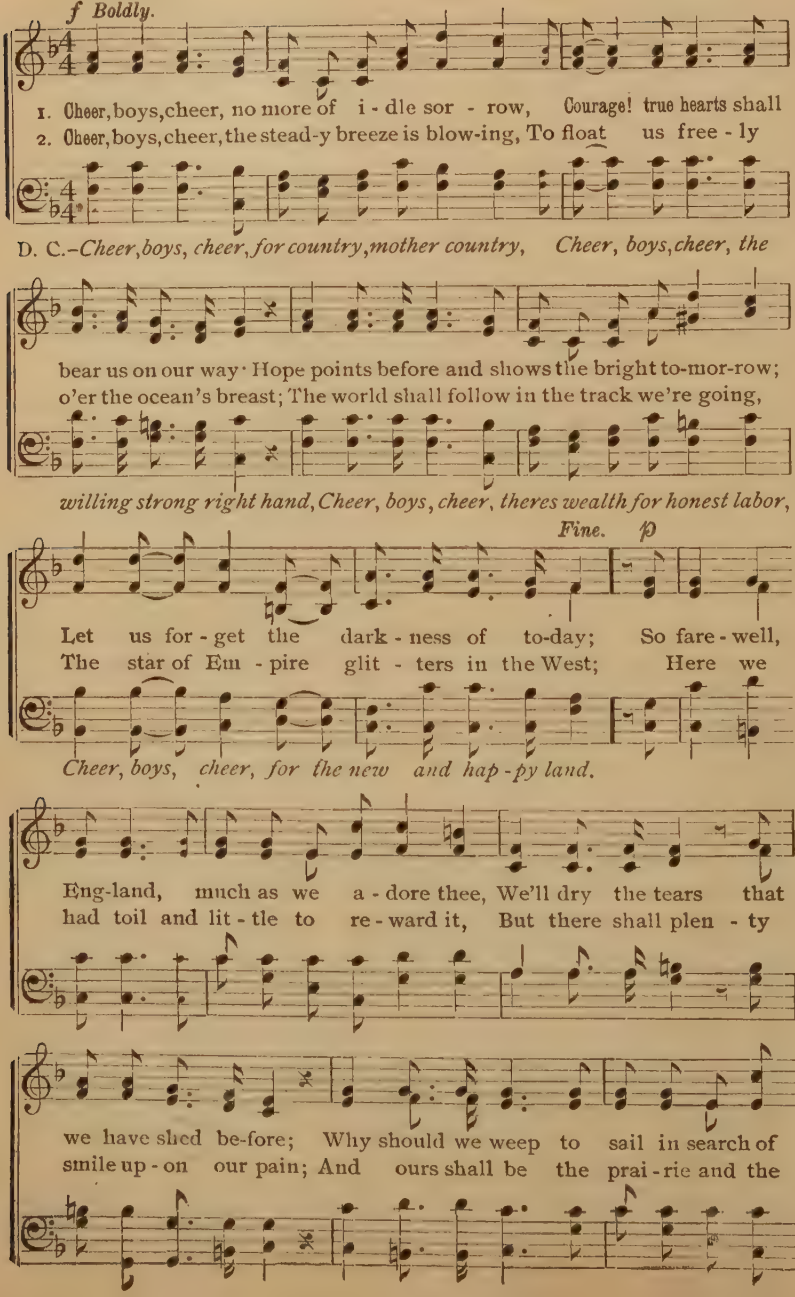
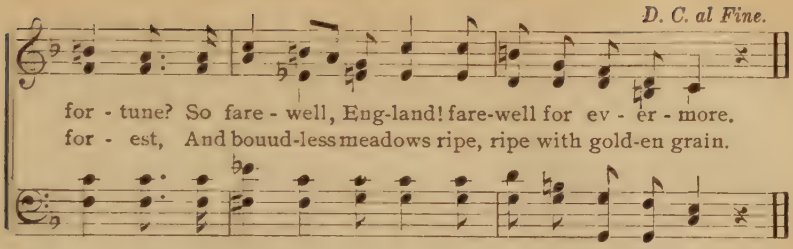

DUET.
1. Come, cheer-ful com-pan-ions, u - nite in this song;—Here's to the
2. And first the dear parents who watch o'er our youth, They are the
3. Next think of the ab-sent to all of us dear— Think of the
4. And here's to the good and the wise and the true! They are the
Inst.
friends we love! May boun-ti-ful heaven their sweet lives prolong! Here's to the
friends we love; And next are our teachers who tell us the truth; They are the
friends we love; Oh, would they were with us! Oh, would they were here! They are the
friends we love; Their beau-ti-ful lives are for me and for you; They are the
CHORUS.
friends we love! Oh, sym-path-y deep-ens when-ev - er we
sing, Friend-ship's the mys - ti - cal word in our ring;
Here's to our friends, Here's to our friends, Here's to the friends we love!

189 Cheer, Boys, Cheer.

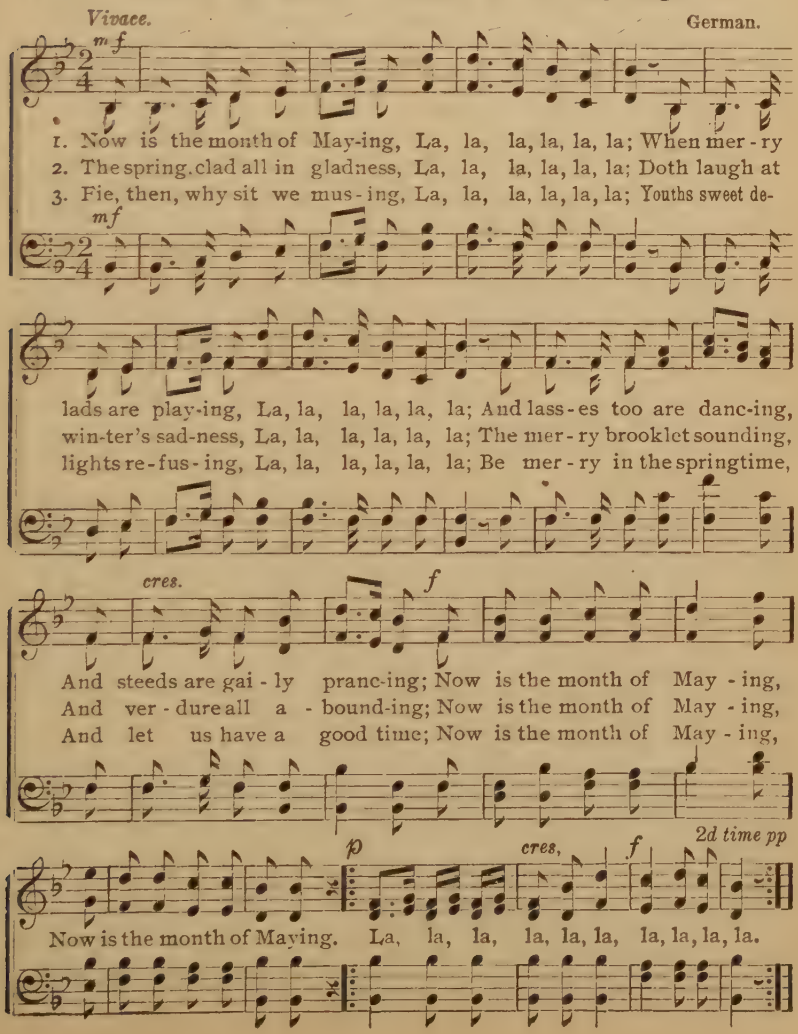
CHAS. MACKAY. H. RUSSELL.

f Boldly.

1. Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of i - dle sor - row, Courage! true hearts shall
2. Cheer, boys, cheer, the stead-y breeze is blow-ing, To float us free - ly
D. C.–Cheer, boys, cheer, for country, mother country, Cheer, boys, cheer, the
bear us on our way· Hope points before and shows the bright to-mor-row;
o'er the ocean's breast; The world shall follow in the track we're going,
willing strong right hand, Cheer, boys, cheer, theres wealth for honest labor,
Fine. p
Let us for - get the dark - ness of to-day; So fare - well,
The star of Em - pire glit - ters in the West; Here we
Cheer, boys, cheer, for the new and hap - py land.
Eng-land, much as we a - dore thee, We'll dry the tears that
had toil and lit - tle to re - ward it, But there shall plen - ty
we have shed be-fore; Why should we weep to sail in search of
smile up - on our pain; And ours shall be the prai - rie and the

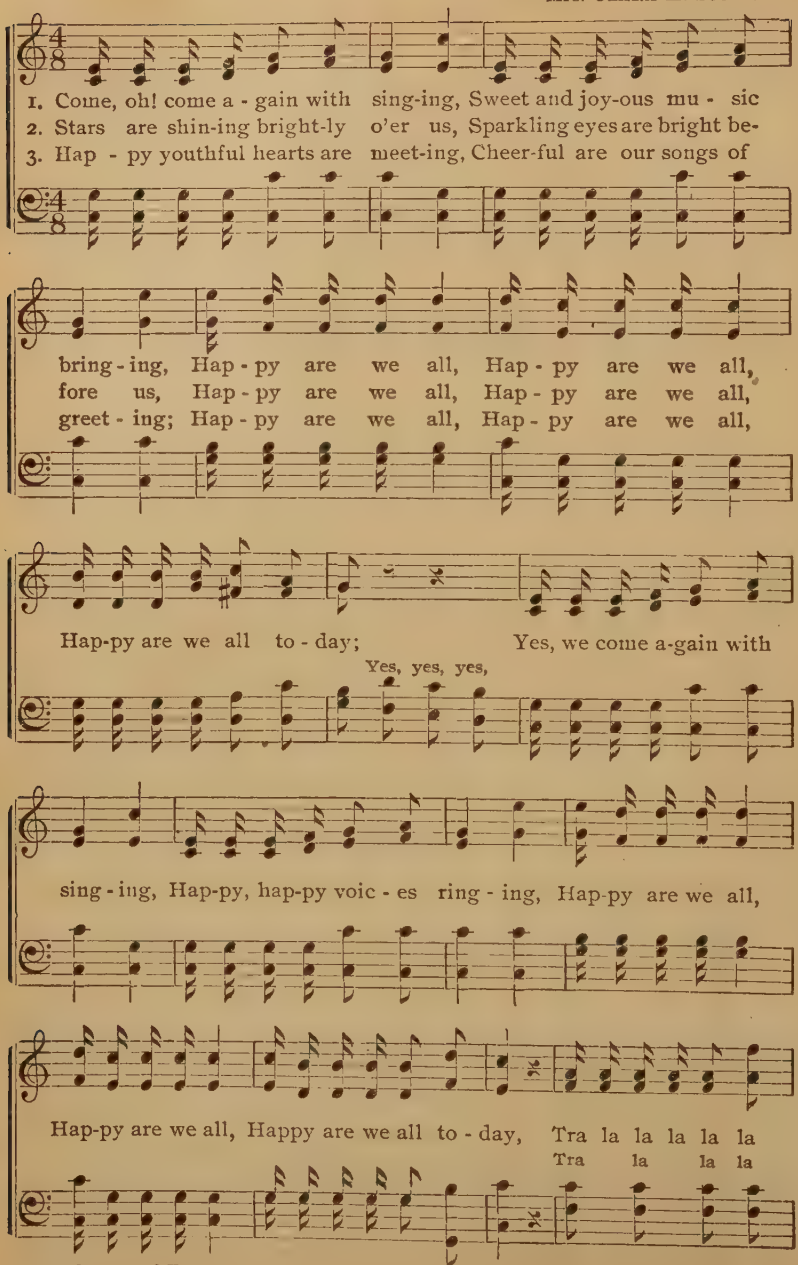
Cheer, Boys, Cheer.



190 Now is the Month of Maying.


Vivace.
German.
mf
1. Now is the month of May-ing, La, la, la, la, la, la; When mer - ry
2. The spring, clad all in gladness, La, la, la, la, la, la; Doth laugh at
3. Fie, then, why sit we mus - ing, La, la, la, la, la, la; Youths sweet de-
lads are play-ing, La, la, la, la, la, la; And lass - es too are danc-ing,
win-ter's sad-ness, La, la, la, la, la, la; The mer - ry brooklet sounding,
lights re-fus - ing, La, la, la, la, la, la; Be mer - ry in the springtime,
cres.
f
And steeds are gai - ly pranc-ing; Now is the month of May - ing,
And ver - dure all a - bound-ing; Now is the month of May - ing,
And let us have a good time; Now is the month of May - ing,
p
cres.
f
2d time pp
Now is the month of Maying. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

191 Come Again with Singing.

Mrs. CLARA H. SCOTT.

1. Come, oh! come a - gain with sing-ing, Sweet and joy-ous mu - sic
2. Stars are shin-ing bright-ly o'er us, Sparkling eyes are bright be-
3. Hap - py youthful hearts are meet-ing, Cheer-ful are our songs of
bring - ing, Hap - py are we all, Hap - py are we all,
fore us, Hap - py are we all, Hap - py are we all,
greet - ing; Hap - py are we all, Hap - py are we all,
Hap-py are we all to - day; Yes, we come a-gain with
Yes, yes, yes,
sing - ing, Hap-py, hap-py voic - es ring - ing, Hap-py are we all,
Hap-py are we all, Happy are we all to - day, Tra la la la la la
Tra la la la

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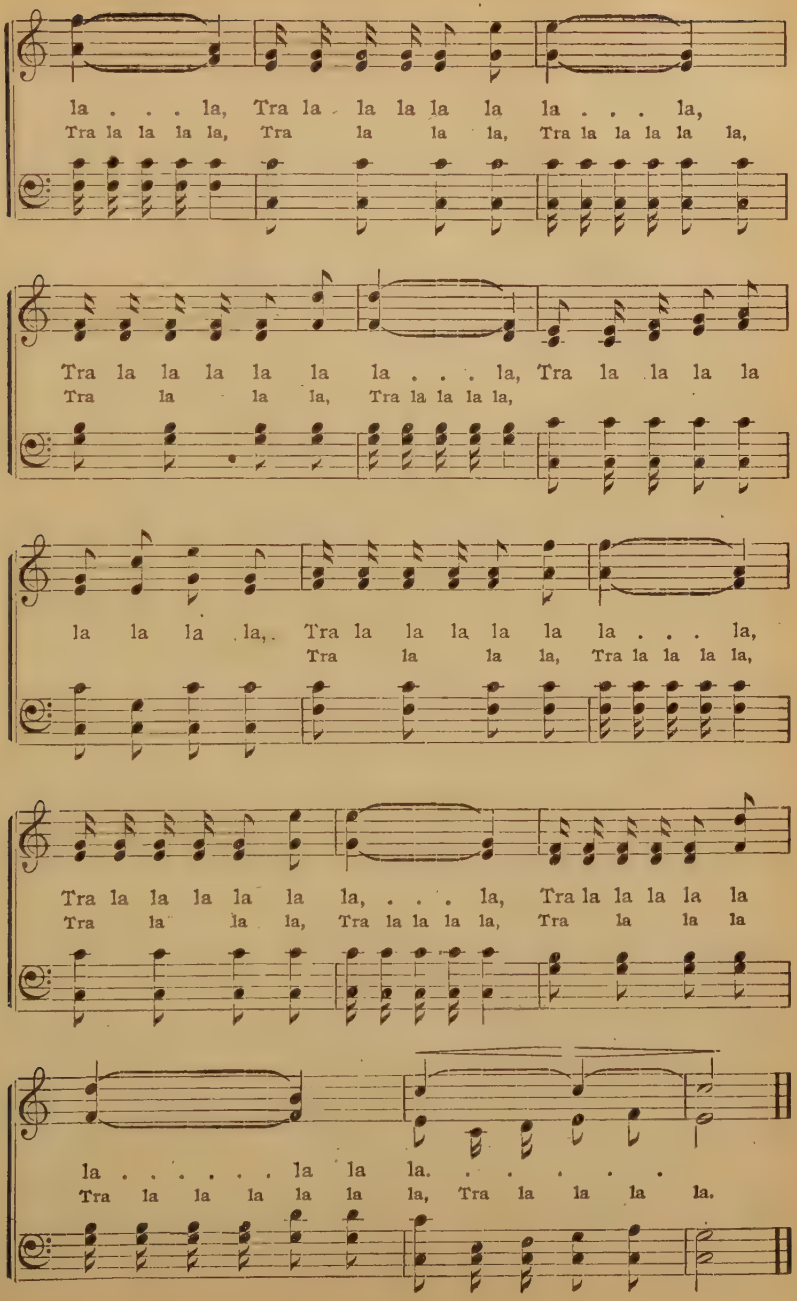
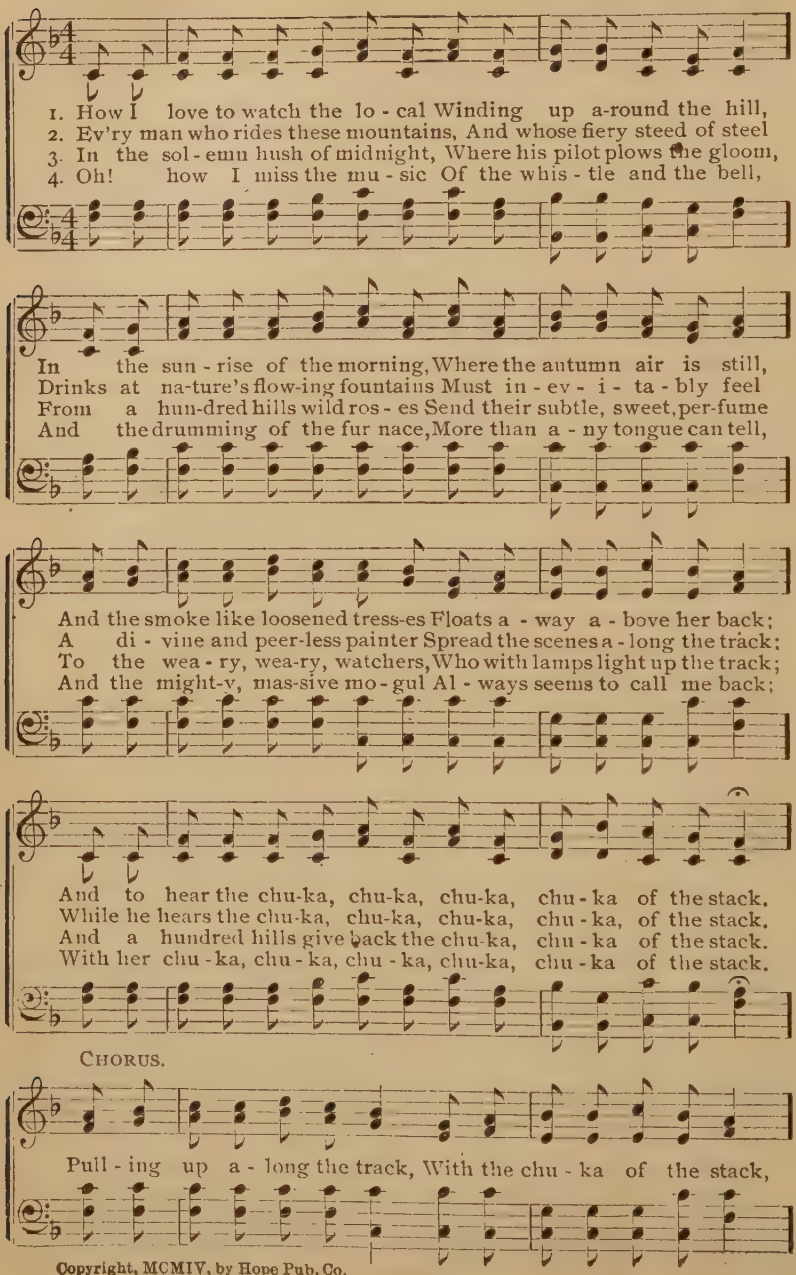
Come Again with Singing.

la . . . la, Tra la la la la la la . . . la,
Tra la la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la la . . . la, Tra la la la la
Tra la la la, Tra la la la la,
la la la la, Tra la la la la la la . . . la,
Tra la la la, Tra la la la la,
Tra la la la la la la, . . . la, Tra la la la la la
Tra la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la
la . . . . . la la la. . . . . .
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la.

The Freight Train.

C. Y. WARMAN. J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. How I love to watch the lo - cal Winding up a-round the hill,
2. Ev'ry man who rides these mountains, And whose fiery steed of steel
3. In the sol - emn hush of midnight, Where his pilot plows the gloom,
4. Oh! how I miss the mu - sic Of the whis - tle and the bell,
In the sun - rise of the morning, Where the autumn air is still,
Drinks at na-ture's flow-ing fountains Must in - ev - i - ta - bly feel
From a hun-dred hills wild ros - es Send their subtle, sweet, per-fume
And the drumming of the fur nace, More than a - ny tongue can tell,
And the smoke like loosened tress-es Floats a - way a - bove her back;
A di - vine and peer-less painter Spread the scenes a - long the track;
To the wea - ry, wea-ry, watchers, Who with lamps light up the track;
And the might-y, mas-sive mo - gul Al - ways seems to call me back;
And to hear the chu-ka, chu-ka, chu-ka, chu - ka of the stack.
While he hears the chu-ka, chu-ka, chu-ka, chu - ka, of the stack.
And a hundred hills give back the chu-ka, chu - ka of the stack.
With her chu - ka, chu - ka, chu - ka, chu-ka, chu - ka of the stack.
CHORUS.
Pull - ing up a - long the track, With the chu - ka of the stack,

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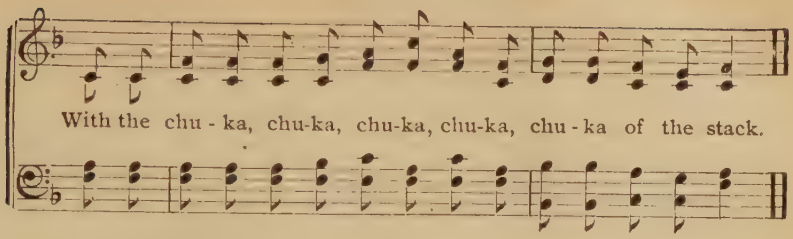
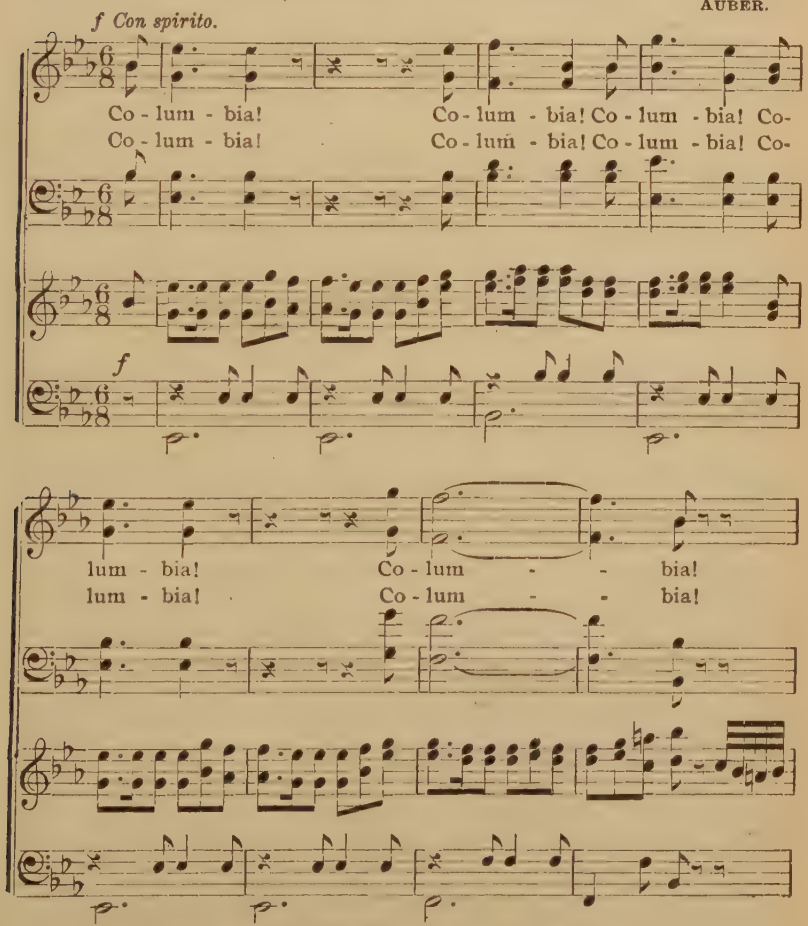
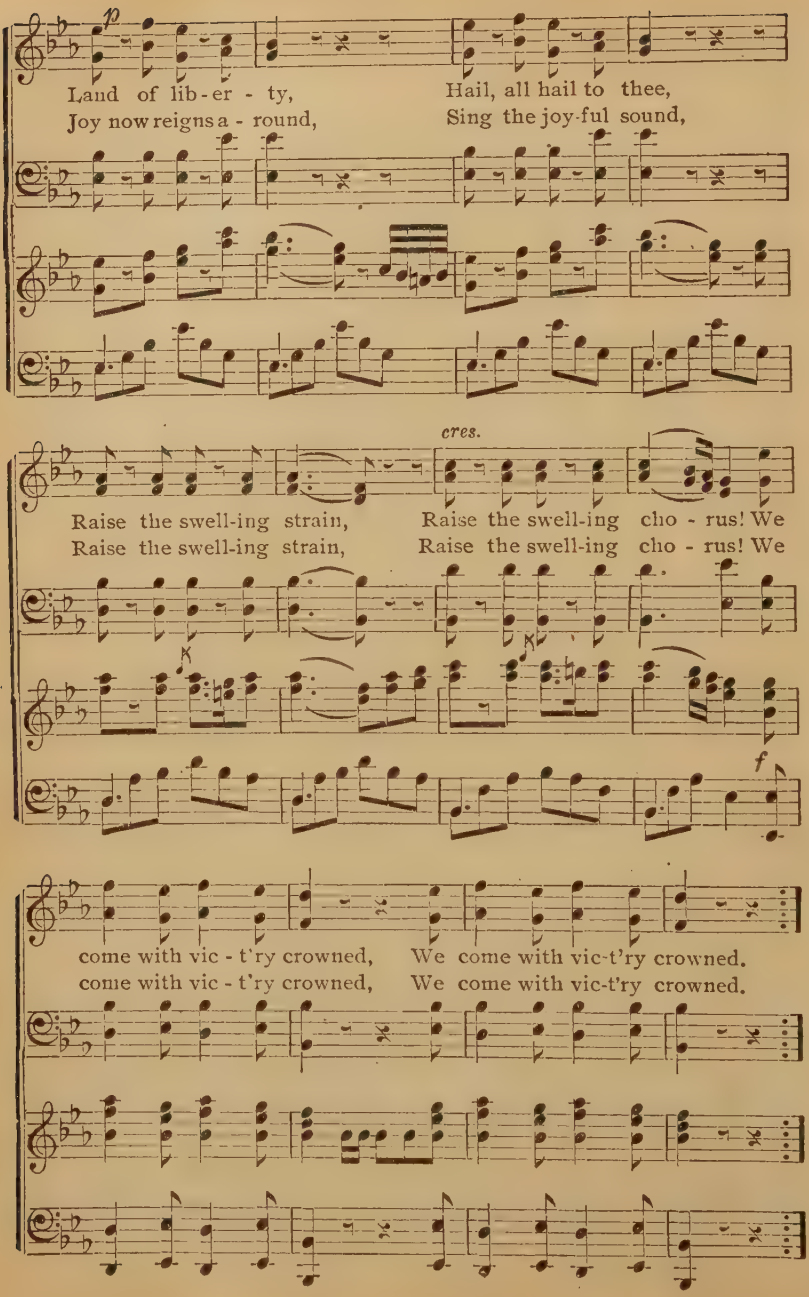
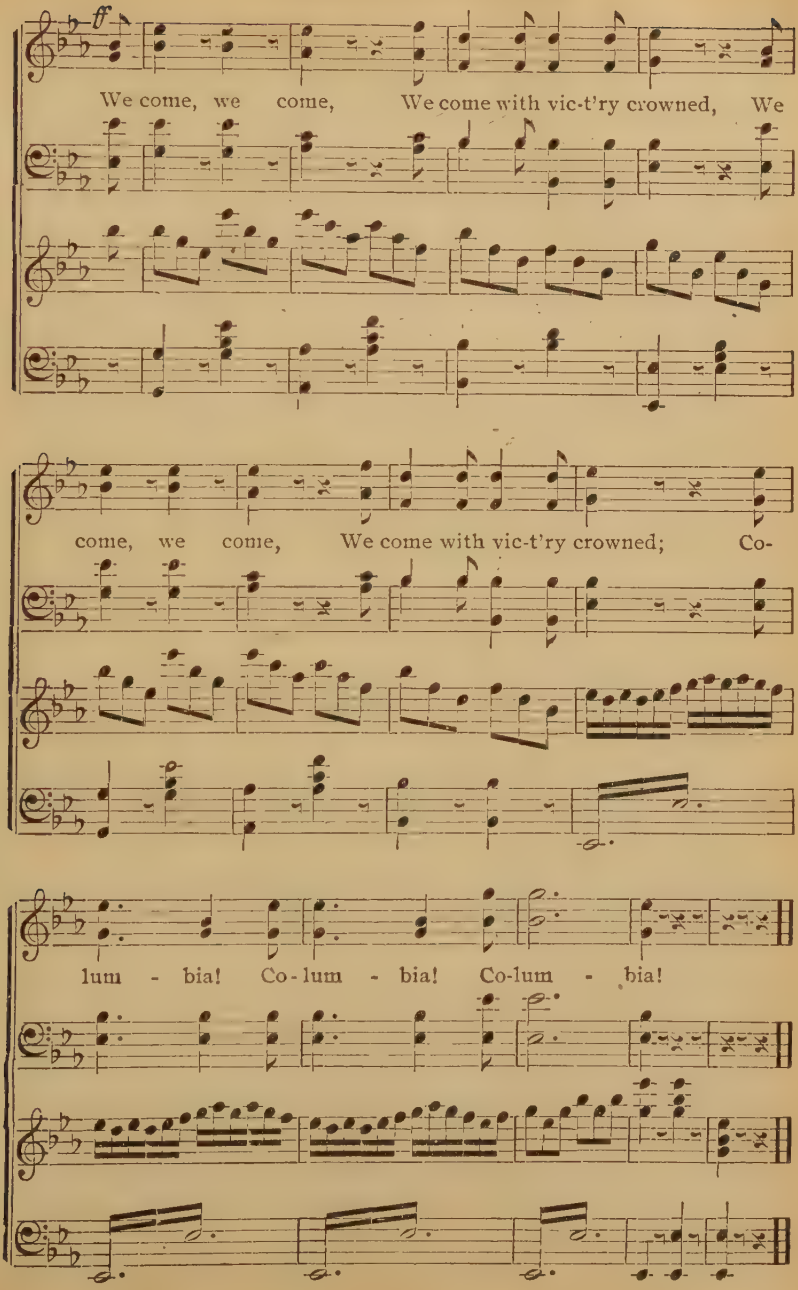
The Freight Train.



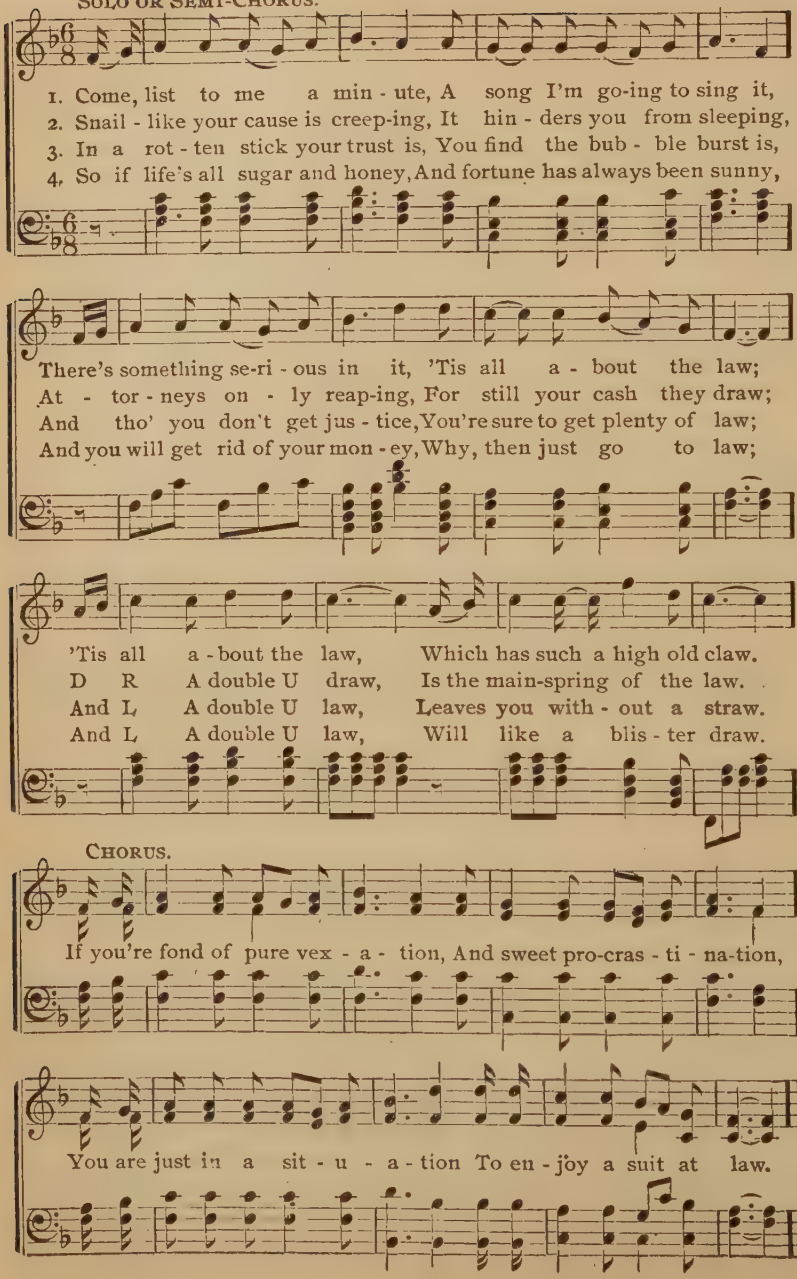
193 Columbia! Columbia!

AUBER.

*First eight measures may be played for a prelude and interlude.

Columbia! Columbia!

p
Land of lib-er - ty,
Hail, all hail to thee,
Joy now reigns a - round,
Sing the joy-ful sound,
cres.
Raise the swell-ing strain,
Raise the swell-ing cho - rus! We
Raise the swell-ing strain,
Raise the swell-ing cho - rus! We
f
come with vic - t'ry crowned,
We come with vic-t'ry crowned.
come with vic - t'ry crowned,
We come with vic-t'ry crowned.

Columbia! Columbia!

Old Melody. Arr.

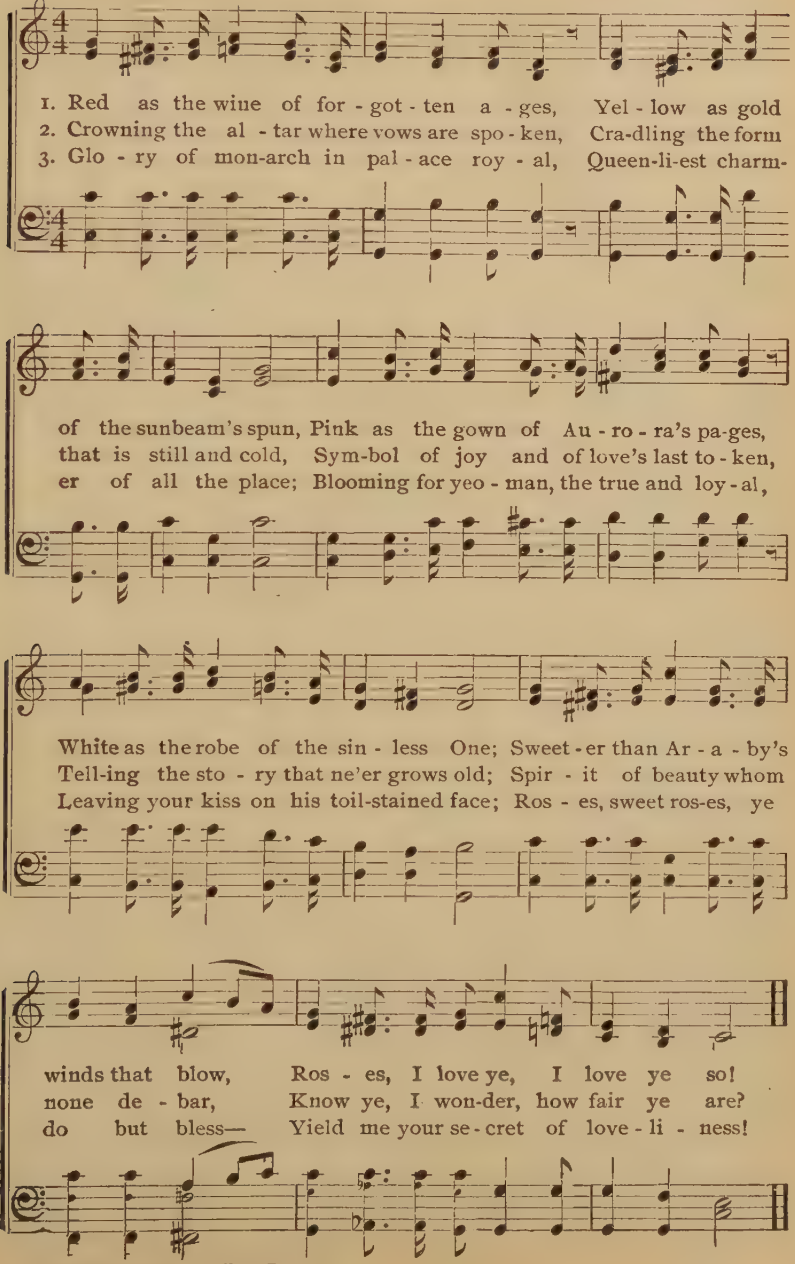
SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.


1. Come, list to me a min - ute, A song I'm go-ing to sing it,
2. Snail - like your cause is creep-ing, It hin - ders you from sleeping,
3. In a rot - ten stick your trust is, You find the bub - ble burst is,
4. So if life's all sugar and honey, And fortune has always been sunny,
There's something se-ri - ous in it, 'Tis all a - bout the law;
At - tor - neys on - ly reap-ing, For still your cash they draw;
And tho' you don't get jus - tice, You're sure to get plenty of law;
And you will get rid of your mon - ey, Why, then just go to law;
'Tis all a - bout the law, Which has such a high old claw.
D R A double U draw, Is the main-spring of the law.
And L A double U law, Leaves you with - out a straw.
And L A double U law, Will like a blis - ter draw.

CHORUS.

Roses of June.

EMMA C. DOWD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Red as the wine of for - got - ten a - ges, Yel - low as gold
2. Crowning the al - tar where vows are spo - ken, Cra-dling the form
3. Glo - ry of mon-arch in pal - ace roy - al, Queen-li-est charm-
of the sunbeam's spun, Pink as the gown of Au - ro - ra's pa-ges,
that is still and cold, Sym-bol of joy and of love's last to - ken,
er of all the place; Blooming for yeo - man, the true and loy - al,
White as the robe of the sin - less One; Sweet - er than Ar - a - by's
Tell-ing the sto - ry that ne'er grows old; Spir - it of beauty whom
Leaving your kiss on his toil-stained face; Ros - es, sweet ros-es, ye
winds that blow, Ros - es, I love ye, I love ye so!
none de - bar, Know ye, I won-der, how fair ye are?
do but bless— Yield me your se - cret of love - li - ness!

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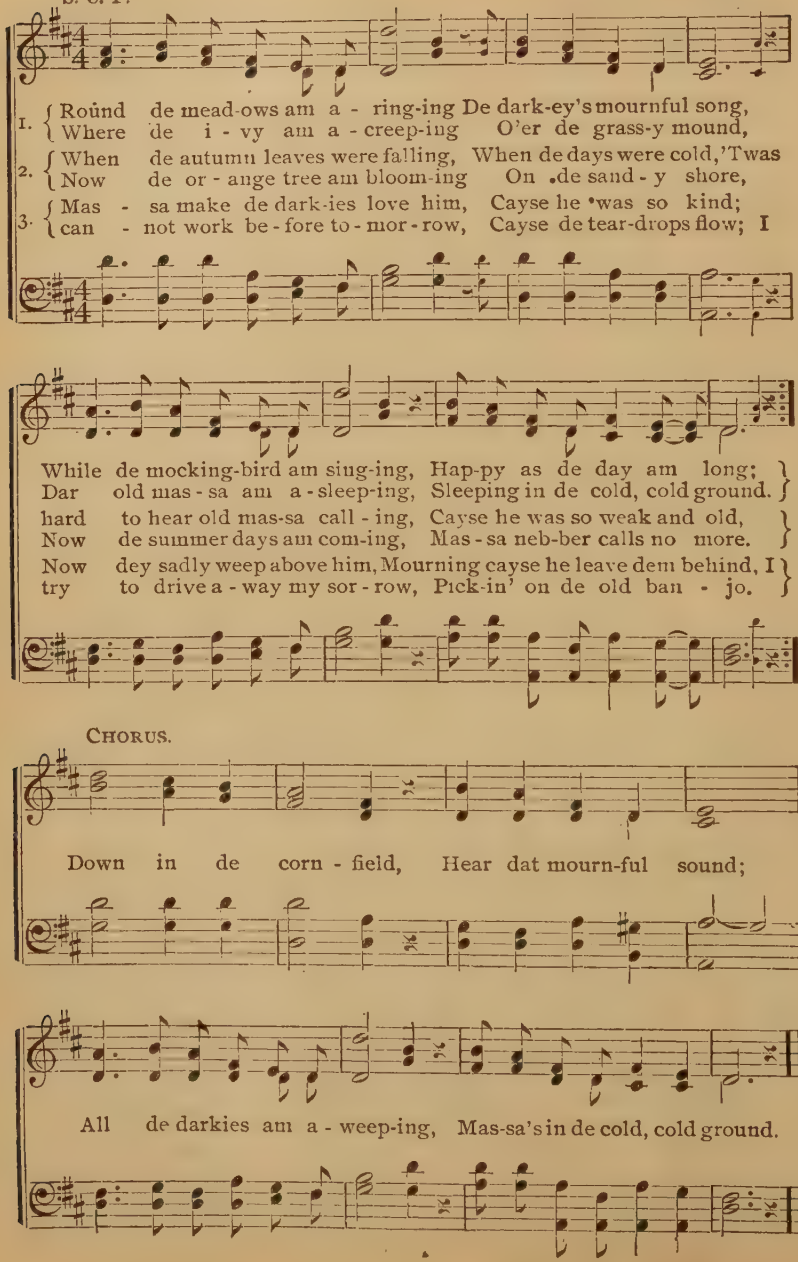
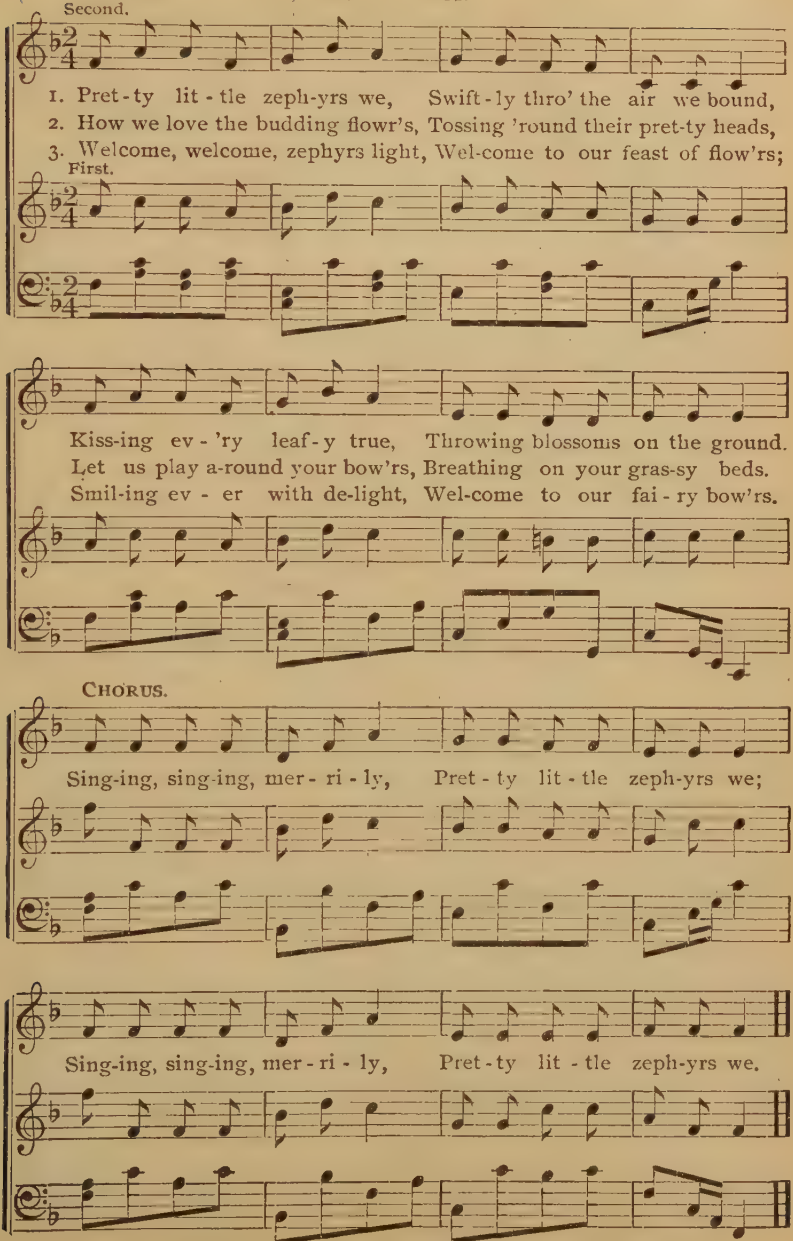
196 Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.

S. C. F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.


1. Roŭnd de mead-ows am a - ring-ing De dark-ey's mournful song,
Where de i - vy am a - creep-ing O'er de grass-y mound,
2. When de autumn leaves were falling, When de days were cold, 'Twas
Now de or - ange tree am bloom-ing On de sand - y shore,
3. Mas - sa make de dark-ies love him, Cayse he was so kind;
can - not work be - fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear-drops flow; I
While de mocking-bird am sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am long;
Dar old mas - sa am a - sleep-ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.
hard to hear old mas-sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old,
Now de summer days am com-ing, Mas - sa neb-ber calls no more.
Now dey sadly weep above him, Mourning cayse he leave dem behind, I
try to drive a - way my sor - row, Pick-in' on de old ban - jo.
CHORUS.
Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mourn-ful sound;
All de darkies am a - weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

197 Pretty Little Zephyrs.

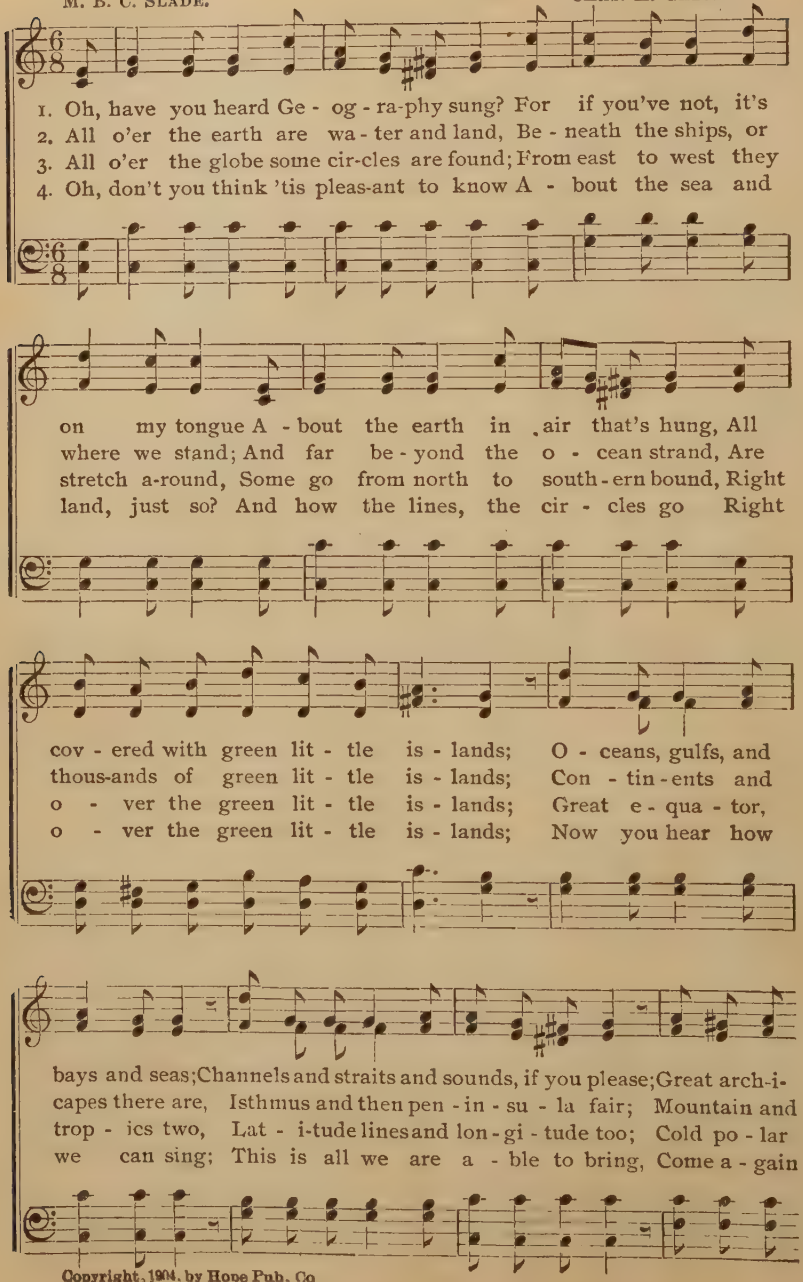
From the German. *Moderato.* SEMI-CHORUS.* J. H. H.


Second.
1. Pret-ty lit-tle zeph-yrs we, Swift-ly thro' the air we bound,
2. How we love the budding flowr's, Tossing 'round their pret-ty heads,
3. Welcome, welcome, zephyrs light, Wel-come to our feast of flow'rs;
First.
Kiss-ing ev-'ry leaf-y true, Throwing blossoms on the ground.
Let us play a-round your bow'rs, Breathing on your gras-sy beds.
Smil-ing ev-er with de-light, Wel-come to our fai-ry bow'rs.
CHORUS.
Sing-ing, sing-ing, mer-ri-ly, Pret-ty lit-tle zeph-yrs we;
Sing-ing, sing-ing, mer-ri-ly, Pret-ty lit-tle zeph-yrs we.

* To be sung by a class of small children appropriately dressed.

The Green Little Islands.

M. B. C. SLADE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Oh, have you heard Ge - og - ra-phy sung? For if you've not, it's
on my tongue A - bout the earth in air that's hung, All
cov - ered with green lit - tle is - lands; O - ceans, gulfs, and
bays and seas; Channels and straits and sounds, if you please; Great arch-i-
2. All o'er the earth are wa - ter and land, Be - neath the ships, or
where we stand; And far be - yond the o - cean strand, Are
thous-ands of green lit - tle is - lands; Con - tin - ents and
capes there are, Isthmus and then pen - in - su - la fair; Mountain and
3. All o'er the globe some cir-cles are found; From east to west they
stretch a-round, Some go from north to south - ern bound, Right
o - ver the green lit - tle is - lands; Great e - qua - tor,
trop - ics two, Lat - i-tude lines and lon - gi - tude too; Cold po - lar
4. Oh, don't you think 'tis pleas-ant to know A - bout the sea and
land, just so? And how the lines, the cir - cles go Right
o - ver the green lit - tle is - lands; Now you hear how
we can sing; This is all we are a - ble to bring, Come a - gain

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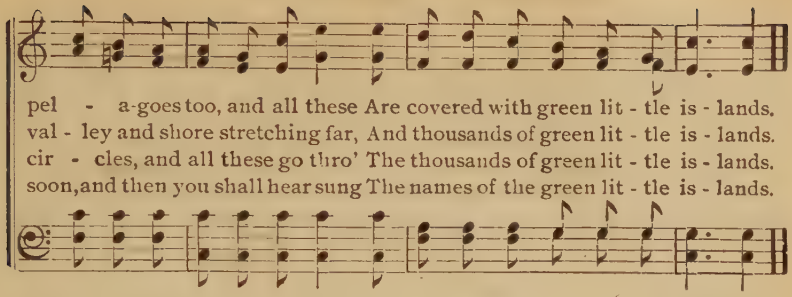
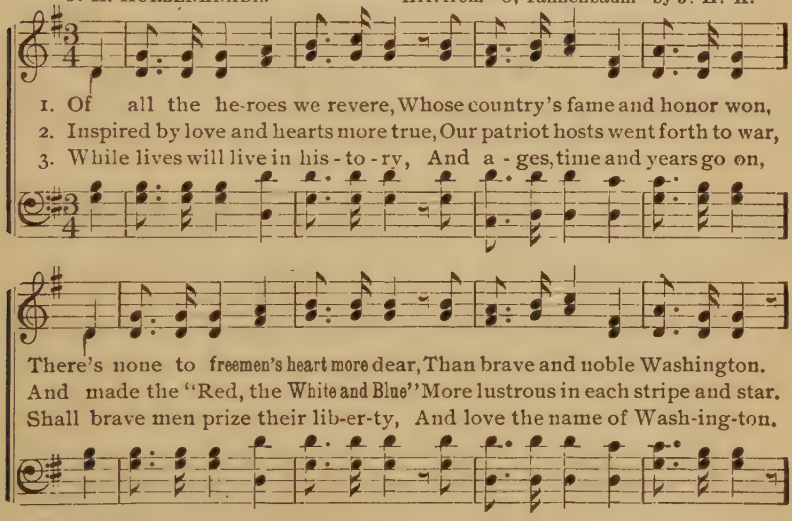
The Green Little Islands.


pel - a-goes too, and all these Are covered with green lit - tle is - lands.
val - ley and shore stretching far, And thousands of green lit - tle is - lands.
cir - cles, and all these go thro' The thousands of green lit - tle is - lands.
soon, and then you shall hear sung The names of the green lit - tle is - lands.

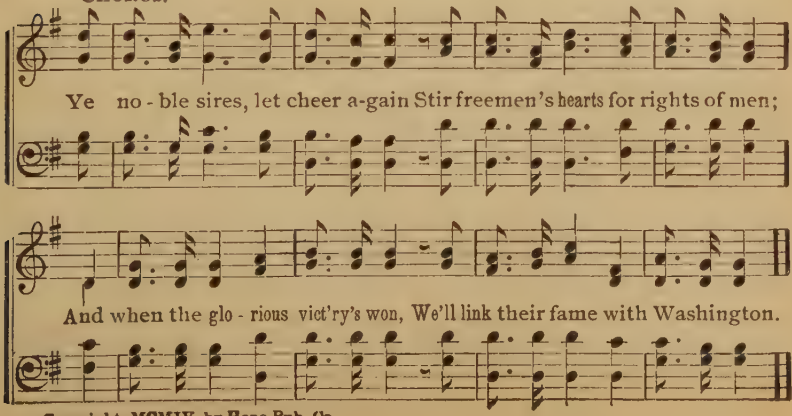
199 Washington.

J. H. KURZENKNABE. Arr. from "O, Tannenbaum" by J. H. K.


1. Of all the he-roes we revere, Whose country's fame and honor won,
2. Inspired by love and hearts more true, Our patriot hosts went forth to war,
3. While lives will live in his - to - ry, And a - ges, time and years go on,

There's none to freemen's heart more dear, Than brave and noble Washington.
And made the "Red, the White and Blue" More lustrous in each stripe and star.
Shall brave men prize their lib-er-ty, And love the name of Wash-ing-ton.

CHORUS.


Ye no - ble sires, let cheer a-gain Stir freemen's hearts for rights of men;
And when the glo - rious vict'ry's won, We'll link their fame with Washington.

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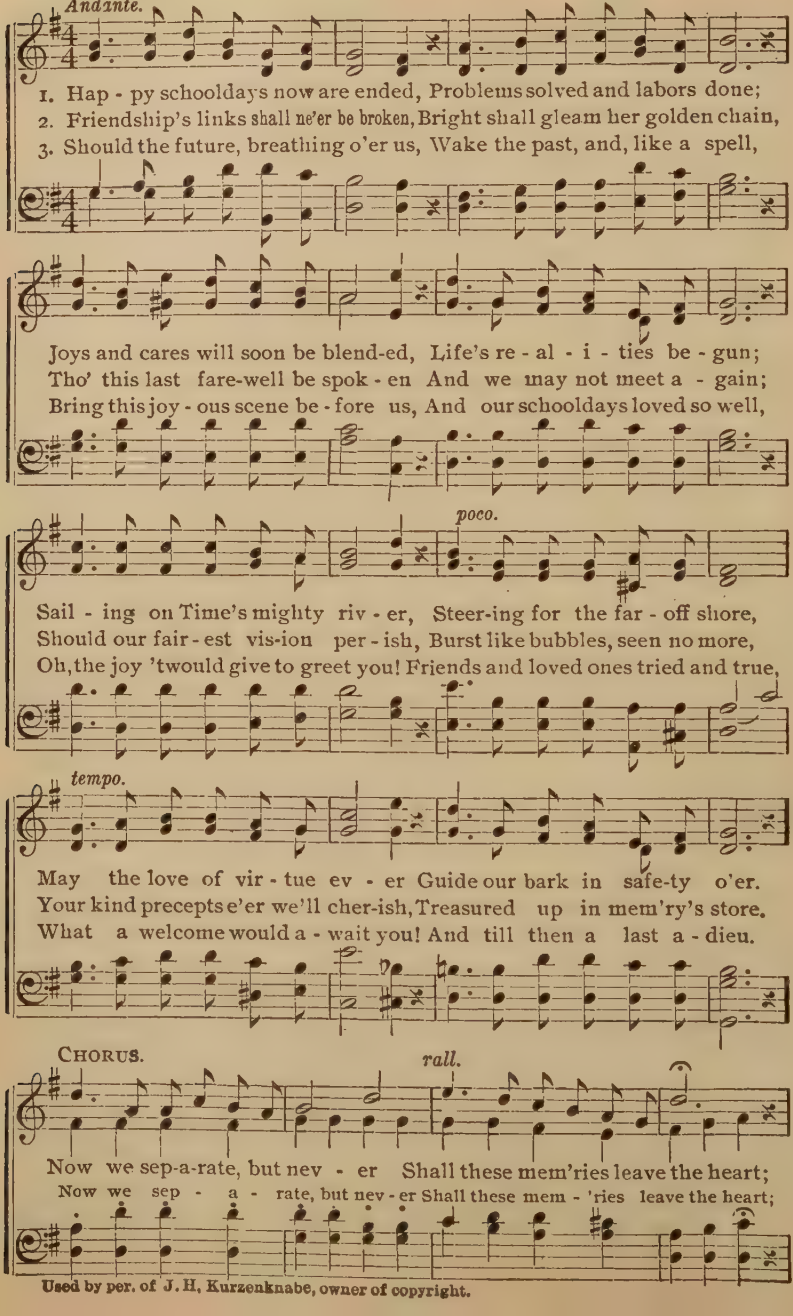
200 Happy Schooldays Now Are Ended.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

Andante.

1. Hap - py schooldays now are ended, Problems solved and labors done;
2. Friendship's links shall ne'er be broken, Bright shall gleam her golden chain,
3. Should the future, breathing o'er us, Wake the past, and, like a spell,
Joys and cares will soon be blend-ed, Life's re - al - i - ties be - gun;
Tho' this last fare-well be spok - en And we may not meet a - gain;
Bring this joy - ous scene be - fore us, And our schooldays loved so well,
poco.
Sail - ing on Time's mighty riv - er, Steer-ing for the far - off shore,
Should our fair - est vis-ion per - ish, Burst like bubbles, seen no more,
Oh, the joy 'twould give to greet you! Friends and loved ones tried and true,
tempo.
May the love of vir - tue ev - er Guide our bark in safe-ty o'er.
Your kind precepts e'er we'll cher-ish, Treasured up in mem'ry's store.
What a welcome would a - wait you! And till then a last a - dieu.
CHORUS.
rall.
Now we sep-a-rate, but nev - er Shall these mem'ries leave the heart;
Now we sep - a - rate, but nev - er Shall these mem - 'ries leave the heart;

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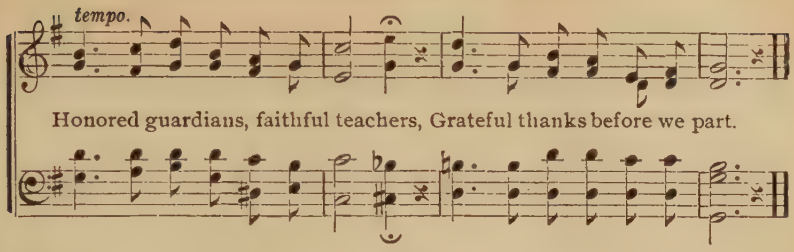
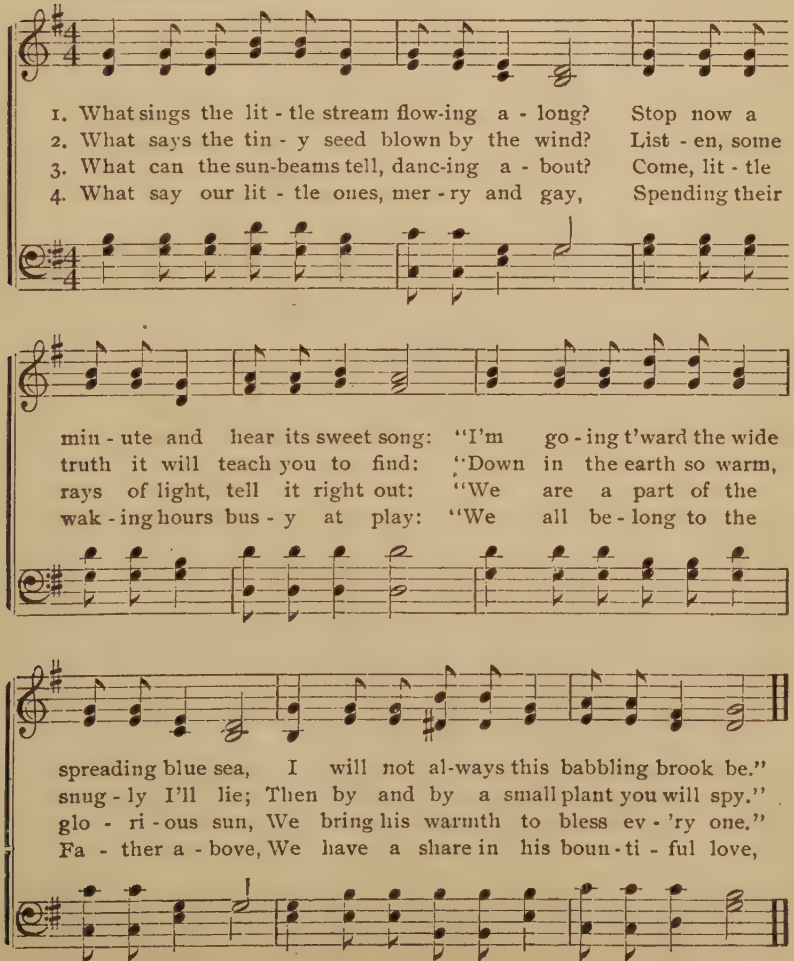
Happy Schooldays Now Are Ended.



201 Little Things.

F. G. BURROUGHS. L. M. KENZIE,


1. What sings the lit - tle stream flow-ing a - long? Stop now a
2. What says the tin - y seed blown by the wind? List - en, some
3. What can the sun-beams tell, danc-ing a - bout? Come, lit - tle
4. What say our lit - tle ones, mer - ry and gay, Spending their
min - ute and hear its sweet song: "I'm go - ing t'ward the wide
truth it will teach you to find: "Down in the earth so warm,
rays of light, tell it right out: "We are a part of the
wak - ing hours bus - y at play: "We all be - long to the
spreading blue sea, I will not al-ways this babbling brook be."
snug - ly I'll lie; Then by and by a small plant you will spy."
glo - ri - ous sun, We bring his warmth to bless ev - 'ry one."
Fa - ther a - bove, We have a share in his boun - ti - ful love,

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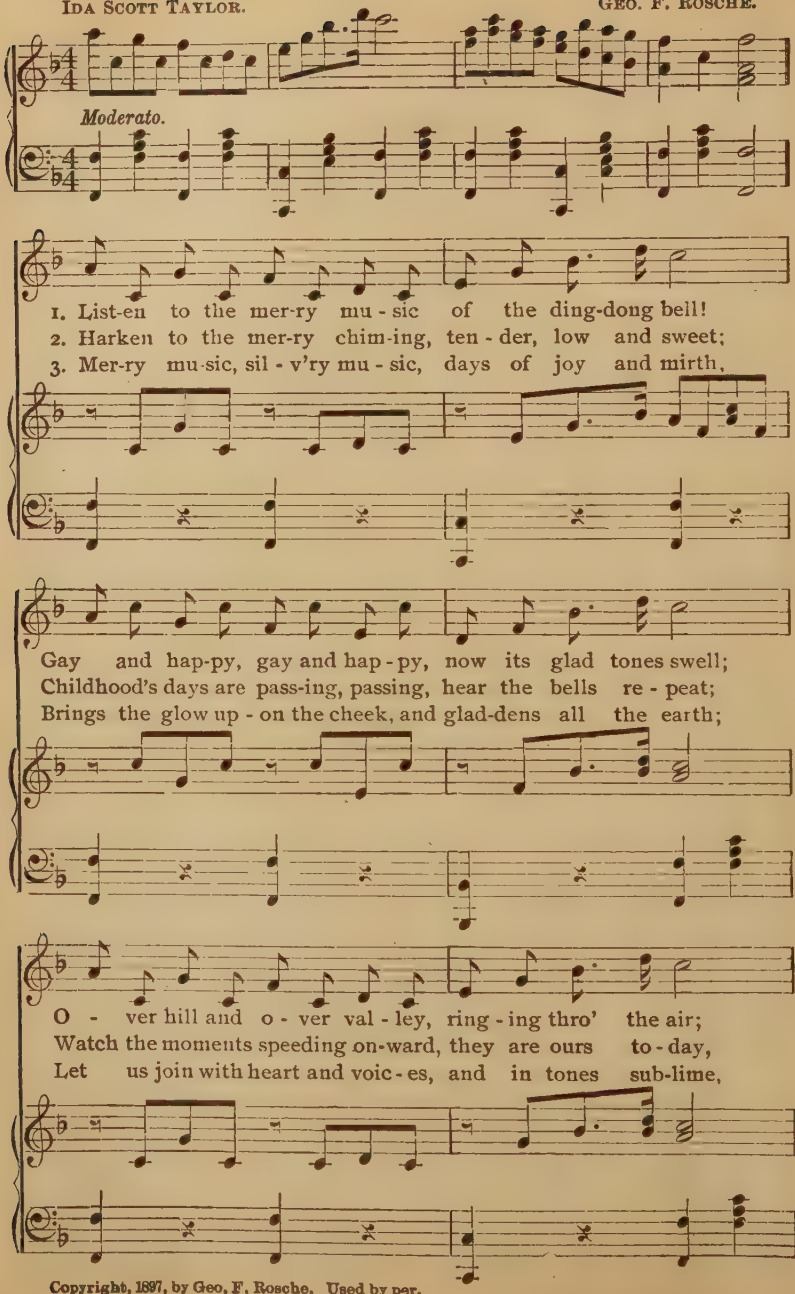
Bell Song.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

Moderato.
1. List-en to the mer-ry mu - sic of the ding-dong bell!
2. Harken to the mer-ry chim-ing, ten - der, low and sweet;
3. Mer-ry mu-sic, sil - v'ry mu - sic, days of joy and mirth,
Gay and hap-py, gay and hap - py, now its glad tones swell;
Childhood's days are pass-ing, passing, hear the bells re - peat;
Brings the glow up - on the cheek, and glad-dens all the earth;
O - ver hill and o - ver val - ley, ring - ing thro' the air;
Watch the moments speeding on-ward, they are ours to - day,
Let us join with heart and voic - es, and in tones sub-lime,

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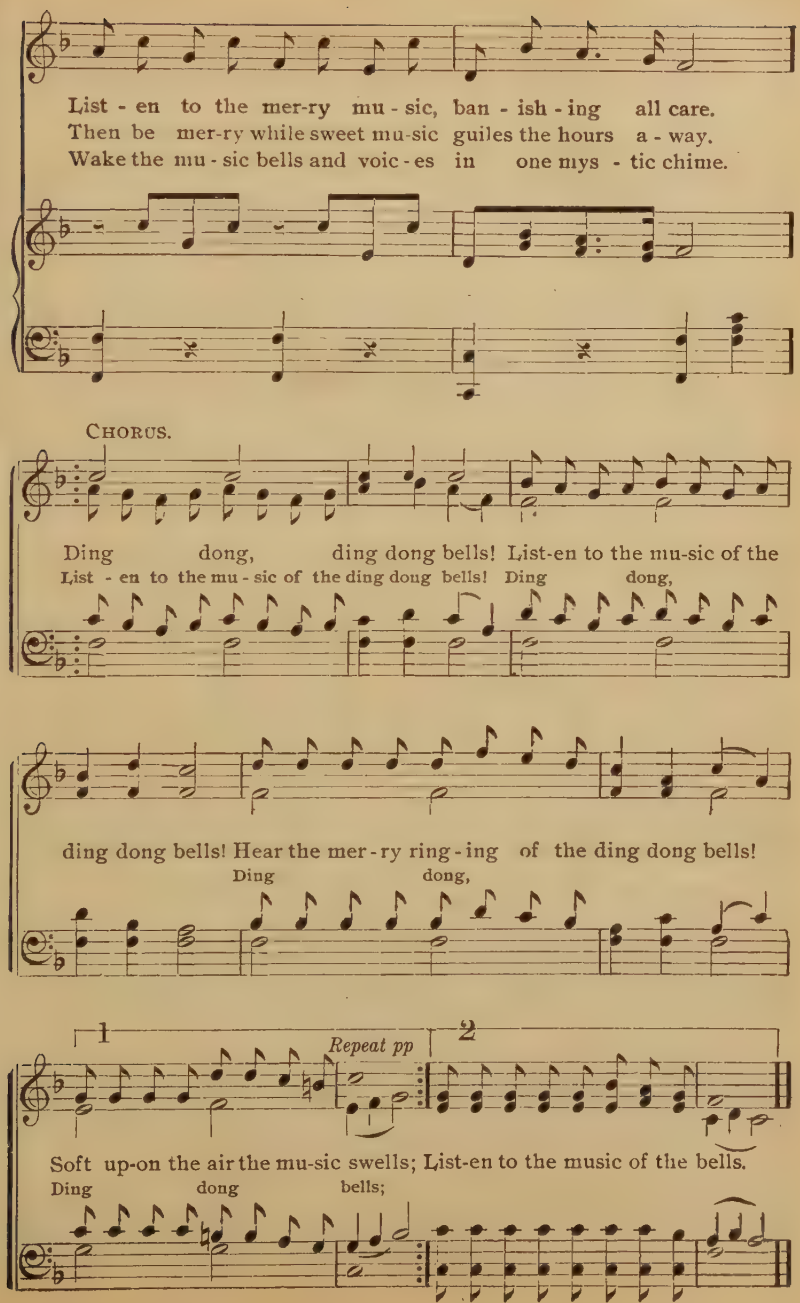
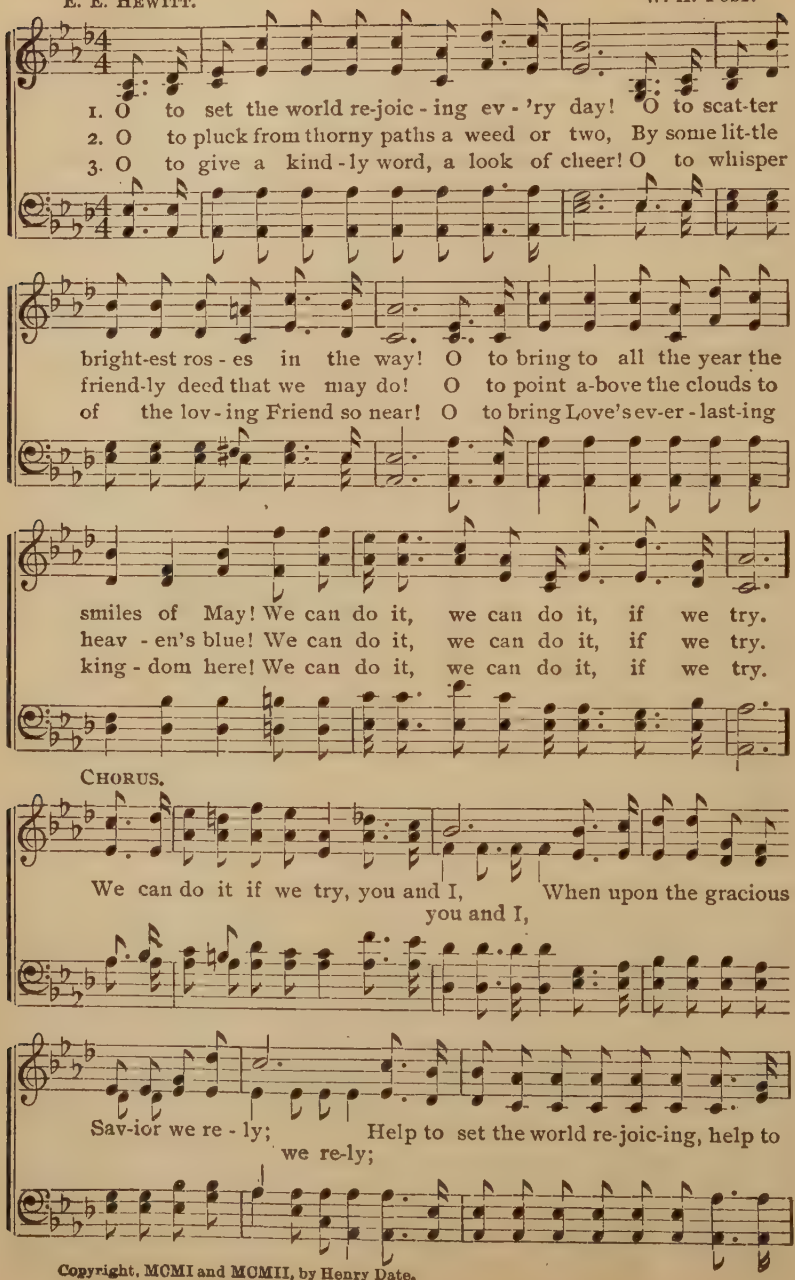
Bell Song.


List - en to the mer-ry mu - sic, ban - ish - ing all care.
Then be mer-ry while sweet mu-sic guiles the hours a - way.
Wake the mu - sic bells and voic - es in one mys - tic chime.
CHORUS.
Ding dong, ding dong bells! List-en to the mu-sic of the
List - en to the mu - sic of the ding dong bells! Ding dong,
ding dong bells! Hear the mer - ry ring - ing of the ding dong bells!
Ding dong,
1
Repeat pp
2
Soft up-on the air the mu-sic swells; List-en to the music of the bells.
Ding dong bells;

203 Help to Set the World Rejoicing.

E. E. Hewitt. W. A. Post.

1. O to set the world re-joic - ing ev - 'ry day! O to scat-ter
2. O to pluck from thorny paths a weed or two, By some lit-tle
3. O to give a kind - ly word, a look of cheer! O to whisper
bright-est ros - es in the way! O to bring to all the year the
friend-ly deed that we may do! O to point a-bove the clouds to
of the lov - ing Friend so near! O to bring Love's sev-er - last-ing
smiles of May! We can do it, we can do it, if we try.
heav - en's blue! We can do it, we can do it, if we try.
king - dom here! We can do it, we can do it, if we try.
Chorus.
We can do it if we try, you and I, When upon the gracious
you and I,
Sav-ior we re - ly; Help to set the world re-joic-ing, help to
we re-ly;

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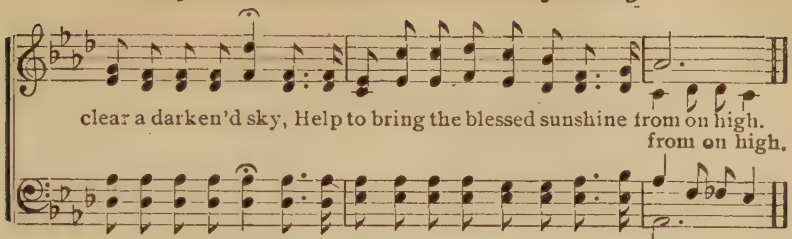
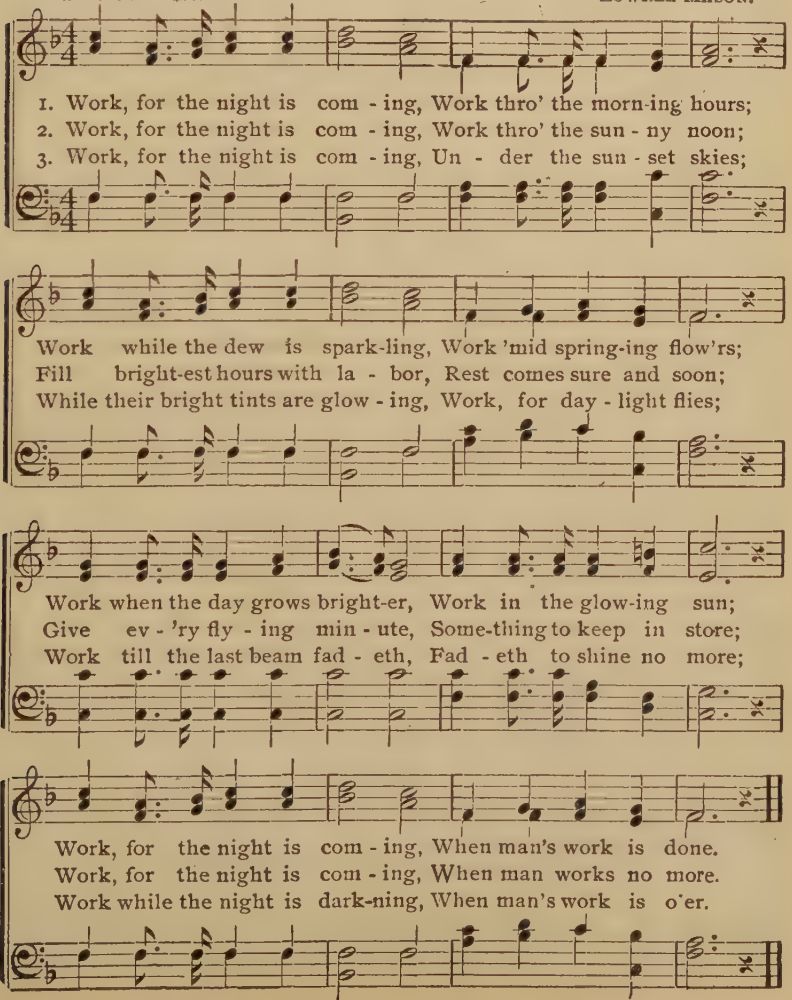
Help to Set the World Rejoicing.



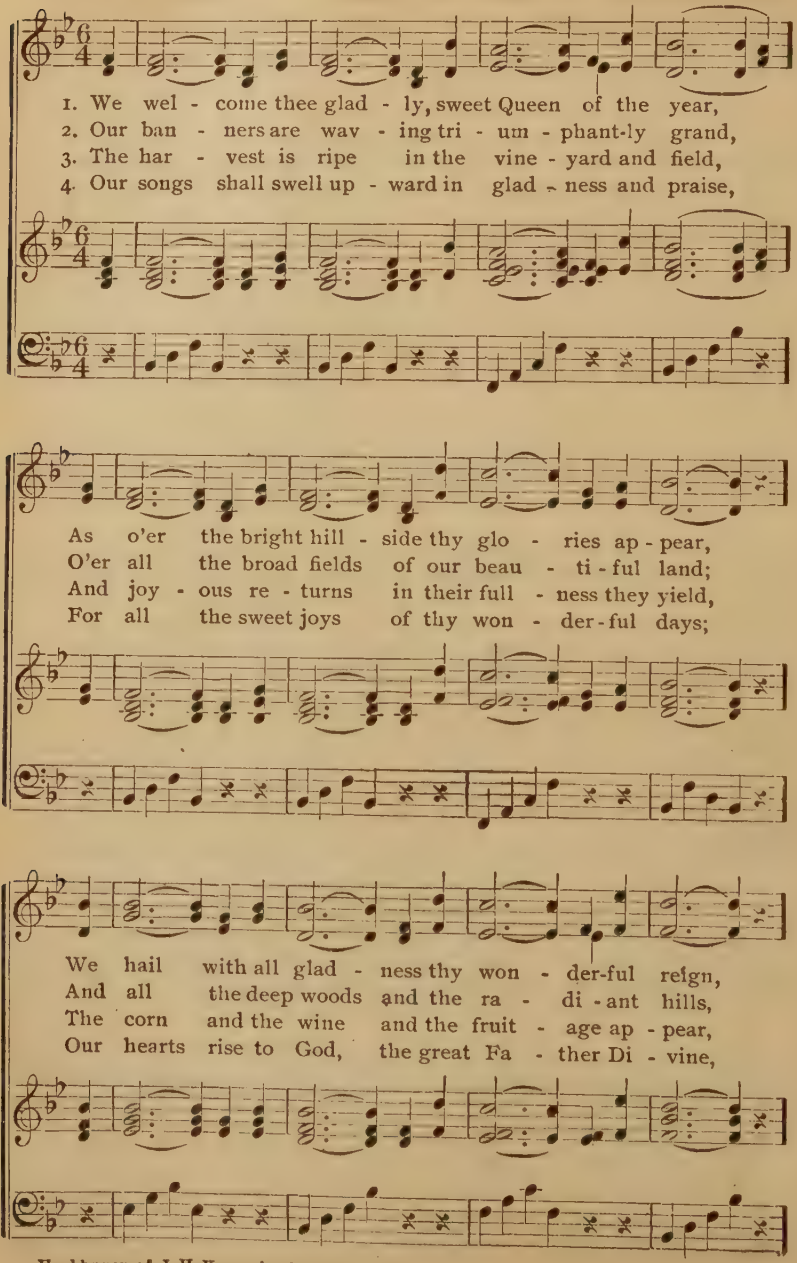
204 Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.


1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon;
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies;
Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute, Some-thing to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work while the night is dark-ning, When man's work is o'er.

205 Welcome Queen Autumn.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER. Adapted from "Oberon" by J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. We wel - come thee glad - ly, sweet Queen of the year,
2. Our ban - ners are wav - ing tri - um - phant-ly grand,
3. The har - vest is ripe in the vine - yard and field,
4. Our songs shall swell up - ward in glad - ness and praise,
As o'er the bright hill - side thy glo - ries ap - pear,
O'er all the broad fields of our beau - ti - ful land;
And joy - ous re - turns in their full - ness they yield,
For all the sweet joys of thy won - der - ful days;
We hail with all glad - ness thy won - der-ful reign,
And all the deep woods and the ra - di - ant hills,
The corn and the wine and the fruit - age ap - pear,
Our hearts rise to God, the great Fa - ther Di - vine,

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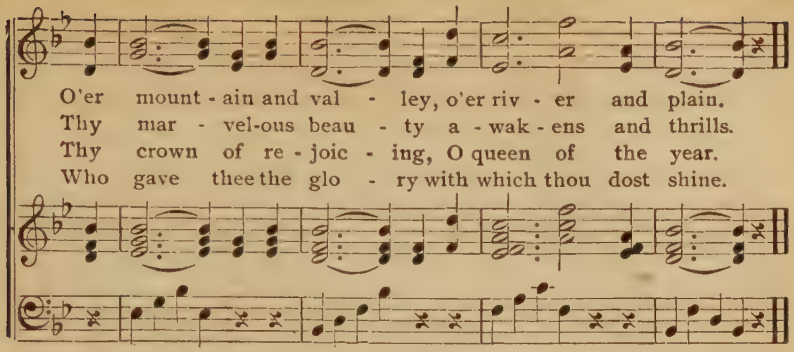
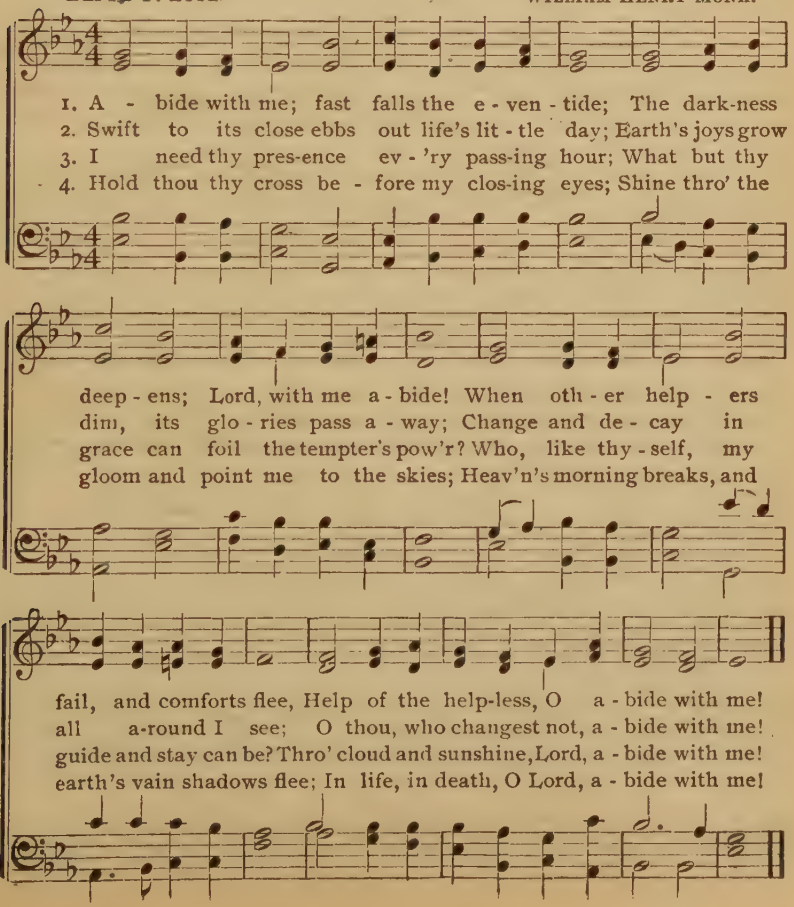
Welcome Queen Autumn.


O'er mount - ain and val - ley, o'er riv - er and plain.
Thy mar - vel-ous beau - ty a - wak - ens and thrills.
Thy crown of re - joic - ing, O queen of the year.
Who gave thee the glo - ry with which thou dost shine.

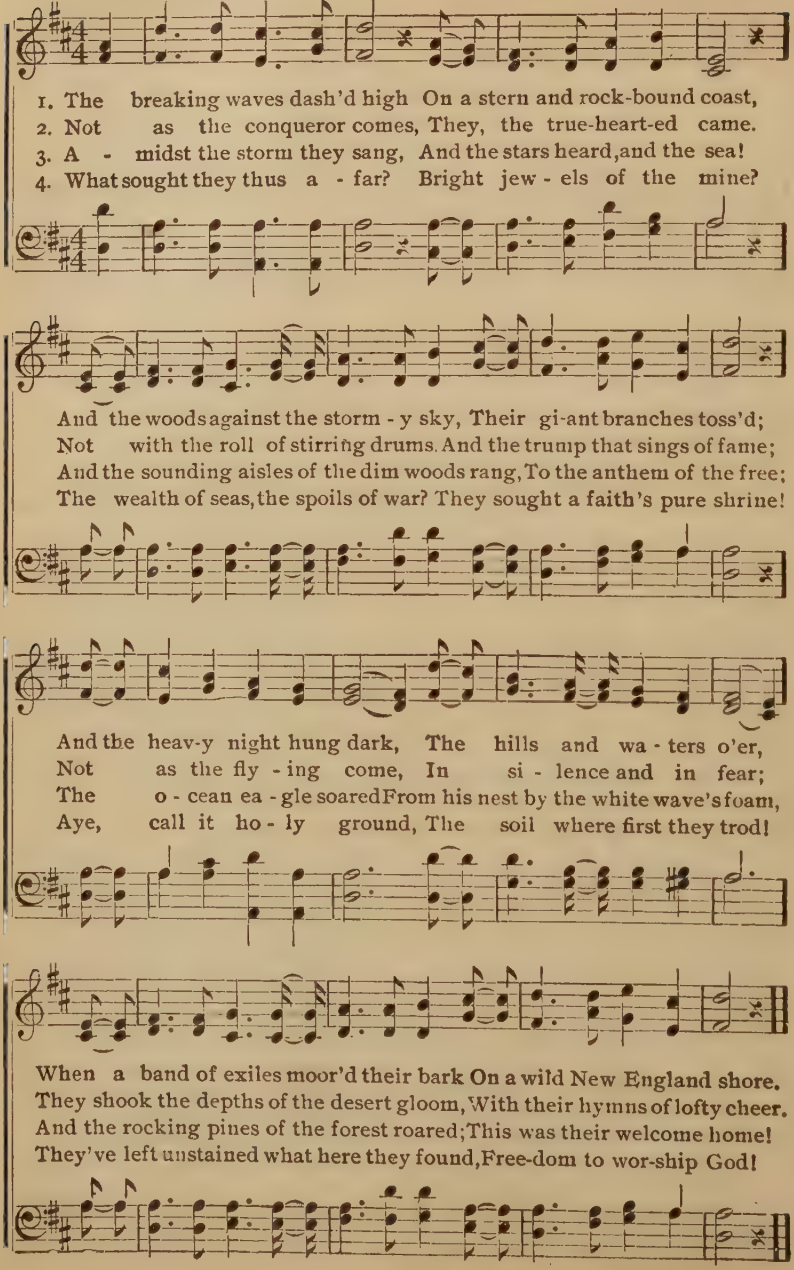
206 Abide With Me.

HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.


1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but thy
4. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like thy - self, my
gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
all a-round I see; O thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

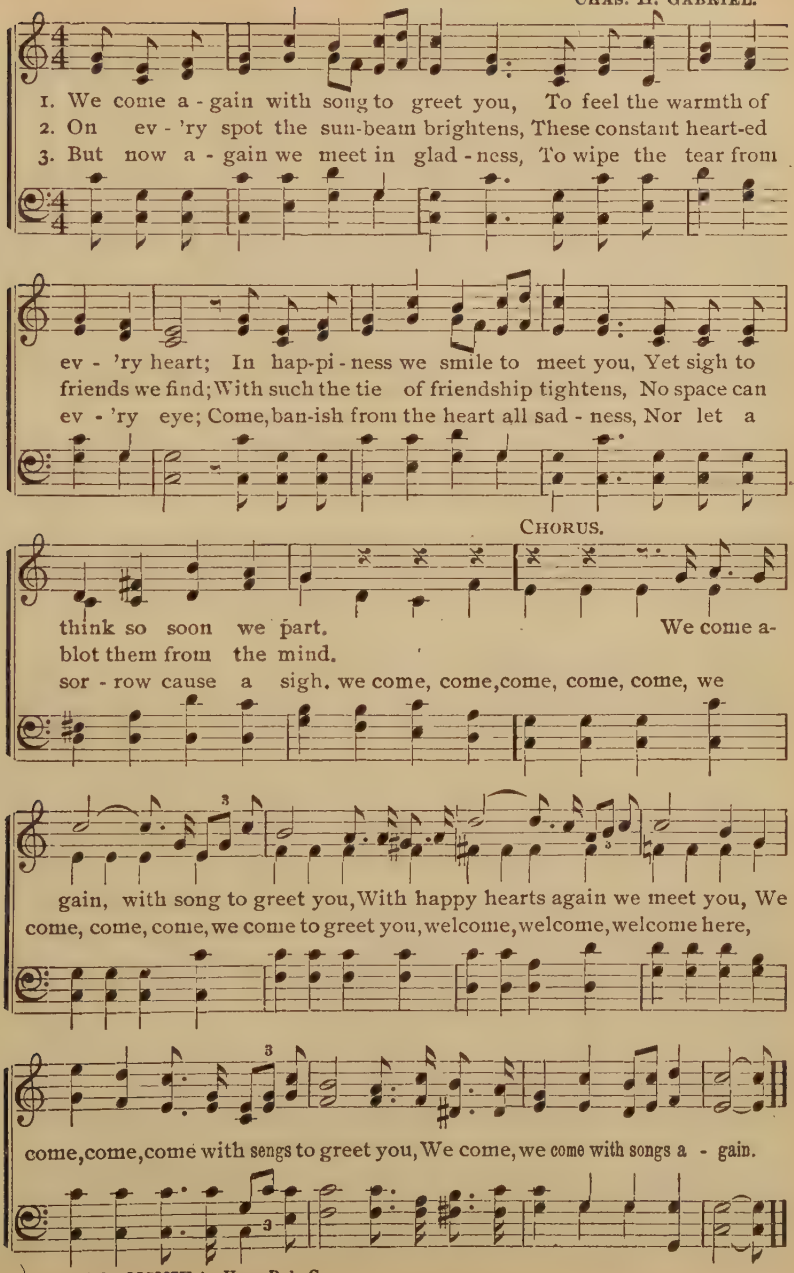
207 The Breaking Waves Dashed High.

FELICIA D. HEMANS. Miss BROWNE.


1. The breaking waves dash'd high On a stern and rock-bound coast,
2. Not as the conqueror comes, They, the true-heart-ed came.
3. A - midst the storm they sang, And the stars heard, and the sea!
4. What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els of the mine?
And the woods against the storm - y sky, Their gi-ant branches toss'd;
Not with the roll of stirring drums. And the trump that sings of fame;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang, To the anthem of the free;
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine!
And the heav-y night hung dark, The hills and wa - ters o'er,
Not as the fly - ing come, In si - lence and in fear;
The o - cean ea - gle soared From his nest by the white wave's foam,
Aye, call it ho - ly ground, The soil where first they trod!
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark On a wild New England shore.
They shook the depths of the desert gloom, With their hymns of lofty cheer.
And the rocking pines of the forest roared; This was their welcome home!
They've left unstained what here they found, Free-dom to wor-ship God!

Welcome Song.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. We come a - gain with song to greet you, To feel the warmth of
2. On ev - 'ry spot the sun-beam brightens, These constant heart-ed
3. But now a - gain we meet in glad - ness, To wipe the tear from
ev - 'ry heart; In hap-pi - ness we smile to meet you, Yet sigh to
friends we find; With such the tie of friendship tightens, No space can
ev - 'ry eye; Come, ban-ish from the heart all sad - ness, Nor let a
CHORUS.
think so soon we part. We come a-
blot them from the mind.
sor - row cause a sigh. we come, come, come, come, come, we
gain, with song to greet you, With happy hearts again we meet you, We
come, come, come, we come to greet you, welcome, welcome, welcome here,
come, come, come with songs to greet you, We come, we come with songs a - gain.

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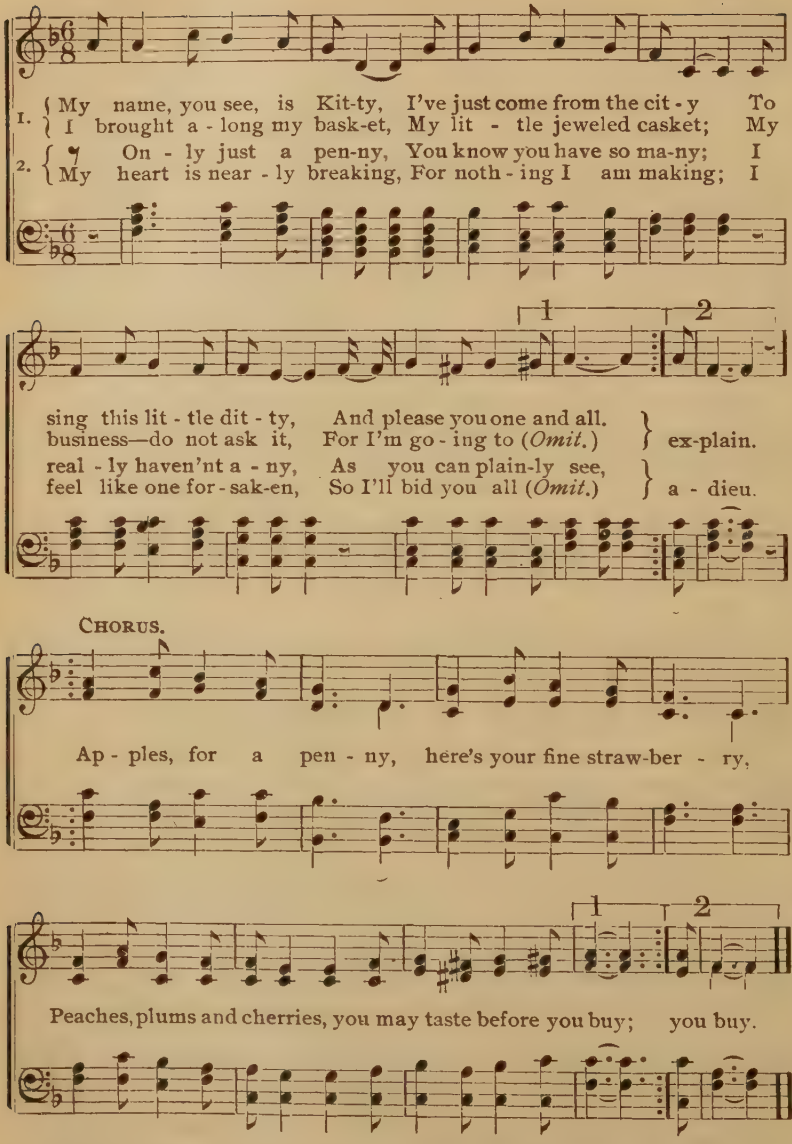
Apples for a Penny.

Arr.

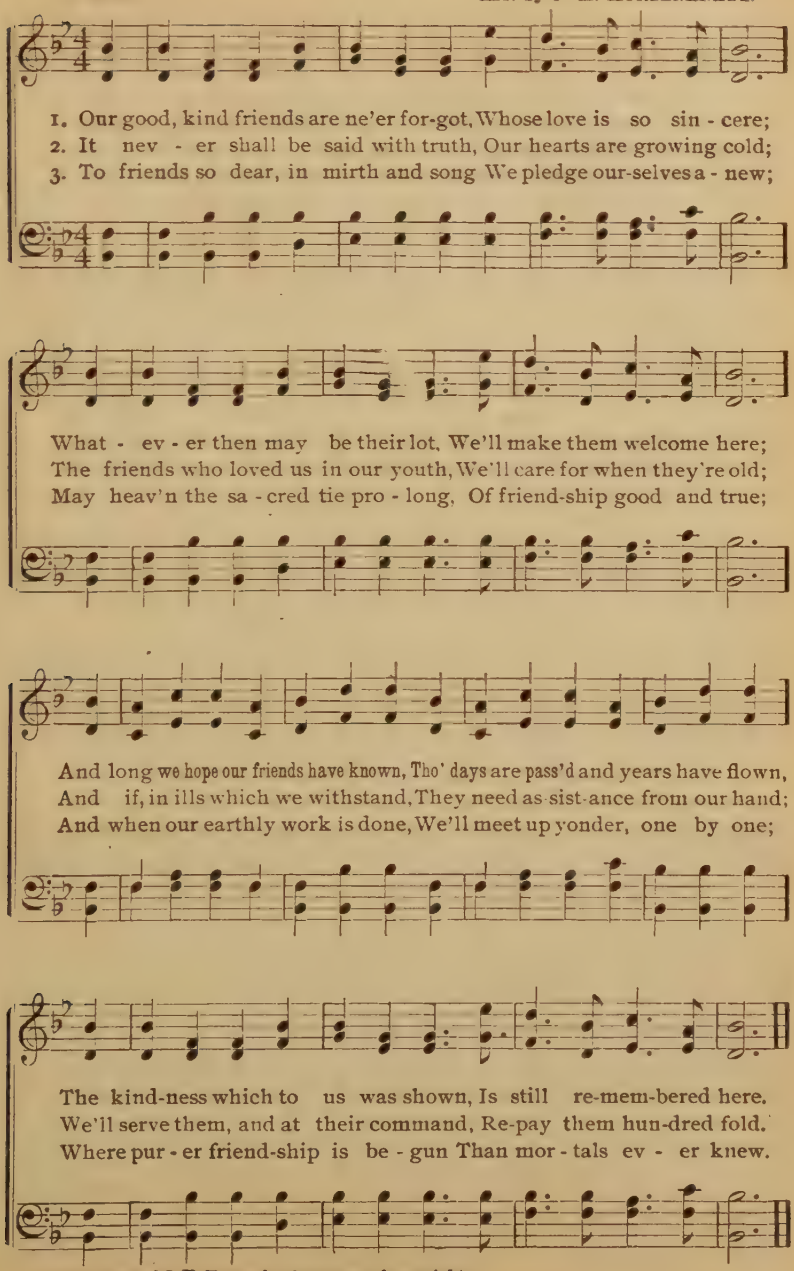

1. My name, you see, is Kit-ty, I've just come from the cit-y To
I brought a-long my bask-et, My lit-tle jeweled casket; My
2. On-ly just a pen-ny, You know you have so ma-ny; I
My heart is near-ly breaking, For noth-ing I am making; I
1
2
sing this lit-tle dit-ty, And please you one and all.
business—do not ask it, For I'm go-ing to (Omit.) ex-plain.
real-ly haven't a-ny, As you can plain-ly see,
feel like one for-sak-en, So I'll bid you all (Omit.) a-dieu.
CHORUS.
Ap-ples, for a pen-ny, here's your fine straw-ber-ry,
1
2
Peaches, plums and cherries, you may taste before you buy; you buy.

(*Spoken after 1st verse and before singing the Chorus.*)—"Business is very dull, so I filled my basket and came down here to see if I could sell."

(*Spoken after 2d verse and before singing the Chorus.*)—"But before I go, I will give you just one more chance. Who'll buy, will you? or you?"

210 Our Good Kind Friends.

J. H. K. Arr. by J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. Our good, kind friends are ne'er for-got, Whose love is so sin - cere;
2. It nev - er shall be said with truth, Our hearts are growing cold;
3. To friends so dear, in mirth and song We pledge our-selves a - new;
What - ev - er then may be their lot, We'll make them welcome here;
The friends who loved us in our youth, We'll care for when they're old;
May heav'n the sa - cred tie pro - long, Of friend-ship good and true;
And long we hope our friends have known, Tho' days are pass'd and years have flown,
And if, in ills which we withstand, They need as-sist-ance from our hand;
And when our earthly work is done, We'll meet up yonder, one by one;
The kind-ness which to us was shown, Is still re-mem-bered here.
We'll serve them, and at their command, Re-pay them hun-dred fold.
Where pur - er friend-ship is be - gun Than mor - tals ev - er knew.

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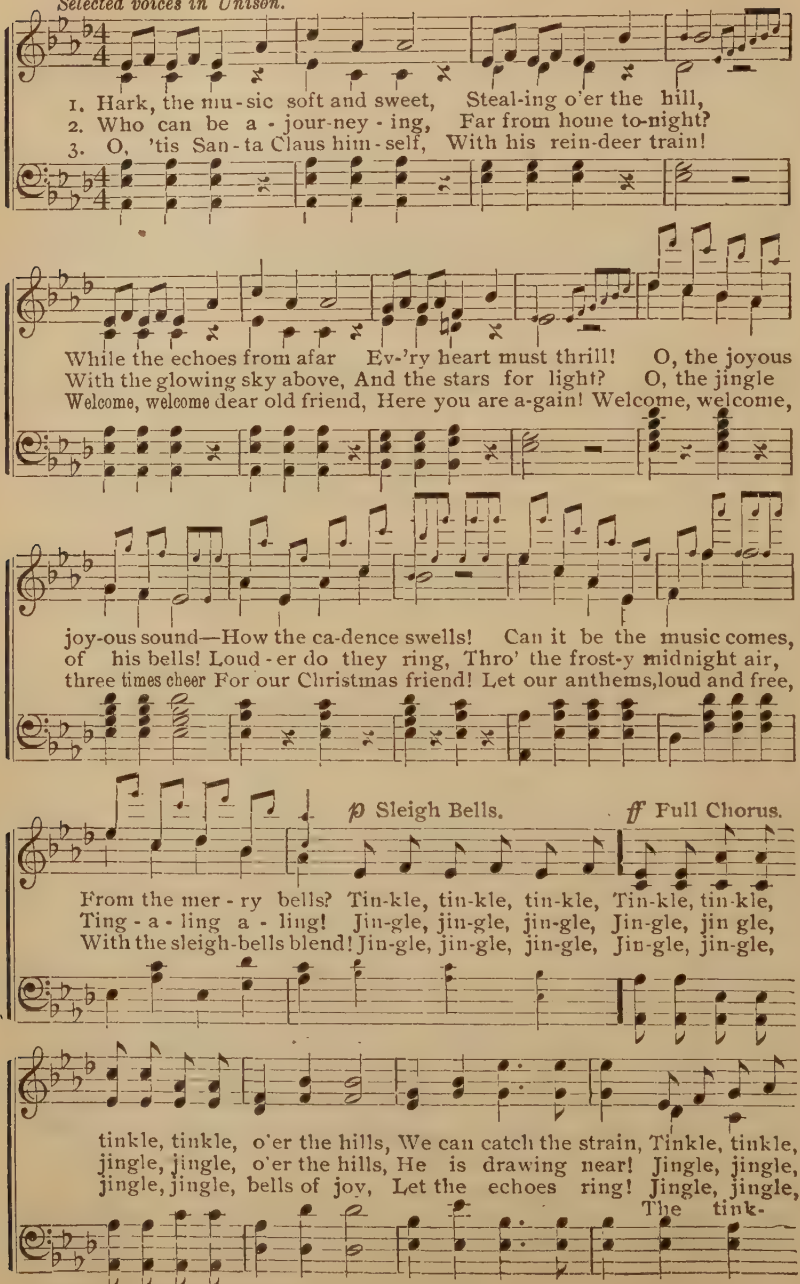
211 Welcome to Santa Claus.

MRS. R. N. TURNER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Selected voices in Unison.

1. Hark, the mu-sic soft and sweet, Steal-ing o'er the hill,
2. Who can be a-jour-ney-ing, Far from home to-night?
3. O, 'tis San-ta Claus him-self, With his rein-deer train!
While the echoes from afar Ev-'ry heart must thrill! O, the joyous
With the glowing sky above, And the stars for light? O, the jingle
Welcome, welcome dear old friend, Here you are a-gain! Welcome, welcome,
joy-ous sound—How the ca-dence swells! Can it be the music comes,
of his bells! Loud-er do they ring, Thro' the frost-y midnight air,
three times cheer For our Christmas friend! Let our anthems, loud and free,
p Sleigh Bells.
ff Full Chorus.
From the mer-ry bells? Tin-kle, tin-kle, tin-kle, Tin-kle, tin-kle,
Ting-a-ling a-ling! Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, Jin-gle, jin gle,
With the sleigh-bells blend! Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, Jin-gle, jin-gle,
tinkle, tinkle, o'er the hills, We can catch the strain, Tinkle, tinkle,
jingle, jingle, o'er the hills, He is drawing near! Jingle, jingle,
jingle, jingle, bells of joy, Let the echoes ring! Jingle, jingle,
The tink-

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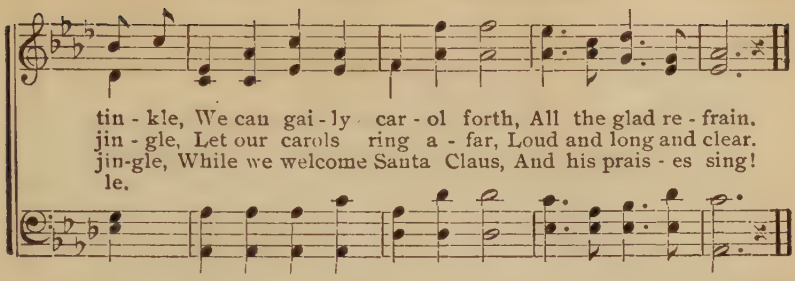
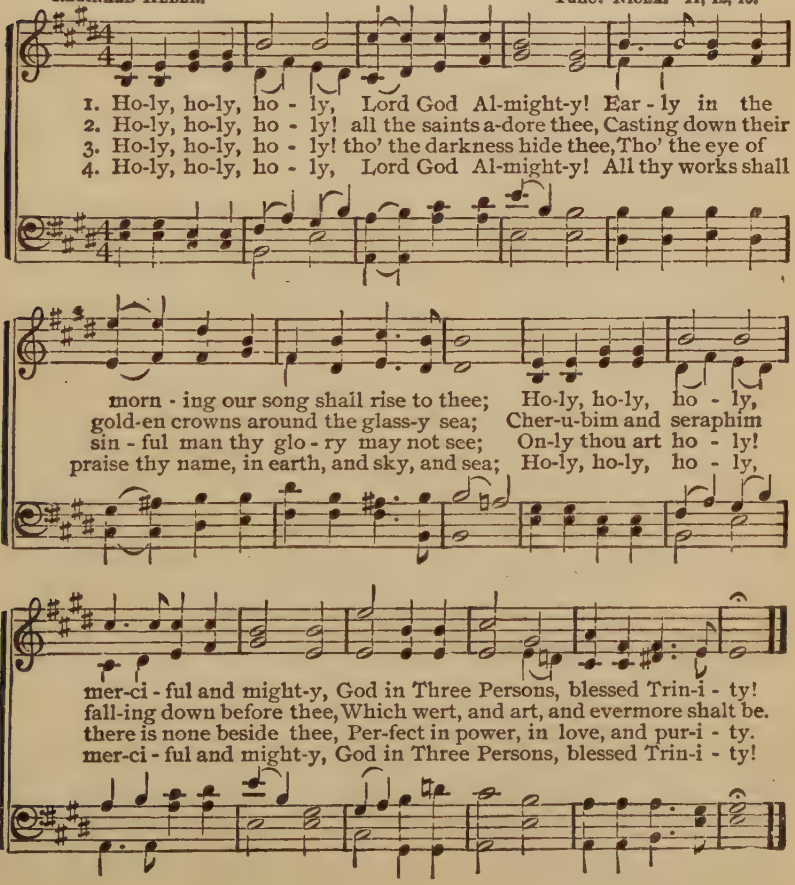
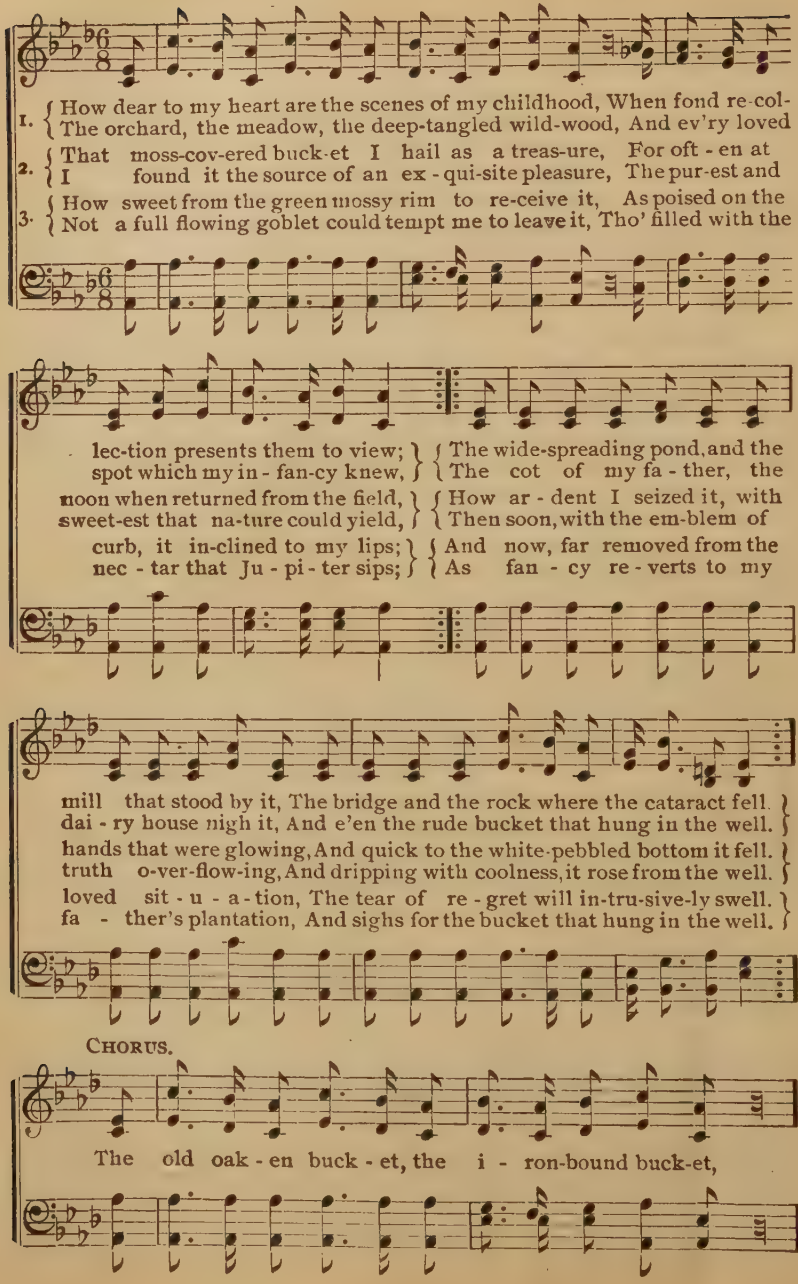
Welcome to Santa Claus.


tin - kle, We can gai - ly car - ol forth, All the glad re - frain.
jin - gle, Let our carols ring a - far, Loud and long and clear.
jin-gle, While we welcome Santa Claus, And his prais - es sing!
le.

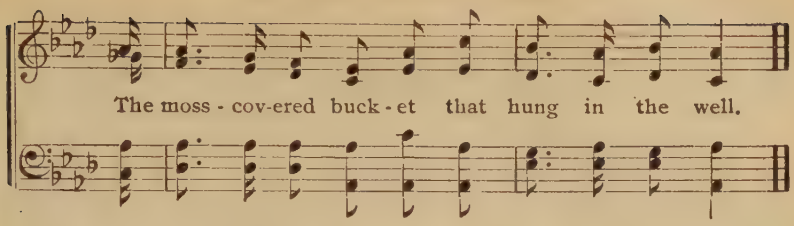
212 Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. Tune: NICEA. 11, 12, 10.


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly,
gold-en crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and seraphim
sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see; On-ly thou art ho - ly!
praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly,
mer-ci - ful and might-y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
fall-ing down before thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
there is none beside thee, Per-fect in power, in love, and pur-i - ty.
mer-ci - ful and might-y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

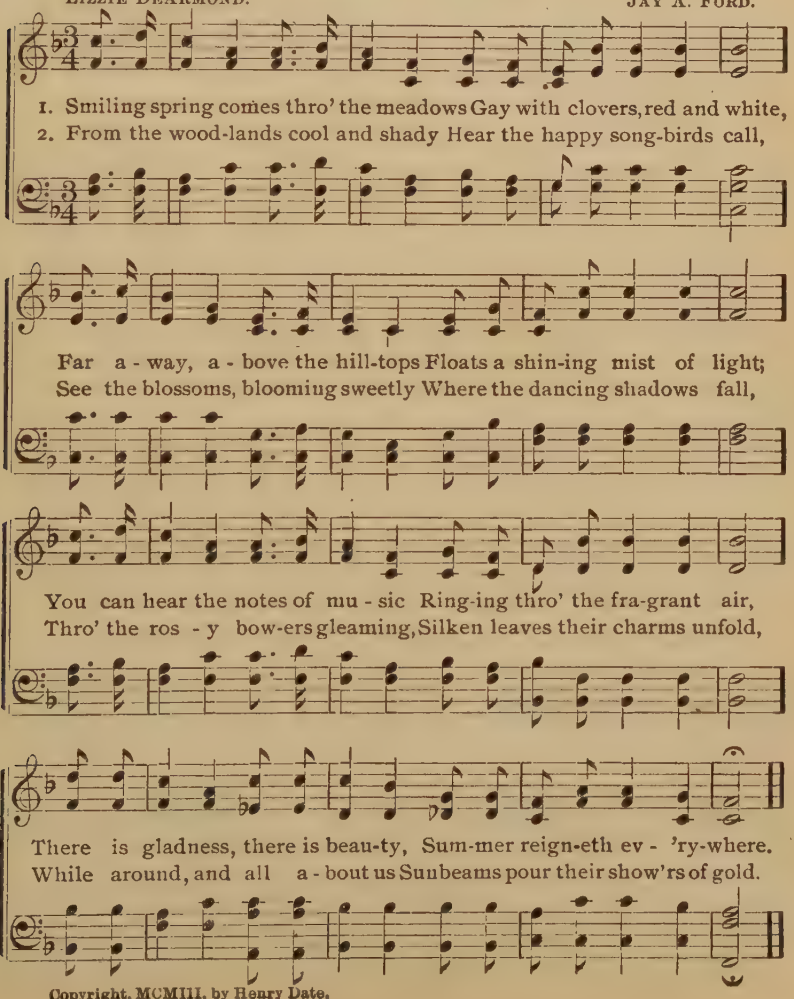
The Old Oaken Bucket.

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond re-col-
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood, And ev'ry loved
2. That moss-cov-ered buck-et I hail as a treas-ure, For oft - en at
I found it the source of an ex - qui-site pleasure, The pur-est and
3. How sweet from the green mossy rim to re-ceive it, As poised on the
Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the
lec-tion presents them to view; The wide-spreading pond, and the
spot which my in - fan-cy knew, The cot of my fa - ther, the
noon when returned from the field, How ar - dent I seized it, with
sweet-est that na-ture could yield, Then soon, with the em-blem of
curb, it in-clined to my lips; And now, far removed from the
nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips; As fan - cy re - verts to my
mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell.
dai - ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
hands that were glowing, And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell.
truth o-ver-flow-ing, And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
loved sit - u - a - tion, The tear of re - gret will in-tru-sive-ly swell.
fa - ther's plantation, And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
CHORUS.
The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck-et,

The Old Oaken Bucket.



214 Summer Reigns Forever More.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. JAY A. FORD.


1. Smiling spring comes thro' the meadows Gay with clovers, red and white,
2. From the wood-lands cool and shady Hear the happy song-birds call,
Far a - way, a - bove the hill-tops Floats a shin-ing mist of light;
See the blossoms, blooming sweetly Where the dancing shadows fall,
You can hear the notes of mu - sic Ring-ing thro' the fra-grant air,
Thro' the ros - y bow-ers gleaming, Silken leaves their charms unfold,
There is gladness, there is beau-ty, Sum-mer reign-eth ev - 'ry-where.
While around, and all a - bout us Sunbeams pour their show'rs of gold.

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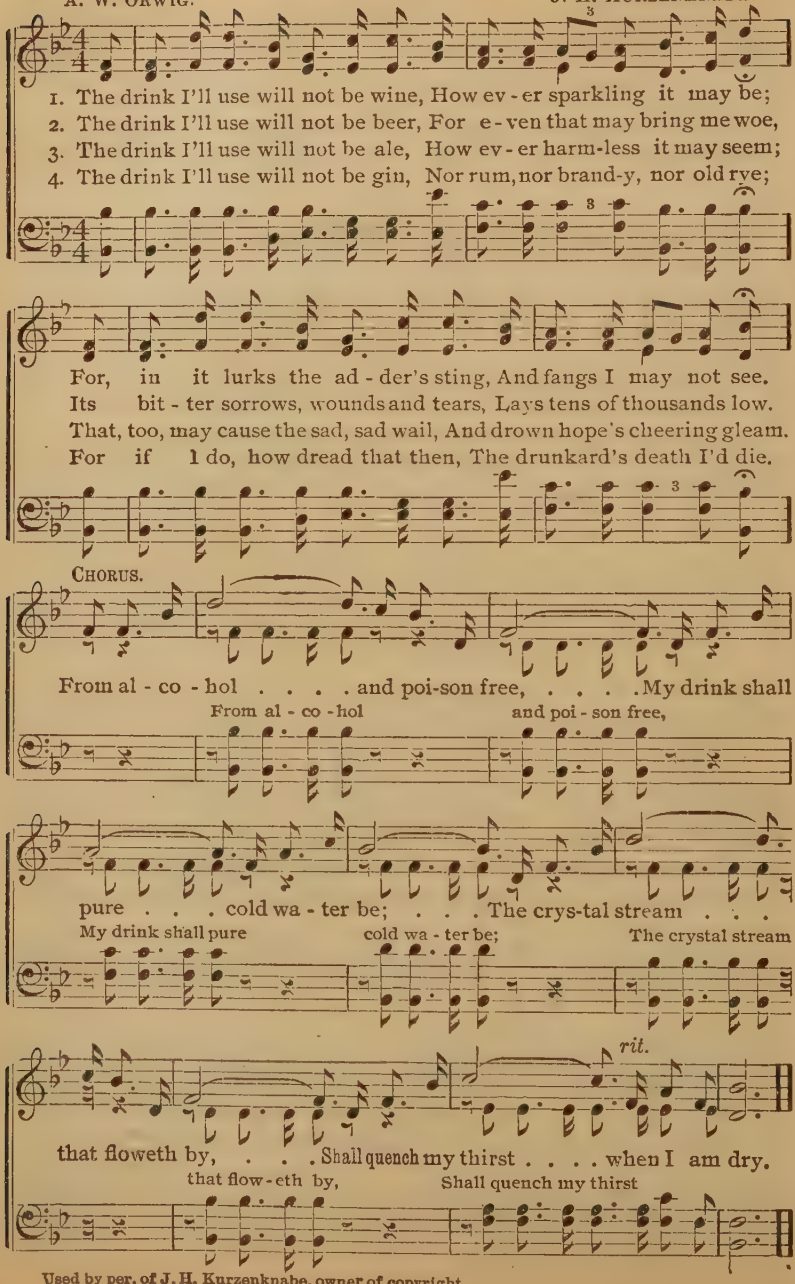
215 The Drink I'll Use.

A. W. Orwig. J. H. Kurzenknabe.


1. The drink I'll use will not be wine, How ev - er sparkling it may be;
2. The drink I'll use will not be beer, For e - ven that may bring me woe,
3. The drink I'll use will not be ale, How ev - er harm-less it may seem;
4. The drink I'll use will not be gin, Nor rum, nor brand-y, nor old rye;
For, in it lurks the ad - der's sting, And fangs I may not see.
Its bit - ter sorrows, wounds and tears, Lays tens of thousands low.
That, too, may cause the sad, sad wail, And drown hope's cheering gleam.
For if I do, how dread that then, The drunkard's death I'd die.
Chorus.
From al - co - hol . . . . and poi-son free, ... My drink shall
From al - co - hol and poi - son free,
pure . . . cold wa - ter be; . . . . The crys-tal stream . . .
My drink shall pure cold wa - ter be; The crystal stream
rit.
that floweth by, . . . Shall quench my thirst . . . . when I am dry.
that flow - eth by, Shall quench my thirst

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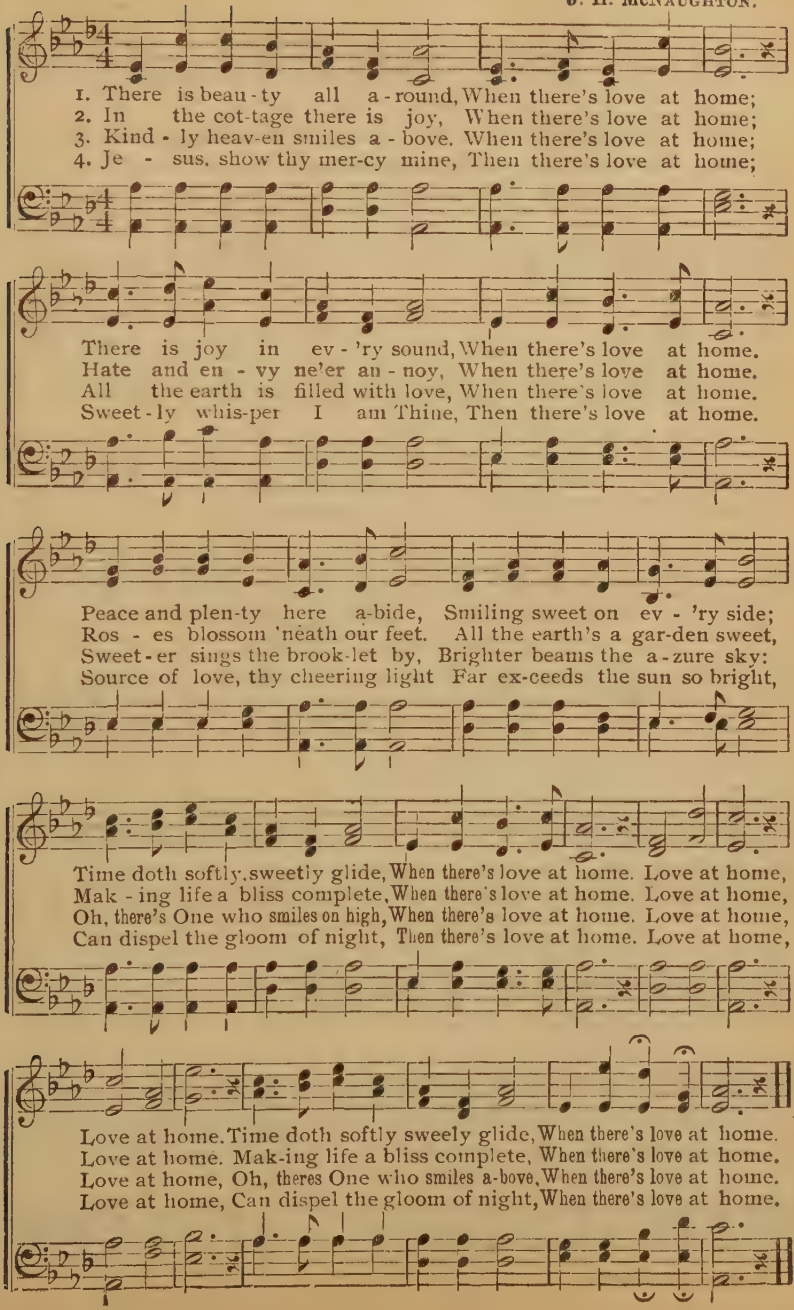
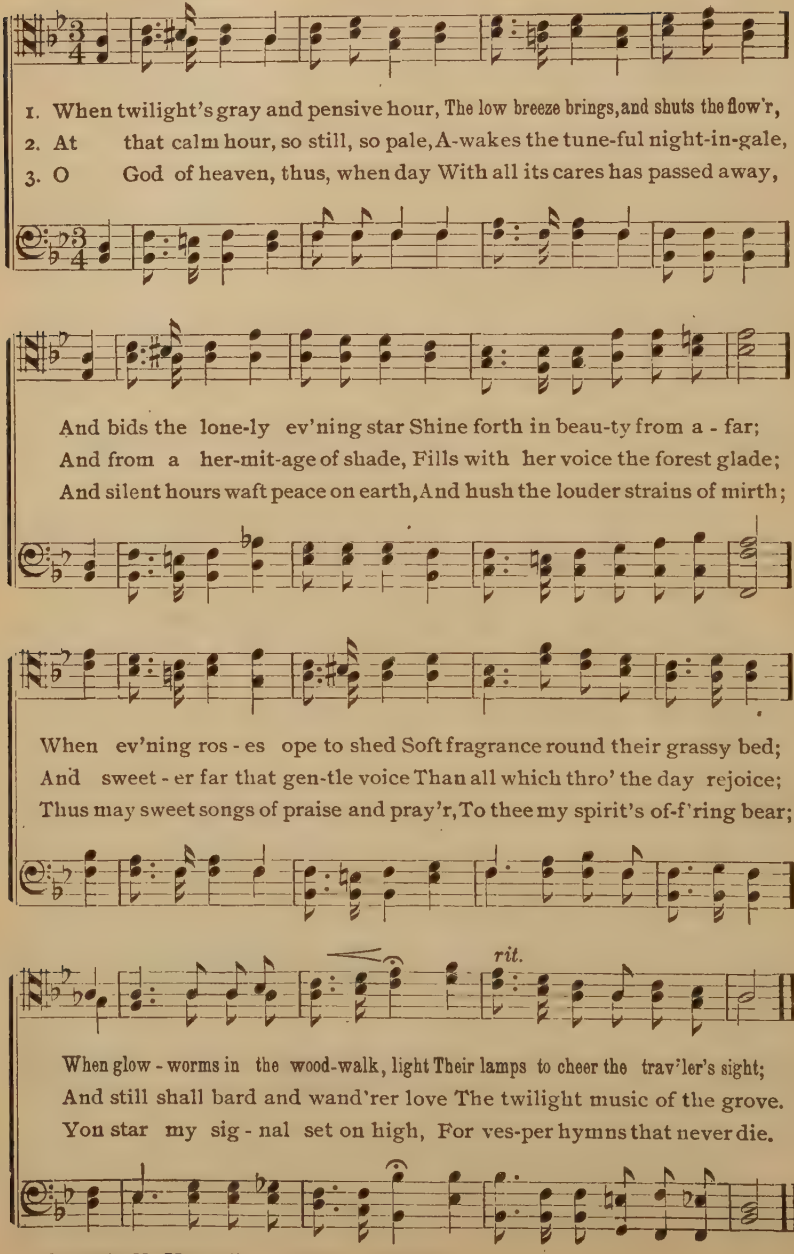
Love at Home.

J. H. McNAUGHTON.


1. There is beau-ty all a-round, When there's love at home;
2. In the cot-tage there is joy, When there's love at home;
3. Kind-ly heav-en smiles a-bove. When there's love at home;
4. Je-sus, show thy mer-cy mine, Then there's love at home;
There is joy in ev-'ry sound, When there's love at home.
Hate and en-vy ne'er an-noy, When there's love at home.
All the earth is filled with love, When there's love at home.
Sweet-ly whis-per I am Thine, Then there's love at home.
Peace and plen-ty here a-bide, Smiling sweet on ev-'ry side;
Ros-es blossom 'neath our feet. All the earth's a gar-den sweet,
Sweet-er sings the brook-let by, Brighter beams the a-zure sky:
Source of love, thy cheering light Far ex-ceeds the sun so bright,
Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home. Love at home,
Mak-ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home. Love at home,
Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home. Love at home,
Can dispel the gloom of night, Then there's love at home. Love at home,
Love at home. Time doth softly sweely glide, When there's love at home.
Love at home. Mak-ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.
Love at home, Oh, theres One who smiles a-bove, When there's love at home.
Love at home, Can dispel the gloom of night, When there's love at home.

217 The Nightingale.

Mrs. Felicia Hemans. (Male Quartet.) A. Beirly.


1. When twilight's gray and pensive hour, The low breeze brings, and shuts the flow'r,
2. At that calm hour, so still, so pale, A-wakes the tune-ful night-in-gale,
3. O God of heaven, thus, when day With all its cares has passed away,
And bids the lone-ly ev'ning star Shine forth in beau-ty from a - far;
And from a her-mit-age of shade, Fills with her voice the forest glade;
And silent hours waft peace on earth, And hush the louder strains of mirth;
When ev'ning ros - es ope to shed Soft fragrance round their grassy bed;
And sweet - er far that gen-tle voice Than all which thro' the day rejoice;
Thus may sweet songs of praise and pray'r, To thee my spirit's of-f'ring bear;
rit.
When glow - worms in the wood-walk, light Their lamps to cheer the trav'ler's sight;
And still shall bard and wand'rer love The twilight music of the grove.
Yon star my sig - nal set on high, For ves-per hymns that never die.

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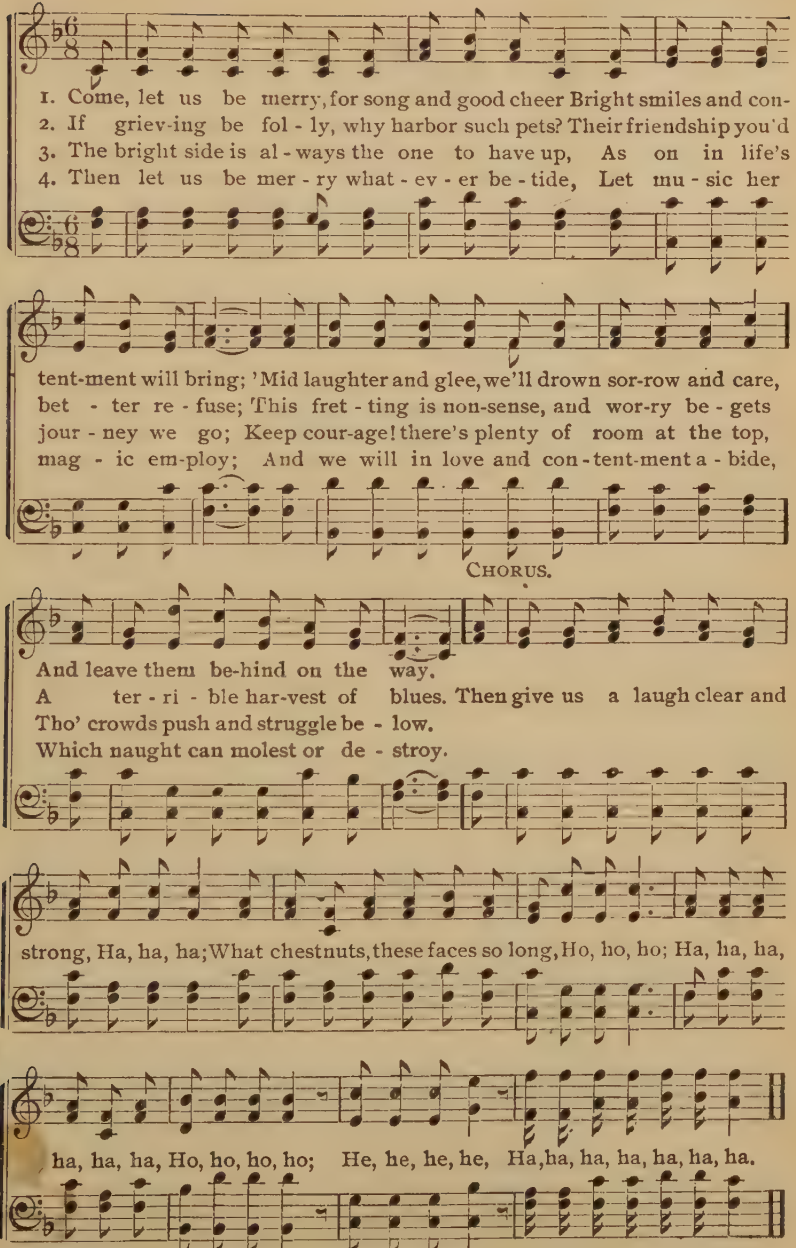
Come, Let Us be Merry.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. Come, let us be merry, for song and good cheer Bright smiles and con-
2. If griev-ing be fol - ly, why harbor such pets? Their friendship you'd
3. The bright side is al - ways the one to have up, As on in life's
4. Then let us be mer - ry what - ev - er be - tide, Let mu - sic her
tent-ment will bring; 'Mid laughter and glee, we'll drown sor-row and care,
bet - ter re - fuse; This fret - ting is non-sense, and wor-ry be - gets
jour - ney we go; Keep cour-age! there's plenty of room at the top,
mag - ic em-ploy; And we will in love and con - tent-ment a - bide,
CHORUS.
And leave them be-hind on the way.
A ter - ri - ble har-vest of blues. Then give us a laugh clear and
Tho' crowds push and struggle be - low.
Which naught can molest or de - stroy.
strong, Ha, ha, ha; What chestnuts, these faces so long, Ho, ho, ho; Ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, Ho, ho, ho, ho; He, he, he, he, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

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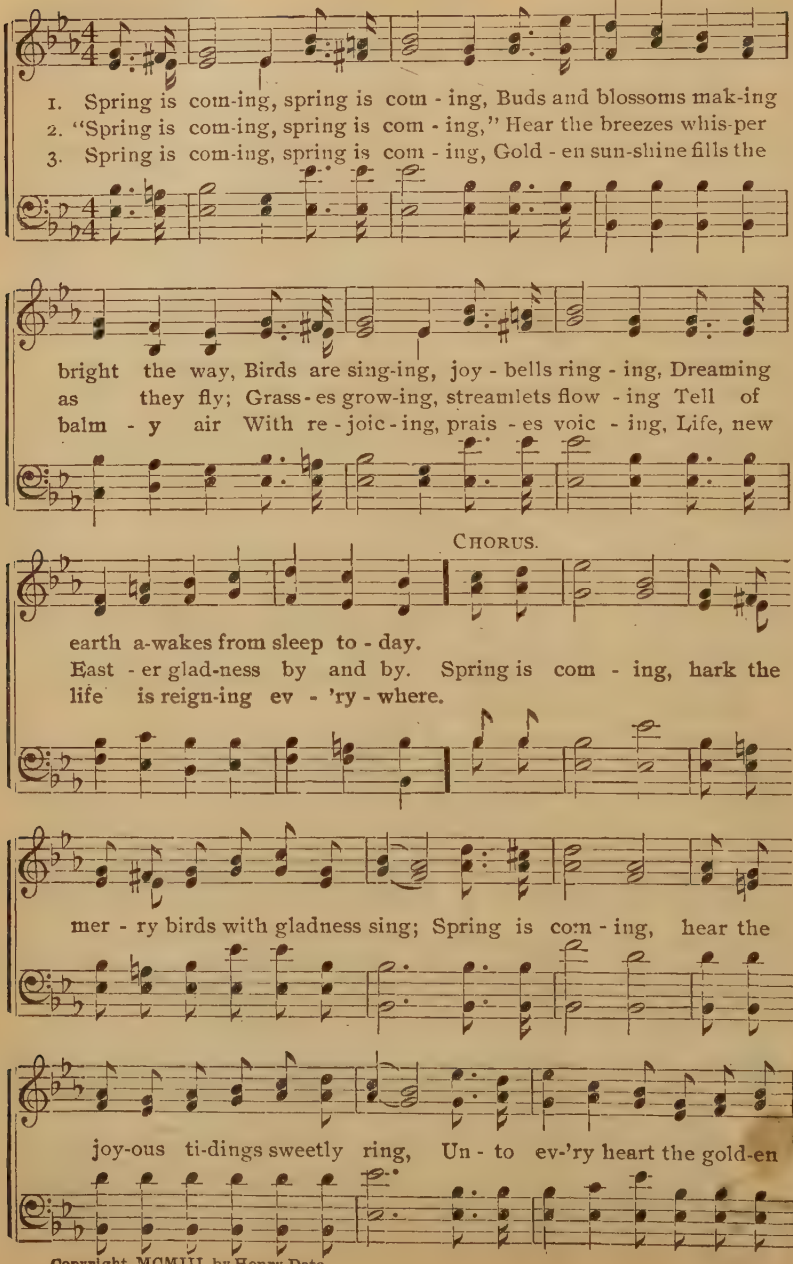
Spring is Coming.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Spring is com-ing, spring is com - ing, Buds and blossoms mak-ing
2. "Spring is com-ing, spring is com - ing," Hear the breezes whis-per
3. Spring is com-ing, spring is com - ing, Gold - en sun-shine fills the
bright the way, Birds are sing-ing, joy - bells ring - ing, Dreaming
as they fly; Grass - es grow-ing, streamlets flow - ing Tell of
balm - y air With re - joic - ing, prais - es voic - ing, Life, new
CHORUS.
earth a-wakes from sleep to - day.
East - er glad-ness by and by. Spring is com - ing, hark the
life is reign-ing ev - 'ry - where.
mer - ry birds with gladness sing; Spring is com - ing, hear the
joy-ous ti-dings sweetly ring, Un - to ev-'ry heart the gold-en

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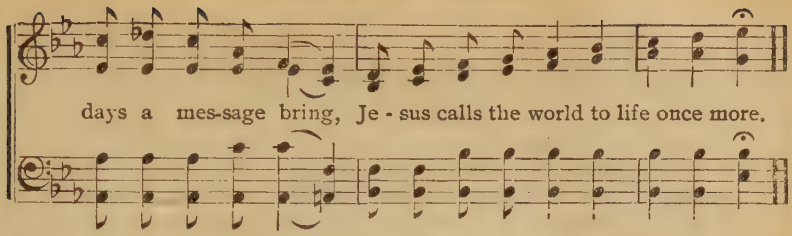
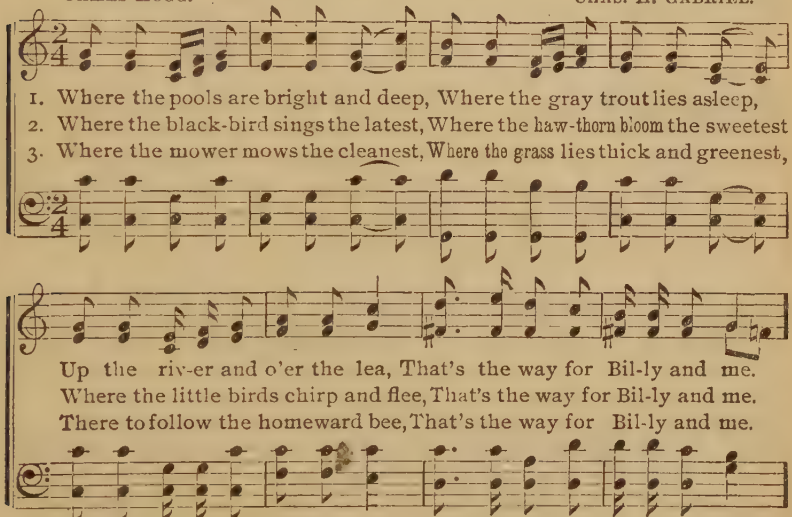
Spring is Coming.

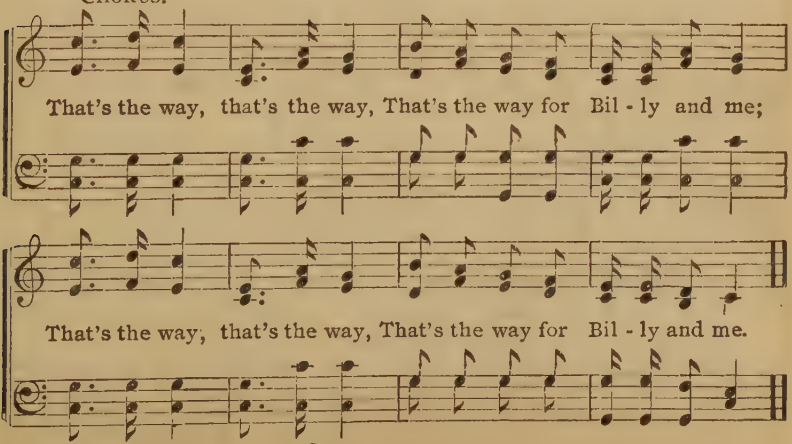


220 Billy and Me.

JAMES HOGG. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Where the pools are bright and deep, Where the gray trout lies asleep,
2. Where the black-bird sings the latest, Where the haw-thorn bloom the sweetest
3. Where the mower mows the cleanest, Where the grass lies thick and greenest,
Up the riv-er and o'er the lea, That's the way for Bil-ly and me.
Where the little birds chirp and flee, That's the way for Bil-ly and me.
There to follow the homeward bee, That's the way for Bil-ly and me.

CHORUS.



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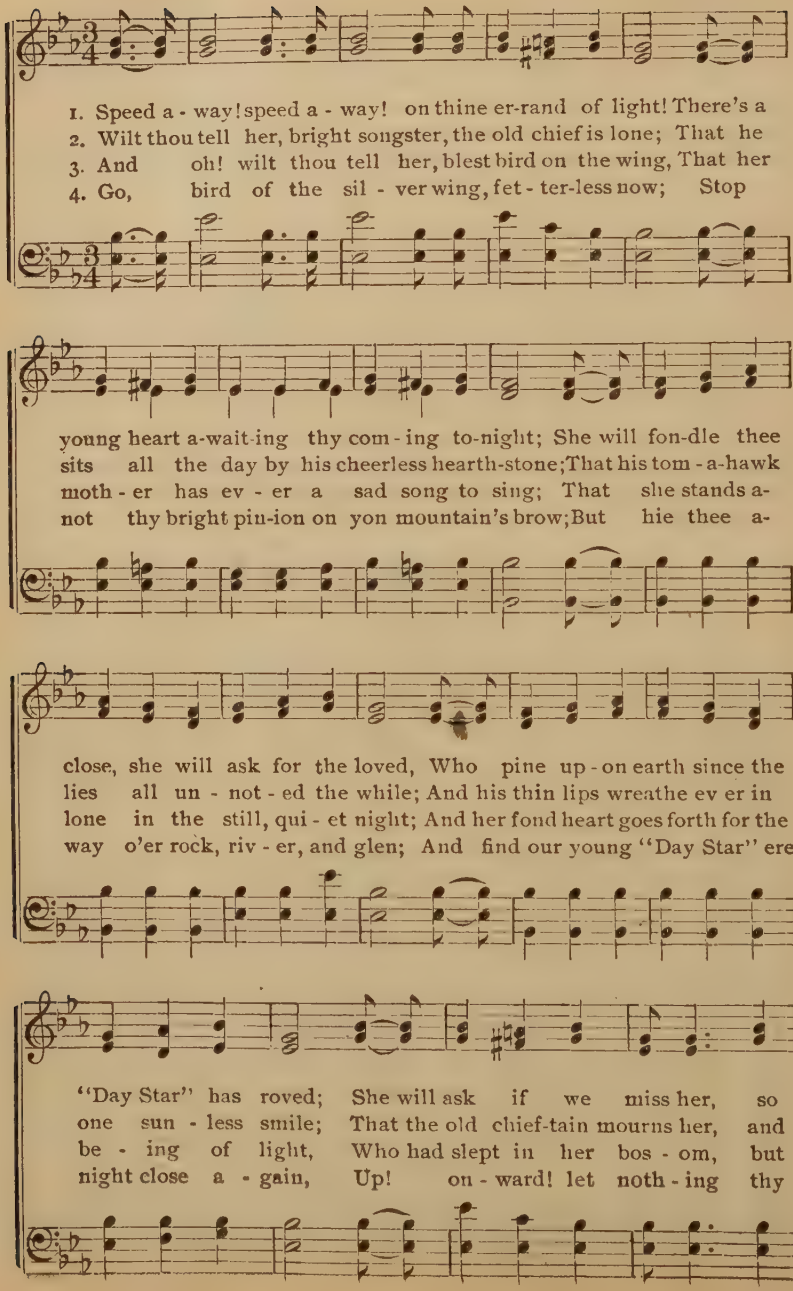
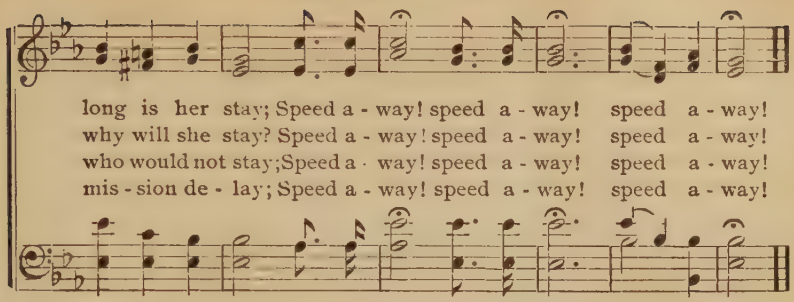
Speed Away!

I. B. WOODBURY.

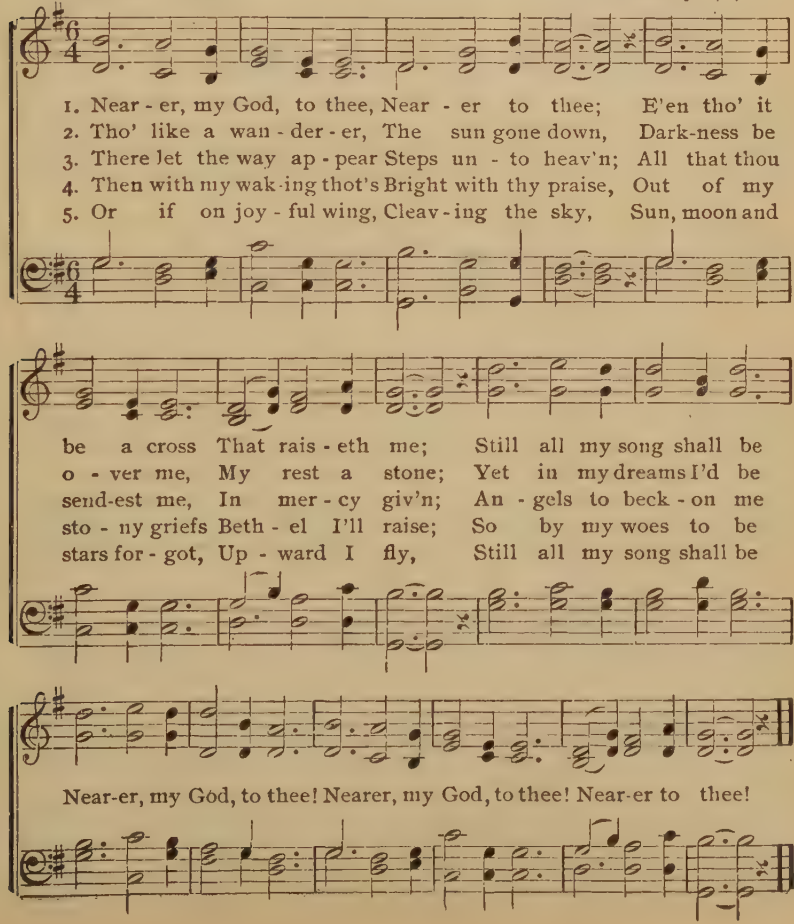

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! on thine er-rand of light! There's a young heart a-wait-ing thy com - ing to-night; She will fon-dle thee close, she will ask for the loved, Who pine up - on earth since the
2. Wilt thou tell her, bright songster, the old chief is lone; That he sits all the day by his cheerless hearth-stone; That his tom - a-hawk lies all un - not - ed the while; And his thin lips wreathe ev er in
3. And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her moth - er has ev - er a sad song to sing; That she stands a- lone in the still, qui - et night; And her fond heart goes forth for the
4. Go, bird of the sil - ver wing, fet - ter-less now; Stop not thy bright pin-ion on yon mountain's brow; But hie thee a- way o'er rock, riv - er, and glen; And find our young "Day Star" ere
"Day Star" has roved; She will ask if we miss her, so
one sun - less smile; That the old chief-tain mourns her, and
be - ing of light, Who had slept in her bos - om, but
night close a - gain, Up! on - ward! let noth - ing thy

Speed Away!


long is her stay; Speed a - way! speed a - way! speed a - way!
why will she stay? Speed a - way! speed a - way! speed a - way!
who would not stay; Speed a - way! speed a - way! speed a - way!
mis - sion de - lay; Speed a - way! speed a - way! speed a - way!

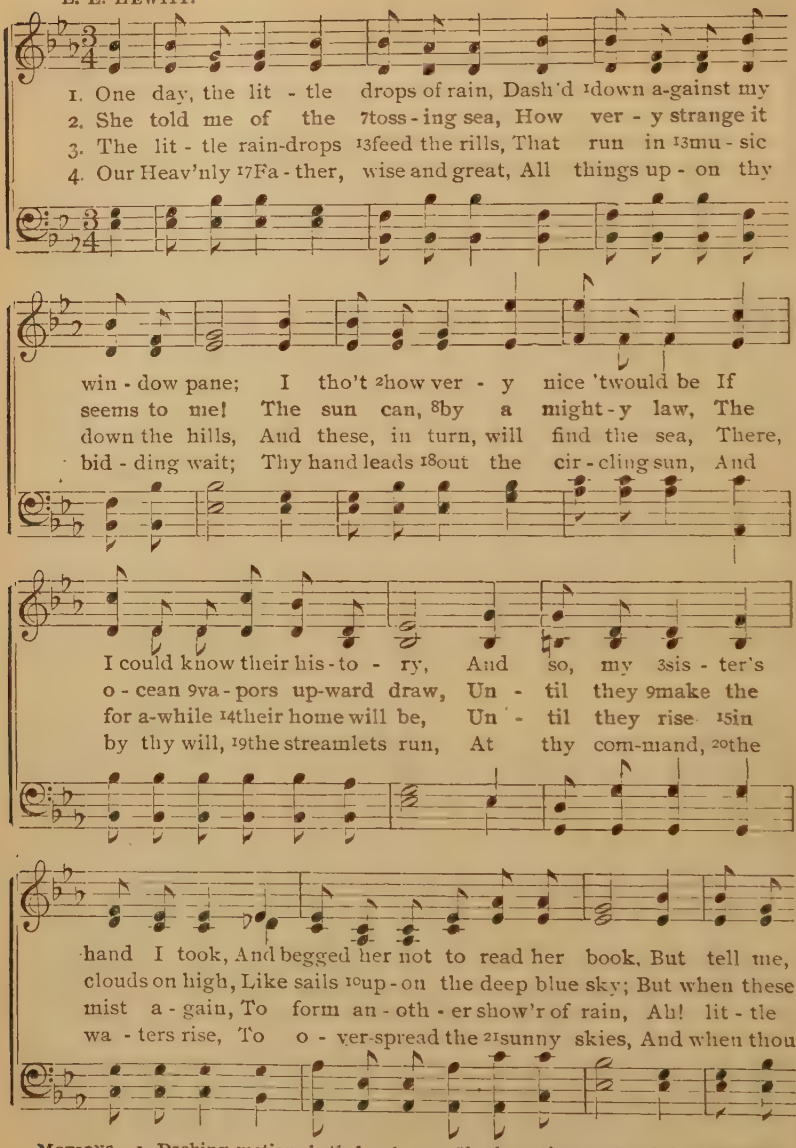
222 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. *Tune*:—Bethany. 6, 4, 6.


1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou
4. Then with my wak - ing thot's Bright with thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and
be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be
Near-er, my God, to thee! Nearer, my God, to thee! Near-er to thee!

223 Story of the Raindrops.

E. E. HEWITT. H. R. PALMER.


1. One day, the lit - tle drops of rain, Dash'd 1down a-gainst my win - dow pane; I tho't 2how ver - y nice 'twould be If
2. She told me of the 7toss - ing sea, How ver - y strange it seems to me! The sun can, 8by a might - y law, The
3. The lit - tle rain-drops 13feed the rills, That run in 13mu - sic down the hills, And these, in turn, will find the sea, There,
4. Our Heav'nly 17Fa - ther, wise and great, All things up - on thy bid - ding wait; Thy hand leads 18out the cir - cling sun, And
I could know their his - to - ry, And so, my 3sis - ter's o - cean 9va - pors up-ward draw, Un - til they 9make the for a-while 14their home will be, Un - til they rise 15in by thy will, 19the streamlets run, At thy com-mand, 20the
hand I took, And begged her not to read her book, But tell me, clouds on high, Like sails 10up - on the deep blue sky; But when these mist a - gain, To form an - oth - er show'r of rain, Ah! lit - tle wa - ters rise, To o - ver-spread the 21sunny skies, And when thou

MOTIONS.—1. Dashing motion, both hands. 2. Cheek resting on hand, in meditation. 3. Take next child's hand. 4. Arms raised and lowered with fluttering fingers; rain motion. 5. Snapping fingers. 6. Point to flowers or ground. 7. Wave motion, both hands. 8. Point up. 9. Hands placed low; slowly raised. 10. Hands moved over head. 11. Form arch. 12. Rain motion. 13. Right arm swung with rippling motion of fingers. 14. Wave motion. 15. Hands placed low, slowly raised. 16. Shake forefinger. 17. Look up. 18. Describe circle. 19. Rippling motion. 20. As before. 21. Arch. 22. Hand clasped, look up.

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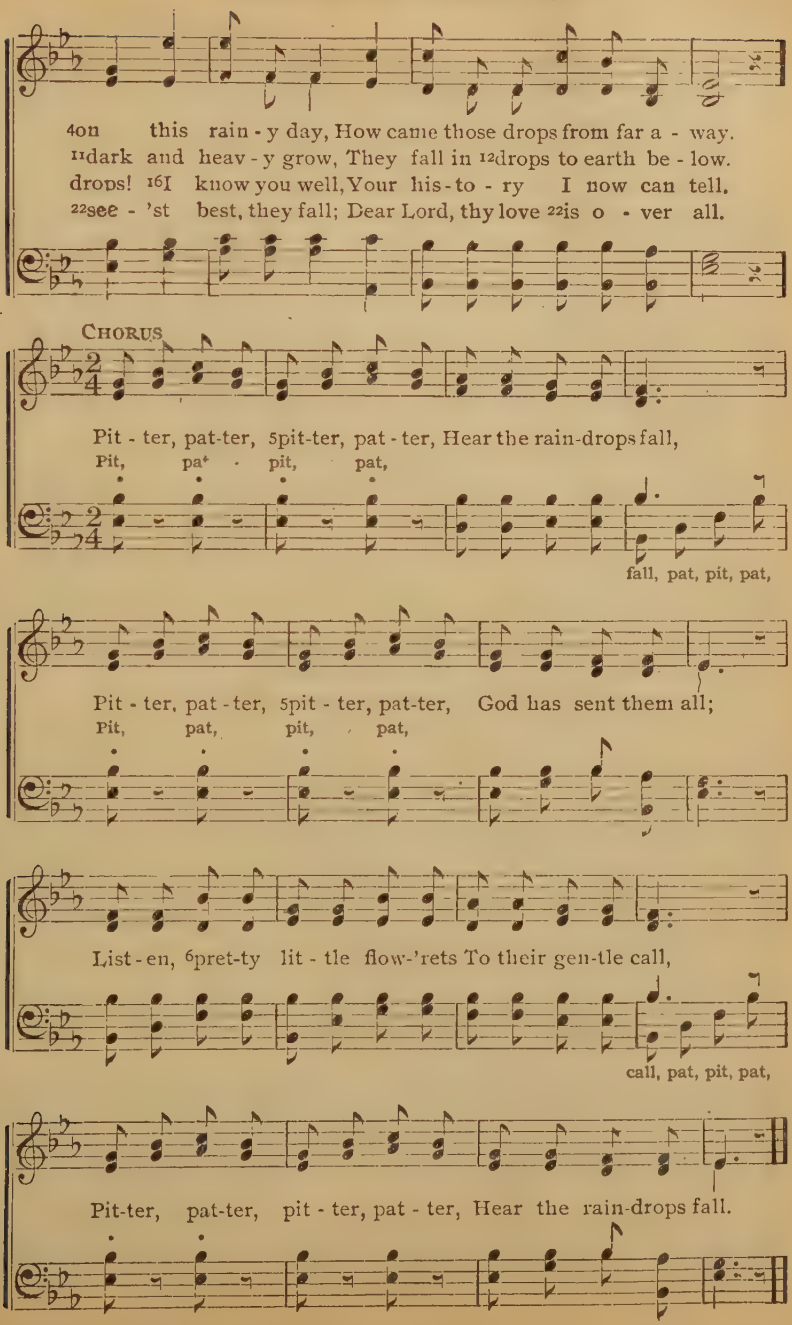
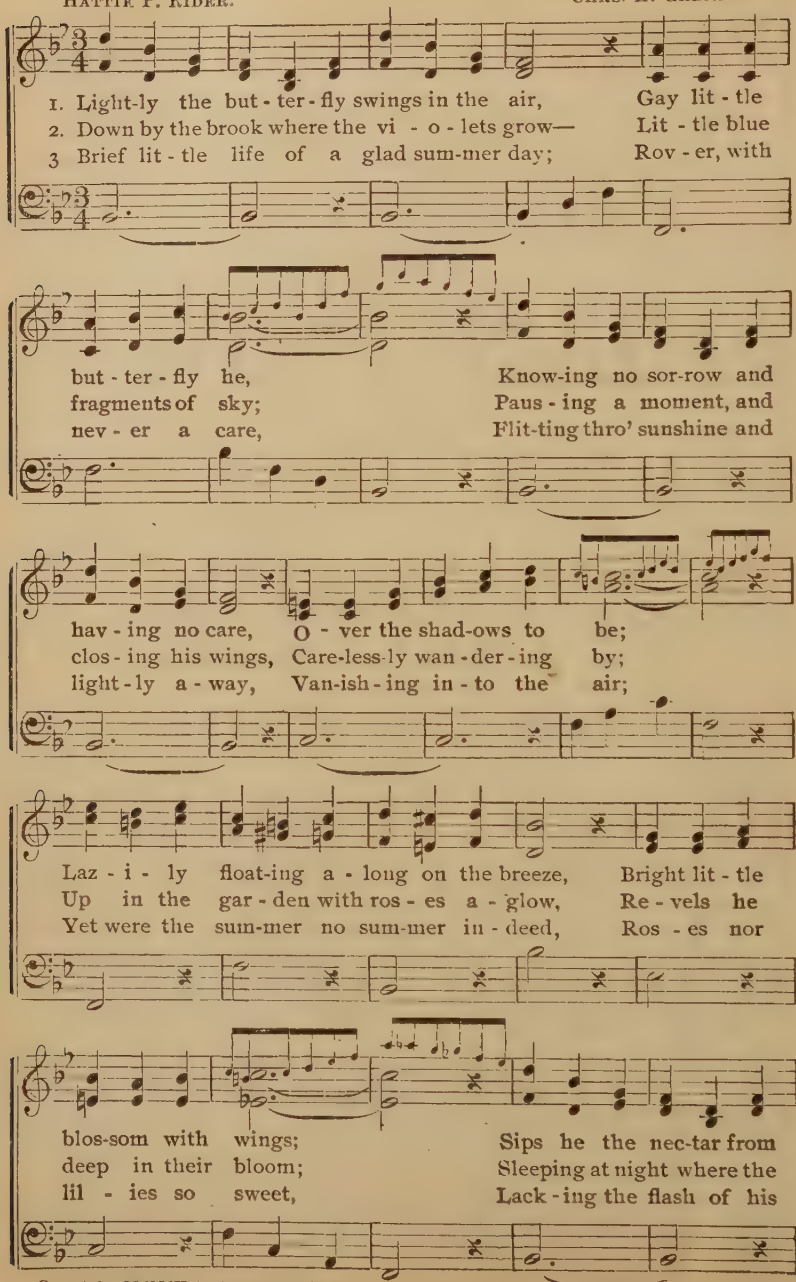
Story of the Raindrops.

4on this rain - y day, How came those drops from far a - way.
11dark and heav - y grow, They fall in 12drops to earth be - low.
drops! 16I know you well, Your his - to - ry I now can tell.
22see - 'st best, they fall; Dear Lord, thy love 22is o - ver all.
CHORUS
Pit - ter, pat-ter, 5pit-ter, pat - ter, Hear the rain-drops fall,
Pit, pat - pit, pat,
fall, pat, pit, pat,
Pit - ter, pat - ter, 5pit - ter, pat-ter, God has sent them all;
Pit, pat, pit, pat,
List - en, 6pret-ty lit - tle flow-'rets To their gen-tle call,
call, pat, pit, pat,
Pit-ter, pat-ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, Hear the rain-drops fall.

Gay Little Butterfly.

HATTIE P. RIDER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Light-ly the but - ter - fly swings in the air, Gay lit - tle
2. Down by the brook where the vi - o - lets grow— Lit - tle blue
3 Brief lit - tle life of a glad sum-mer day; Rov - er, with
but - ter - fly he, Know-ing no sor-row and
fragments of sky; Paus - ing a moment, and
nev - er a care, Flit-ting thro' sunshine and
hav - ing no care, O - ver the shad-ows to be;
clos - ing his wings, Care-less-ly wan - der - ing by;
light - ly a - way, Van-ish - ing in - to the air;
Laz - i - ly float-ing a - long on the breeze, Bright lit - tle
Up in the gar - den with ros - es a - glow, Re - vels he
Yet were the sum-mer no sum-mer in - deed, Ros - es nor
blos-som with wings; Sips he the nec-tar from
deep in their bloom; Sleeping at night where the
lil - ies so sweet, Lack - ing the flash of his

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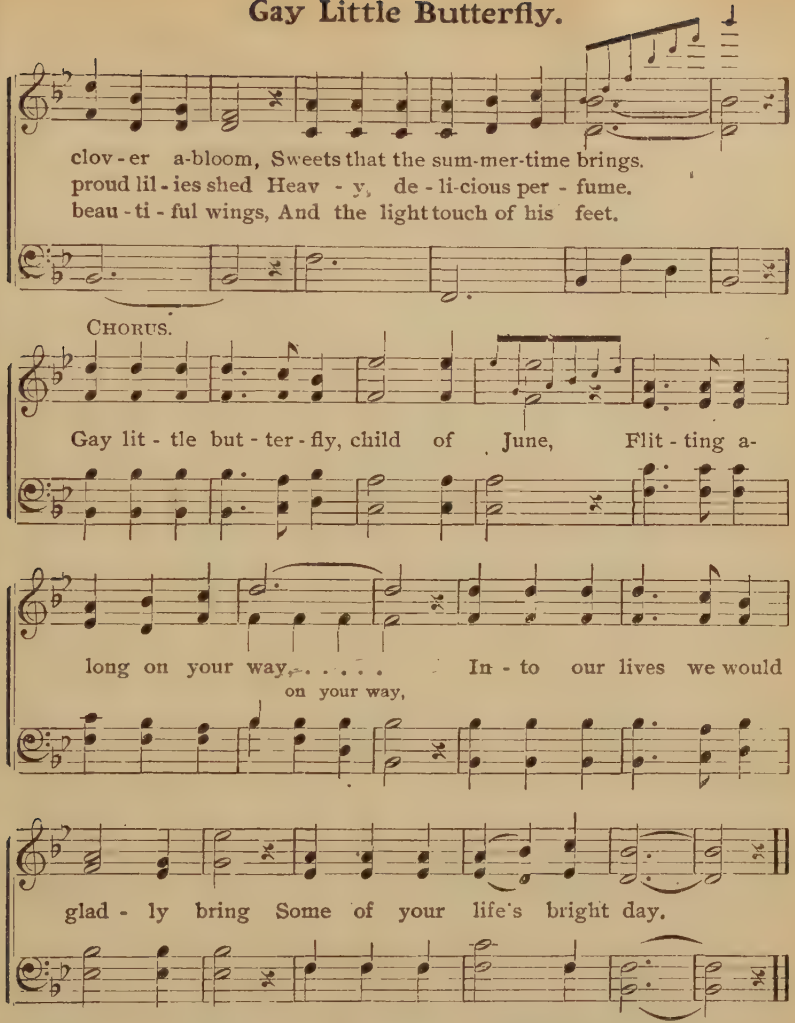
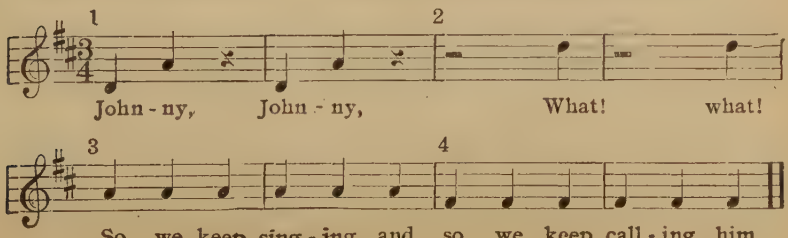
Gay Little Butterfly.

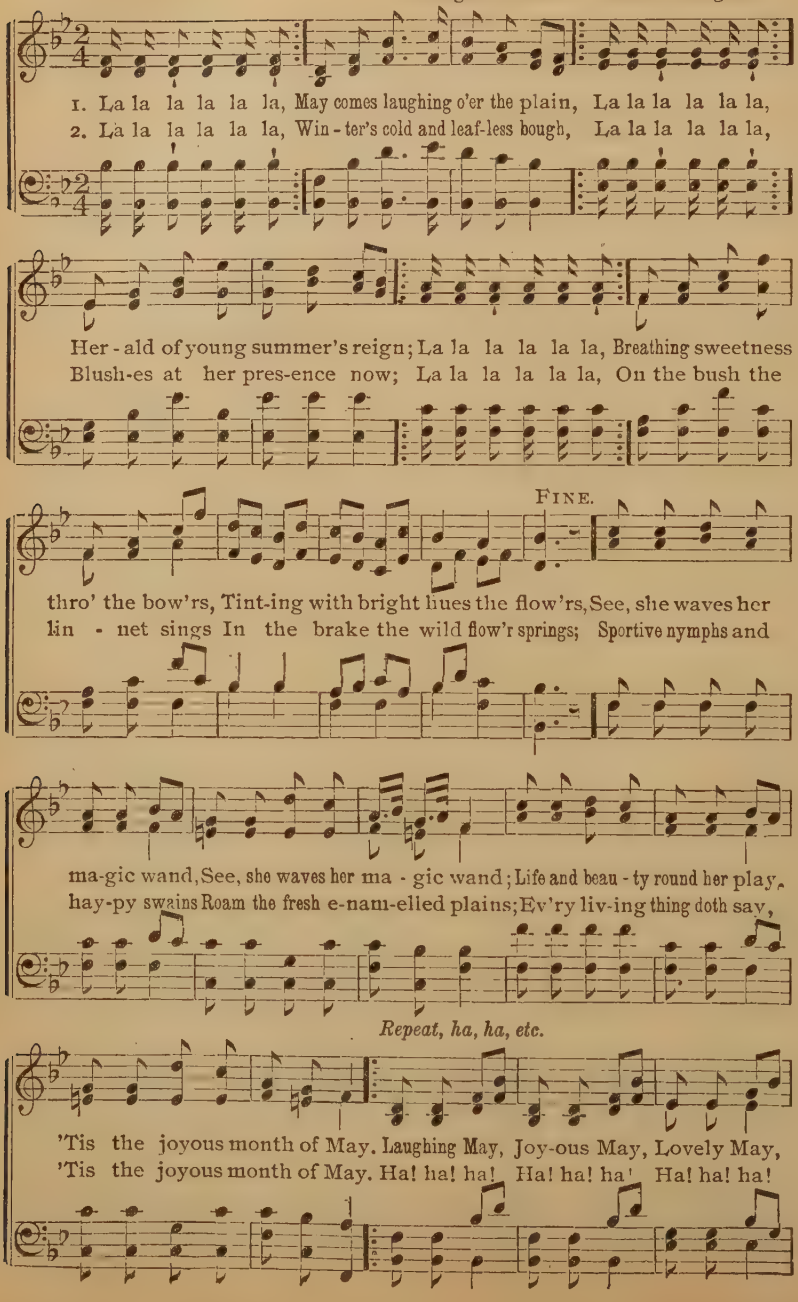

clov - er a-bloom, Sweets that the sum-mer-time brings.
proud lil - ies shed Heav - y, de - li-cious per - fume.
beau - ti - ful wings, And the light touch of his feet.
CHORUS.
Gay lit - tle but - ter - fly, child of June, Flit - ting a-
long on your way, ... In - to our lives we would
on your way,
glad - ly bring Some of your life's bright day.

225 JOHNNY. Round in Four Parts.



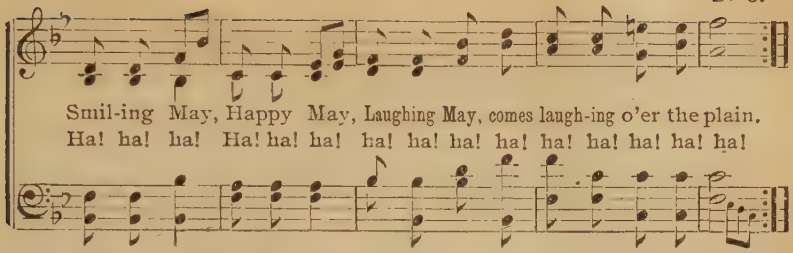
The Maying Party.

Arranged from the "Wrecker's Daughter."

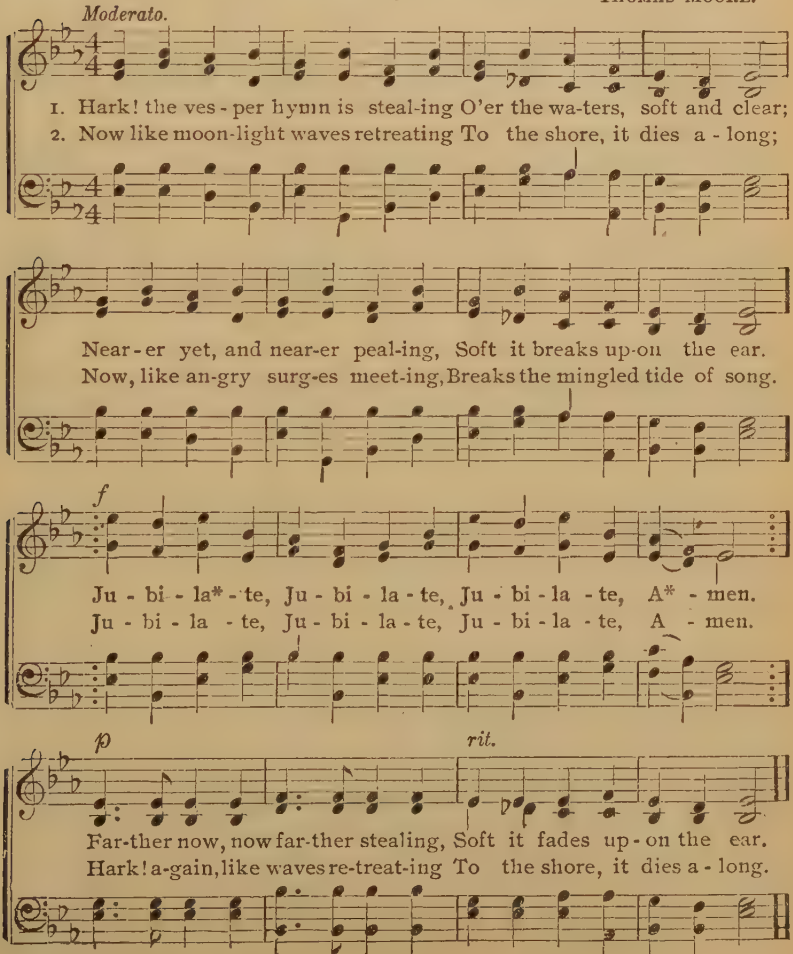

1. La la la la la la, May comes laughing o'er the plain, La la la la la la,
2. La la la la la la, Win - ter's cold and leaf-less bough, La la la la la la,
Her - ald of young summer's reign; La la la la la la, Breathing sweetness
Blush-es at her pres-ence now; La la la la la la, On the bush the
FINE.
thro' the bow'rs, Tint-ing with bright hues the flow'rs, See, she waves her
lin - net sings In the brake the wild flow'r springs; Sportive nymphs and
ma-gic wand, See, she waves her ma - gic wand; Life and beau - ty round her play,
hay-py swains Roam the fresh e-nam-elled plains; Ev'ry liv-ing thing doth say,
Repeat, ha, ha, etc.
'Tis the joyous month of May. Laughing May, Joy-ous May, Lovely May,
'Tis the joyous month of May. Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!

The Maying Party.

D. C.



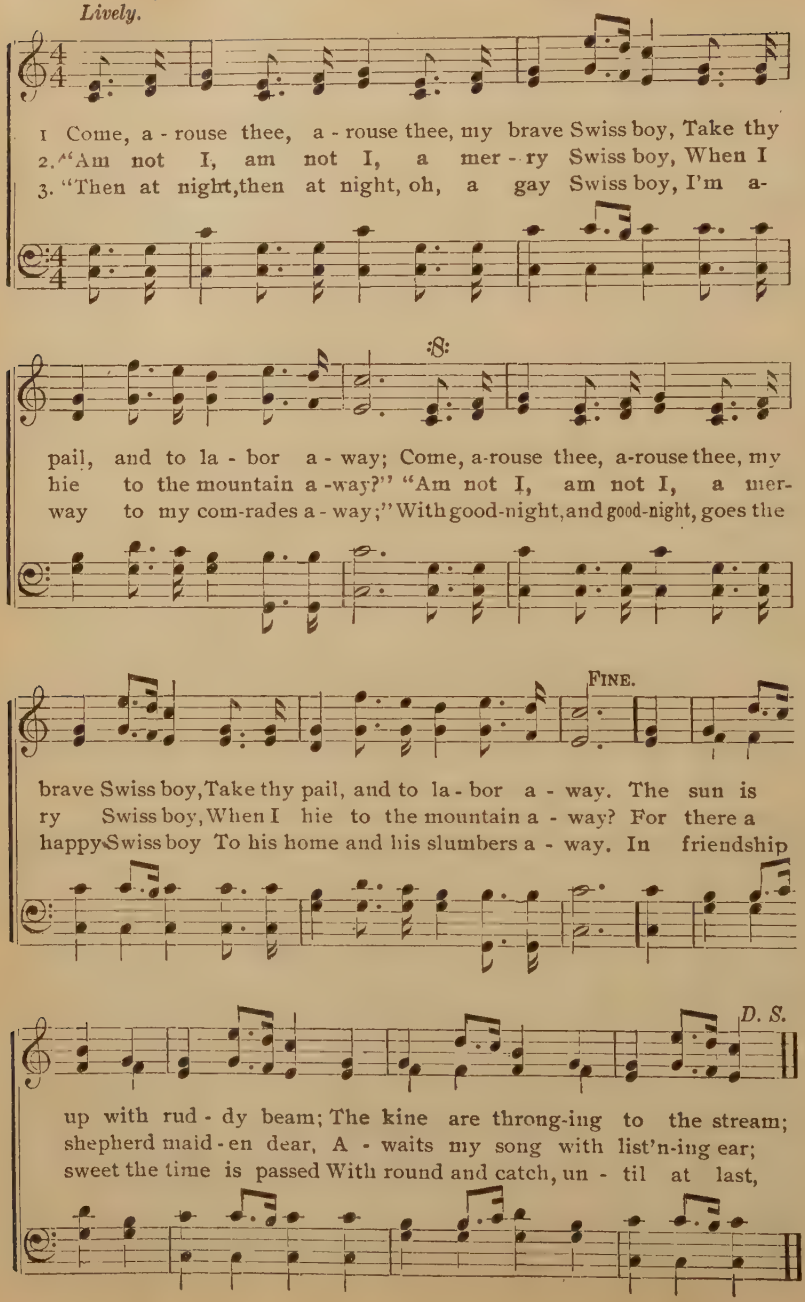
227 Vesper Hymn.

THOMAS MOORE.

Moderato.
1. Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters, soft and clear;
2. Now like moon-light waves retreating To the shore, it dies a - long;
Near - er yet, and near-er peal-ing, Soft it breaks up-on the ear.
Now, like an-gry surg-es meet-ing, Breaks the mingled tide of song.
f
Ju - bi - la* - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A* - men.
Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.
p
rit.
Far-ther now, now far-ther stealing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.
Hark! a-gain, like waves re-treat-ing To the shore, it dies a - long.

*Pronounce as in *la* or *fa*-ther.

The Merry Swiss Boy.

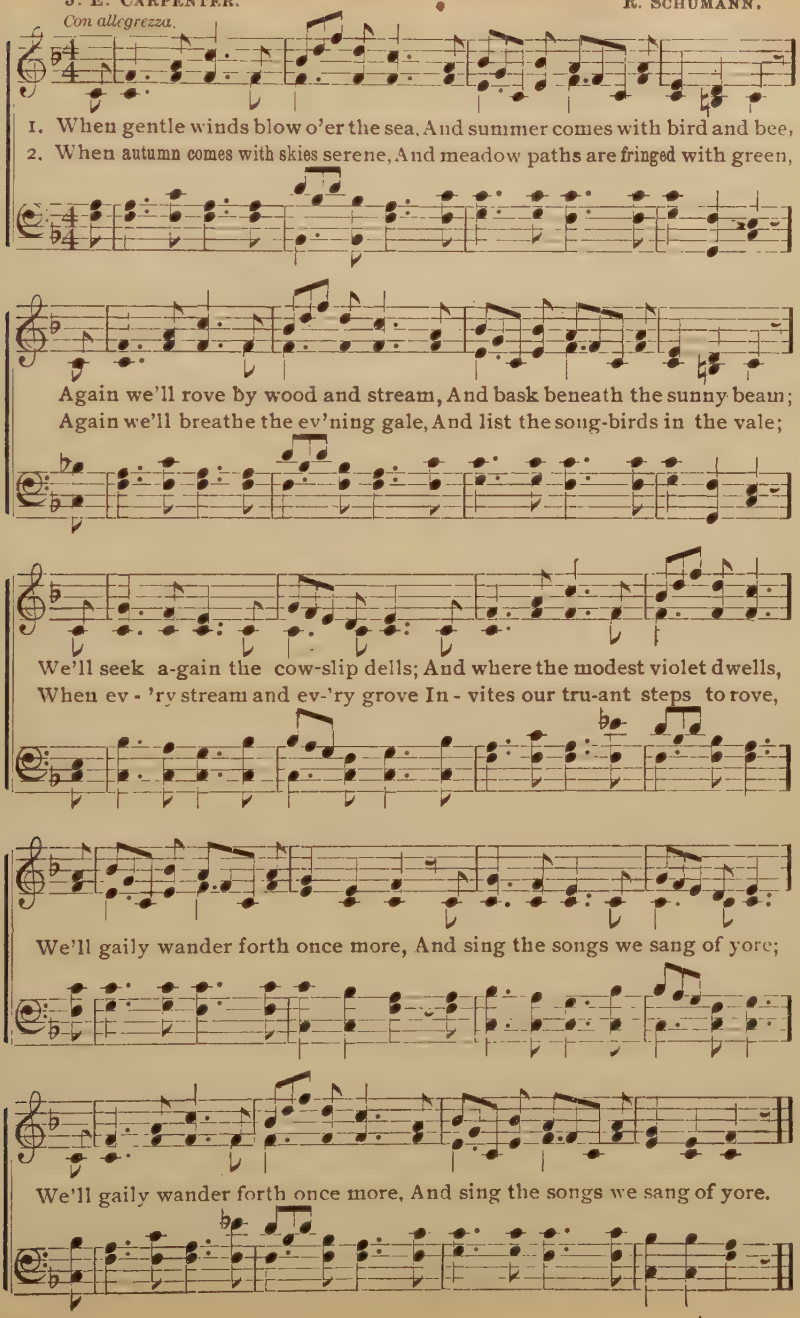
Lively.


1 Come, a - rouse thee, a - rouse thee, my brave Swiss boy, Take thy
2. "Am not I, am not I, a mer - ry Swiss boy, When I
3. "Then at night, then at night, oh, a gay Swiss boy, I'm a-
pail, and to la - bor a - way; Come, a-rouse thee, a-rouse thee, my
hie to the mountain a -way?" "Am not I, am not I, a mer-
way to my com-rades a - way;" With good-night, and good-night, goes the
FINE.
brave Swiss boy, Take thy pail, and to la - bor a - way. The sun is
ry Swiss boy, When I hie to the mountain a - way? For there a
happy Swiss boy To his home and his slumbers a - way. In friendship
D. S.
up with rud - dy beam; The kine are throng-ing to the stream;
shepherd maid - en dear, A - waits my song with list'n-ing ear;
sweet the time is passed With round and catch, un - til at last,

When Gentle Winds.

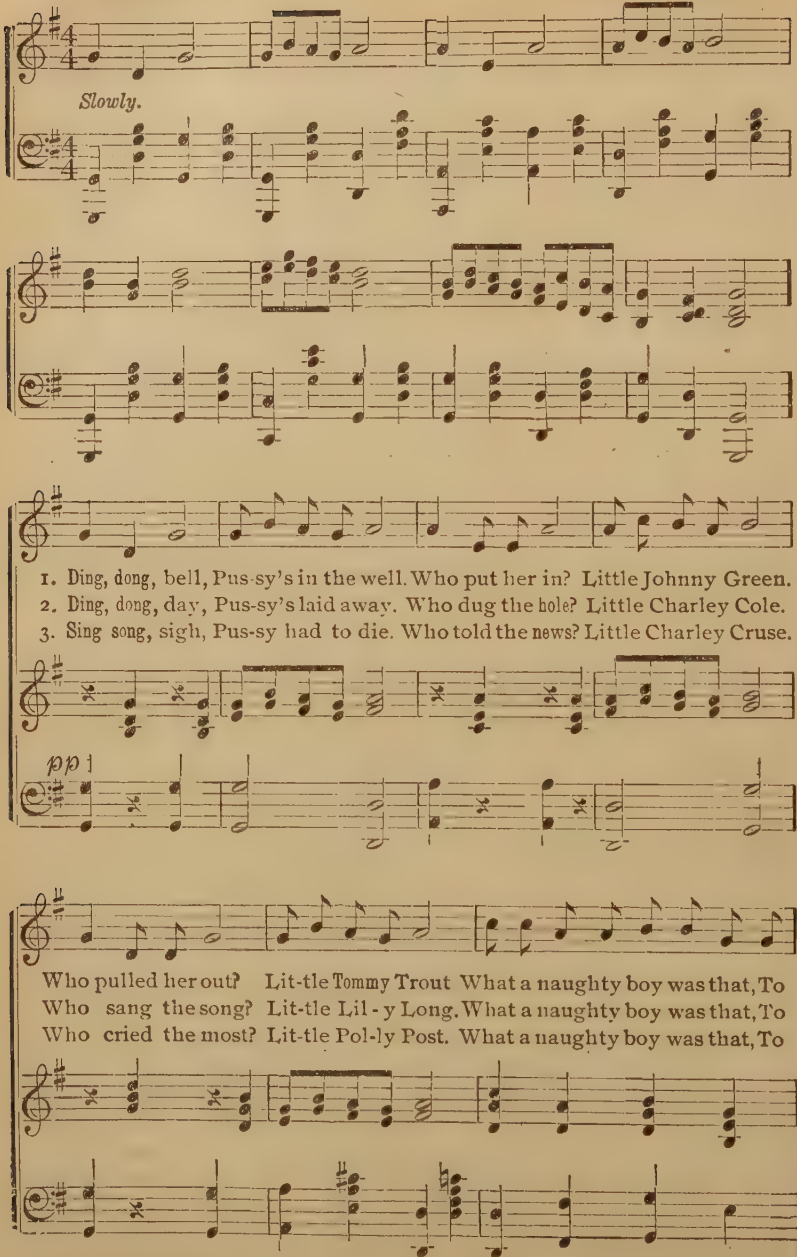
J. E. CARPENTER. R. SCHUMANN.

Con allegrezza.


1. When gentle winds blow o'er the sea, And summer comes with bird and bee,
2. When autumn comes with skies serene, And meadow paths are fringed with green,
Again we'll rove by wood and stream, And bask beneath the sunny beam;
Again we'll breathe the ev'ning gale, And list the song-birds in the vale;
We'll seek a-gain the cow-slip dells; And where the modest violet dwells,
When ev - 'ry stream and ev-'ry grove In - vites our tru-ant steps to rove,
We'll gaily wander forth once more, And sing the songs we sang of yore;
We'll gaily wander forth once more, And sing the songs we sang of yore.

Ding, Dong, Bell.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. GEO. F. ROSCHE.


Slowly.
1. Ding, dong, bell, Pus-sy's in the well. Who put her in? Little Johnny Green.
2. Ding, dong, day, Pus-sy's laid away. Who dug the hole? Little Charley Cole.
3. Sing song, sigh, Pus-sy had to die. Who told the news? Little Charley Cruse.
pp
Who pulled her out? Lit-tle Tommy Trout What a naughty boy was that, To
Who sang the song? Lit-tle Lil-y Long. What a naughty boy was that, To
Who cried the most? Lit-tle Pol-ly Post. What a naughty boy was that, To

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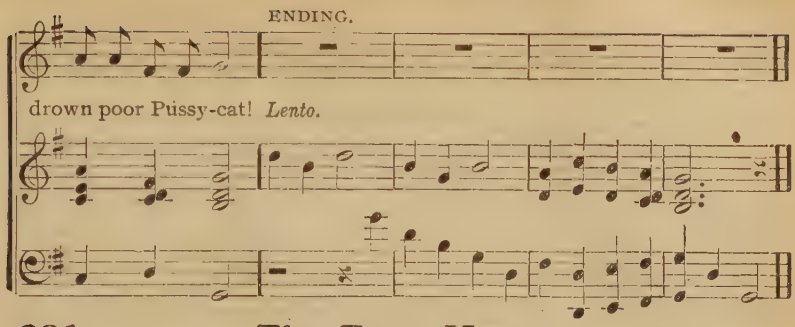
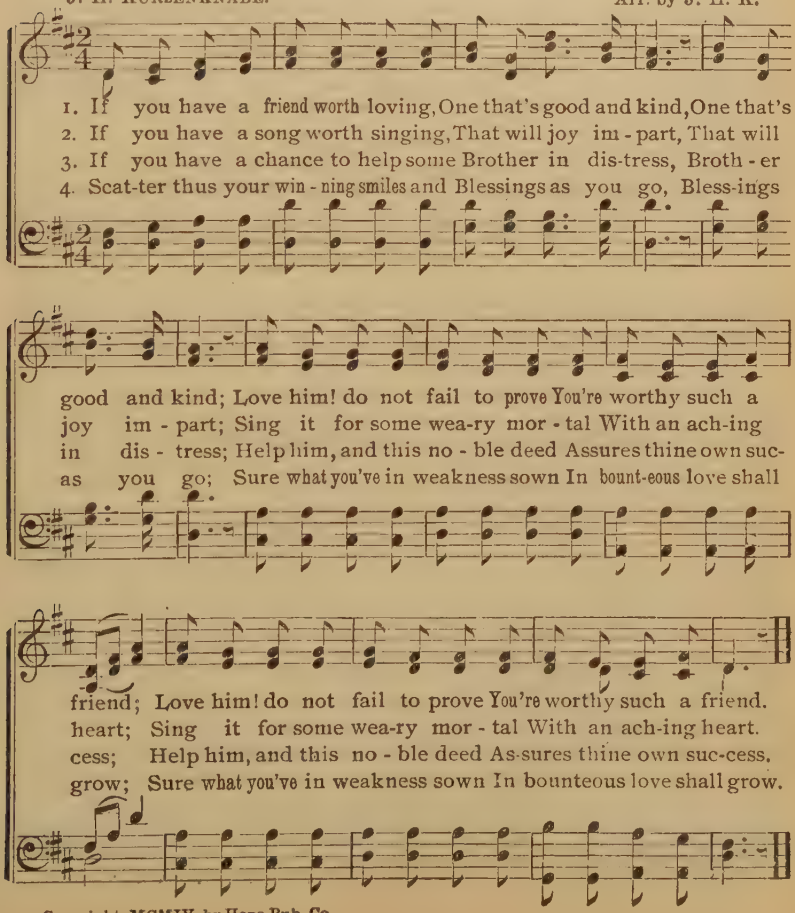
Ding, Dong, Bell.



231 The True Heart.

J. H. KURZENKNABE. Arr. by J. H. K.


1. If you have a friend worth loving, One that's good and kind, One that's
2. If you have a song worth singing, That will joy im - part, That will
3. If you have a chance to help some Brother in dis-tress, Broth - er
4. Scat-ter thus your win - ning smiles and Blessings as you go, Bless-ings
good and kind; Love him! do not fail to prove You're worthy such a
joy im - part; Sing it for some wea-ry mor - tal With an ach-ing
in dis - tress; Help him, and this no - ble deed Assures thine own suc-
as you go; Sure what you've in weakness sown In bount-eous love shall
friend; Love him! do not fail to prove You're worthy such a friend.
heart; Sing it for some wea-ry mor - tal With an ach-ing heart.
cess; Help him, and this no - ble deed As-sures thine own suc-cess.
grow; Sure what you've in weakness sown In bounteous love shall grow.

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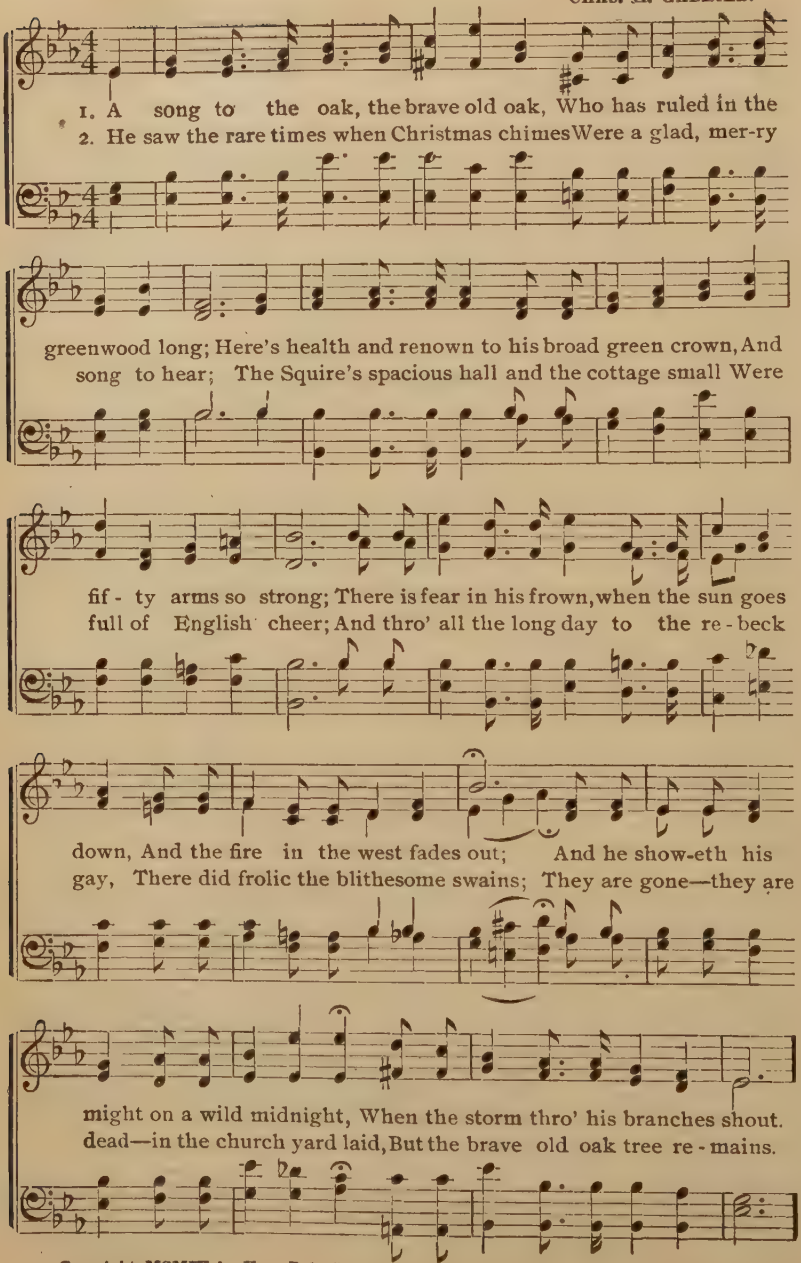
232 The Old Oak Tree.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. A song to the oak, the brave old oak, Who has ruled in the
2. He saw the rare times when Christmas chimes Were a glad, mer-ry
greenwood long; Here's health and renown to his broad green crown, And
song to hear; The Squire's spacious hall and the cottage small Were
fif - ty arms so strong; There is fear in his frown, when the sun goes
full of English cheer; And thro' all the long day to the re - beck
down, And the fire in the west fades out; And he show-eth his
gay, There did frolic the blithesome swains; They are gone—they are
might on a wild midnight, When the storm thro' his branches shout.
dead—in the church yard laid, But the brave old oak tree re - mains.

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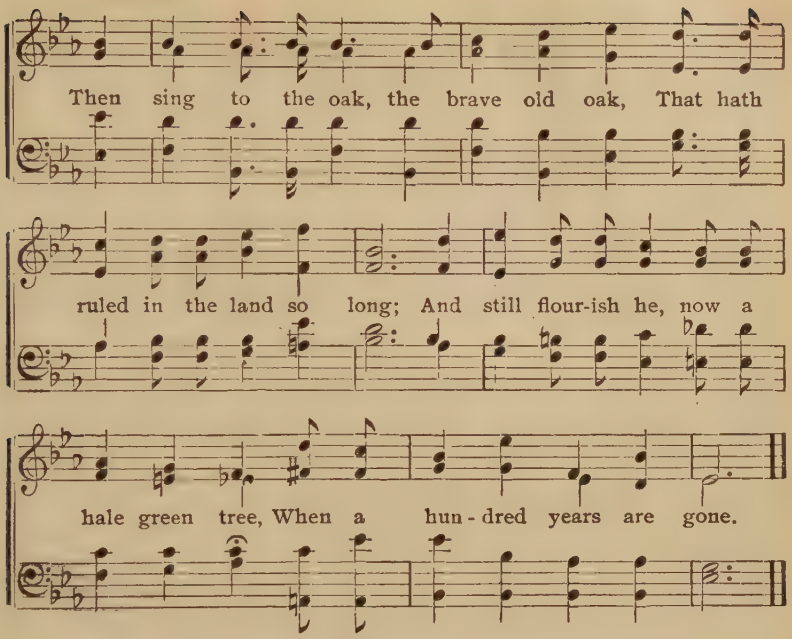
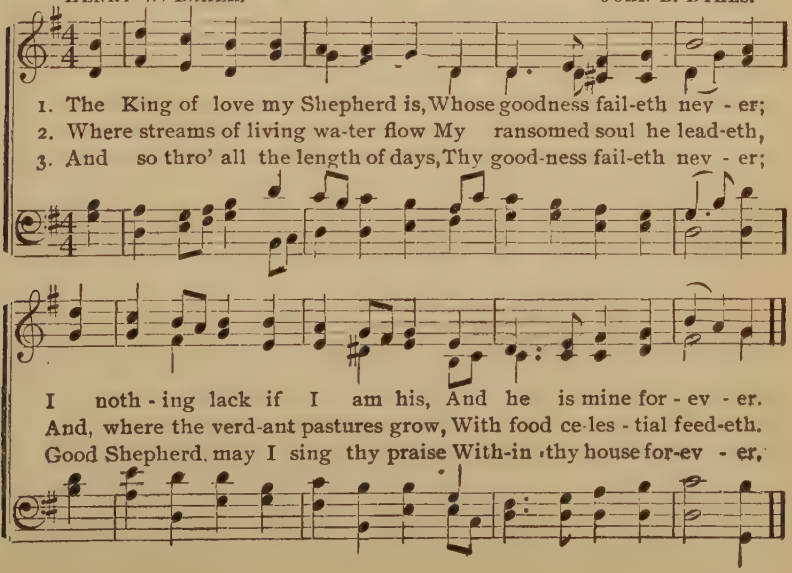
The Old Oak Tree.

CHORUS.


Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, That hath
ruled in the land so long; And still flour-ish he, now a
hale green tree, When a hun-dred years are gone.

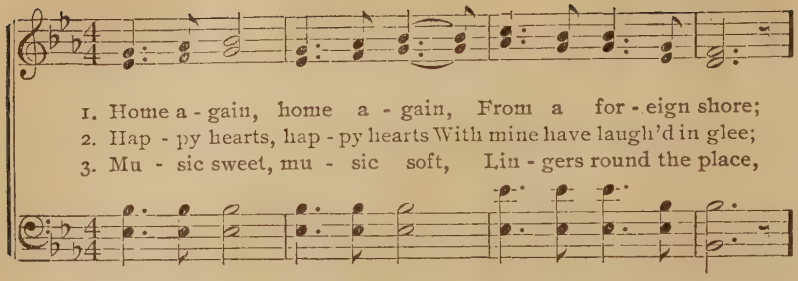
233 The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

HENRY W. BAKER. JOHN B. DYKES.

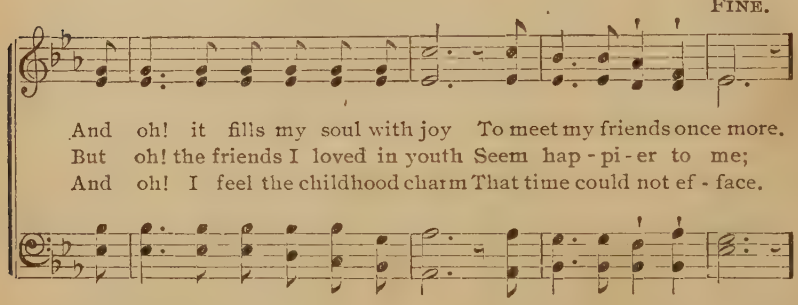

1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness fail-eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of living wa-ter flow My ransomed soul he lead-eth,
3. And so thro' all the length of days, Thy good-ness fail-eth nev - er;
I noth - ing lack if I am his, And he is mine for - ev - er.
And, where the verd-ant pastures grow, With food ce-les - tial feed-eth.
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise With-in thy house for-ev - er.

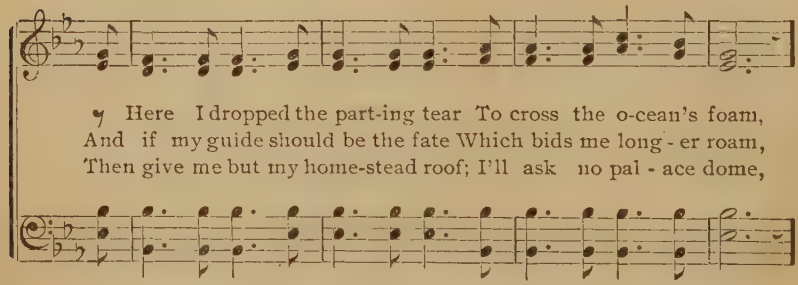
Home Again.

German.

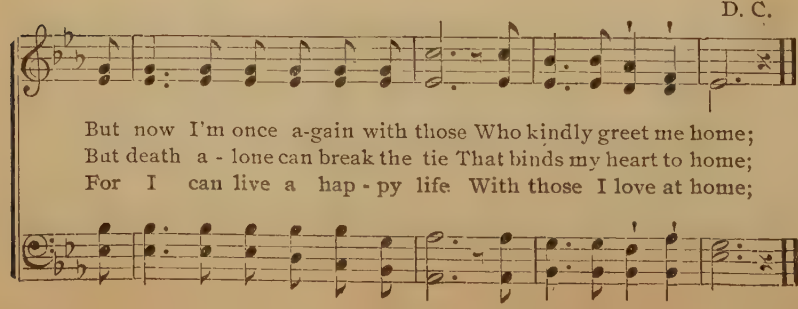

1. Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for - eign shore;
2. Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts With mine have laugh'd in glee;
3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Lin - gers round the place,

FINE.


And oh! it fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more.
But oh! the friends I loved in youth Seem hap - pi - er to me;
And oh! I feel the childhood charm That time could not ef - face.

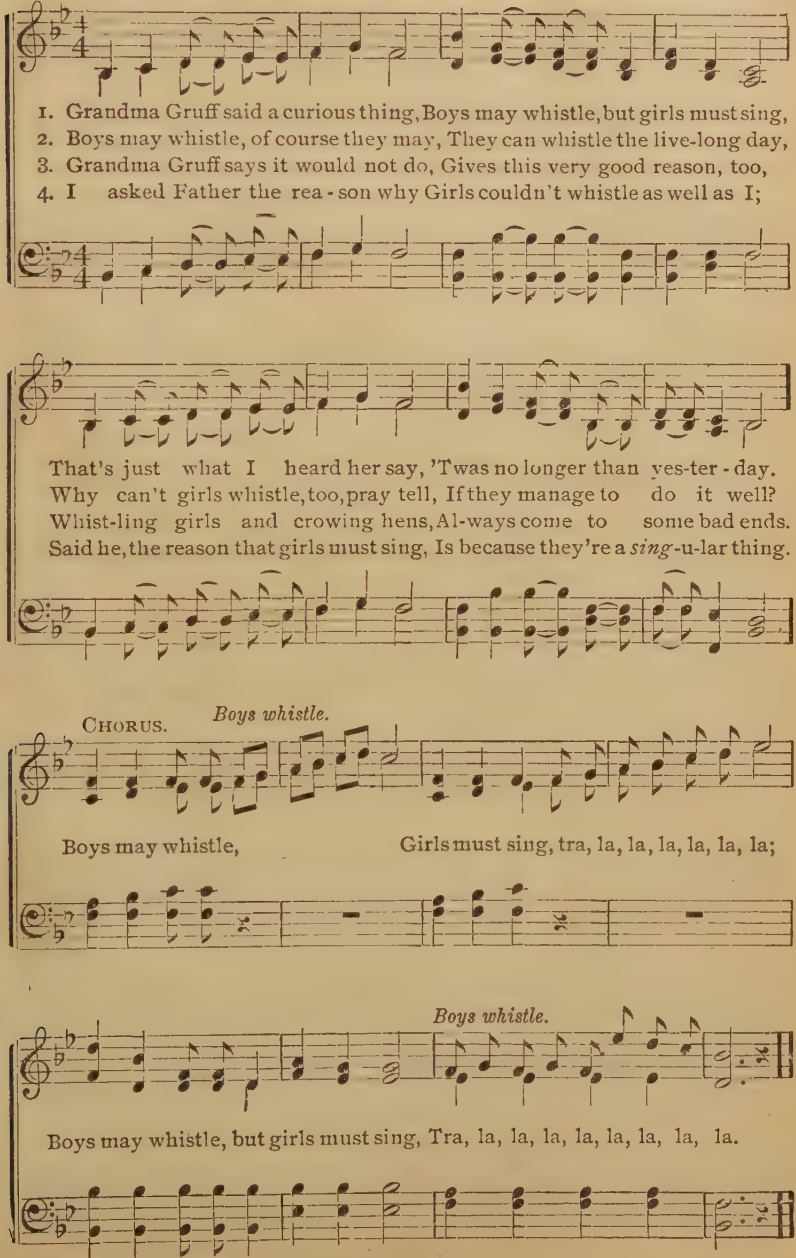

4 Here I dropped the part-ing tear To cross the o-cean's foam,
And if my guide should be the fate Which bids me long - er roam,
Then give me but my home-stead roof; I'll ask no pal - ace dome,

D. C.


But now I'm once a-gain with those Who kindly greet me home;
But death a - lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home;
For I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home;

235 Boys May Whistle, Girls Must Sing.

Arr. by F. E. R. FRED. A. FILLMORE.


1. Grandma Gruff said a curious thing, Boys may whistle, but girls must sing,
2. Boys may whistle, of course they may, They can whistle the live-long day,
3. Grandma Gruff says it would not do, Gives this very good reason, too,
4. I asked Father the rea - son why Girls couldn't whistle as well as I;
That's just what I heard her say, 'Twas no longer than yes-ter - day.
Why can't girls whistle, too, pray tell, If they manage to do it well?
Whist-ling girls and crowing hens, Al-ways come to some bad ends.
Said he, the reason that girls must sing, Is because they're a *sing*-u-lar thing.
CHORUS.
Boys whistle.
Boys may whistle, Girls must sing, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la;
Boys whistle.
Boys may whistle, but girls must sing, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

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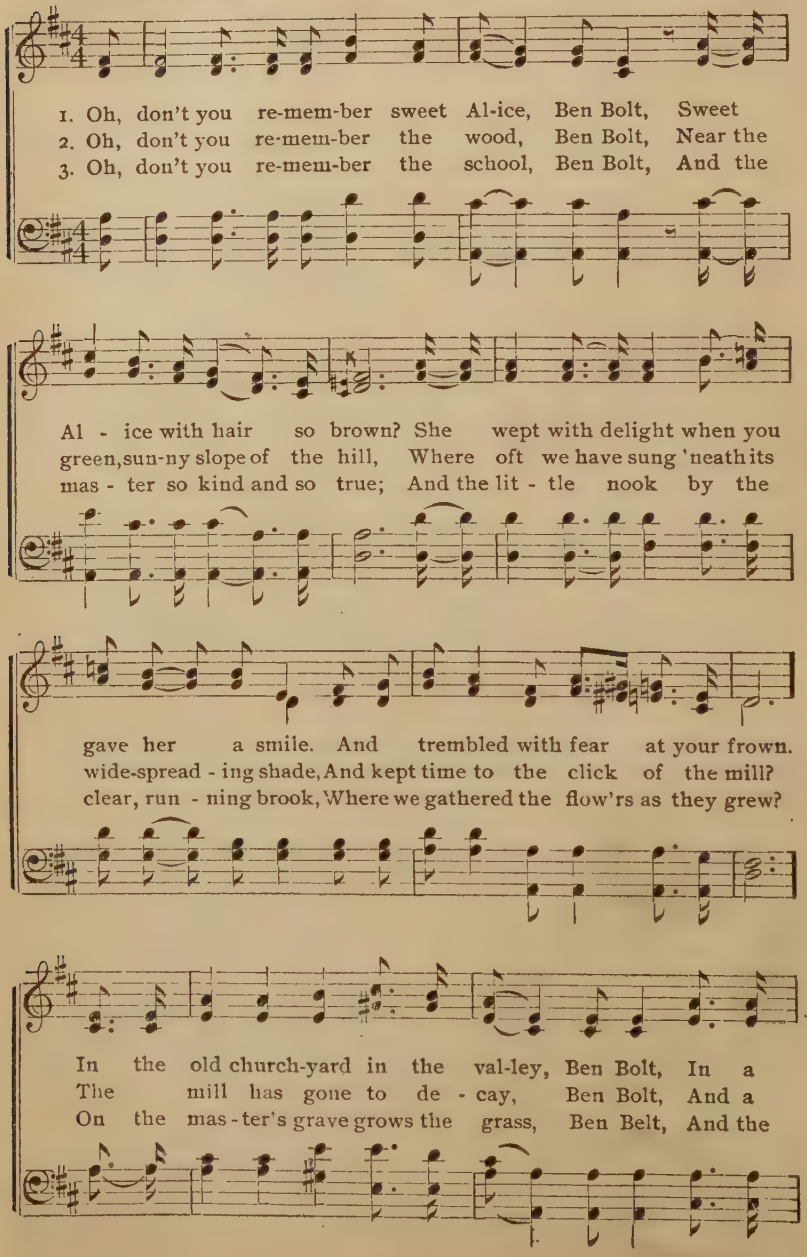
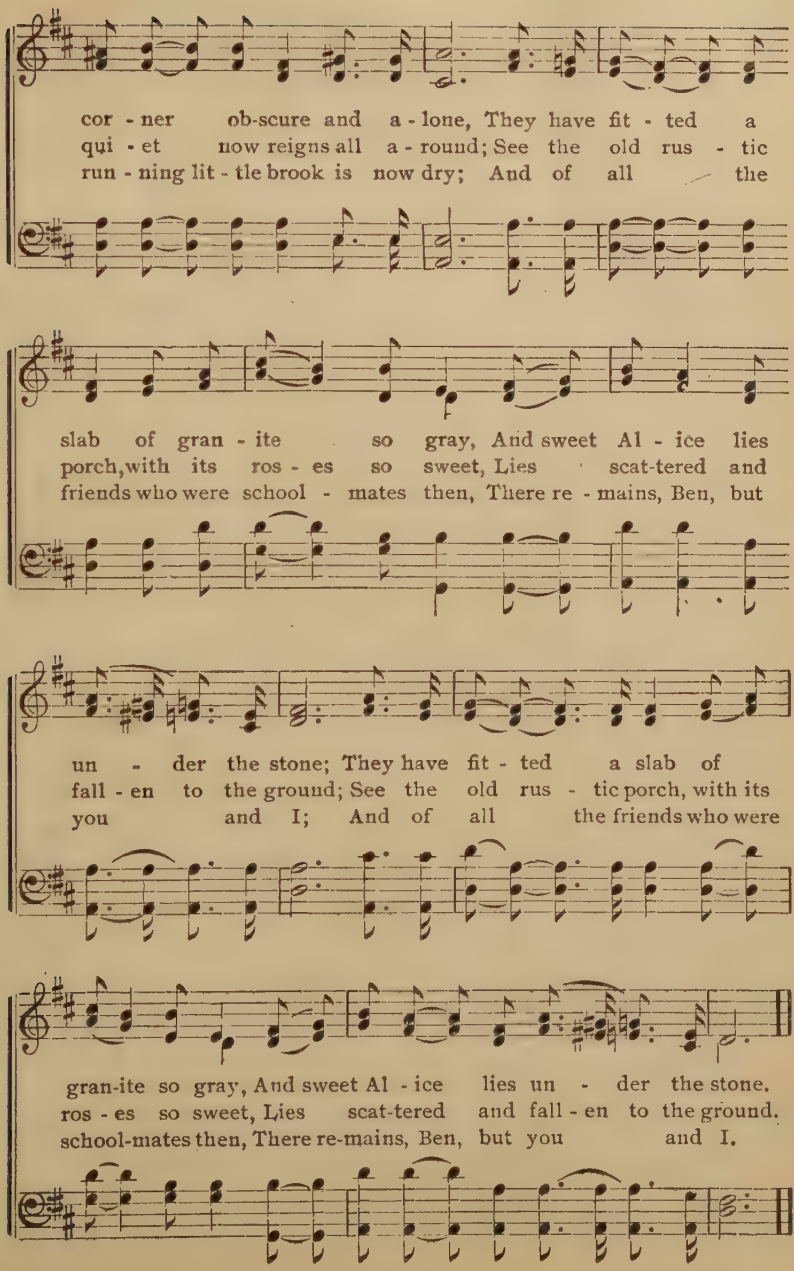
Ben Bolt.

THOS. DUNN ENGLISH. NELSON KNEASS. Arr. by T. M. T.


1. Oh, don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet
2. Oh, don't you re-mem-ber the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the
3. Oh, don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, And the
Al - ice with hair so brown? She wept with delight when you
green, sun-ny slope of the hill, Where oft we have sung 'neath its
mas - ter so kind and so true; And the lit - tle nook by the
gave her a smile. And trembled with fear at your frown.
wide-spread - ing shade, And kept time to the click of the mill?
clear, run - ning brook, Where we gathered the flow'rs as they grew?
In the old church-yard in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a
The mill has gone to de - cay, Ben Bolt, And a
On the mas - ter's grave grows the grass, Ben Belt, And the

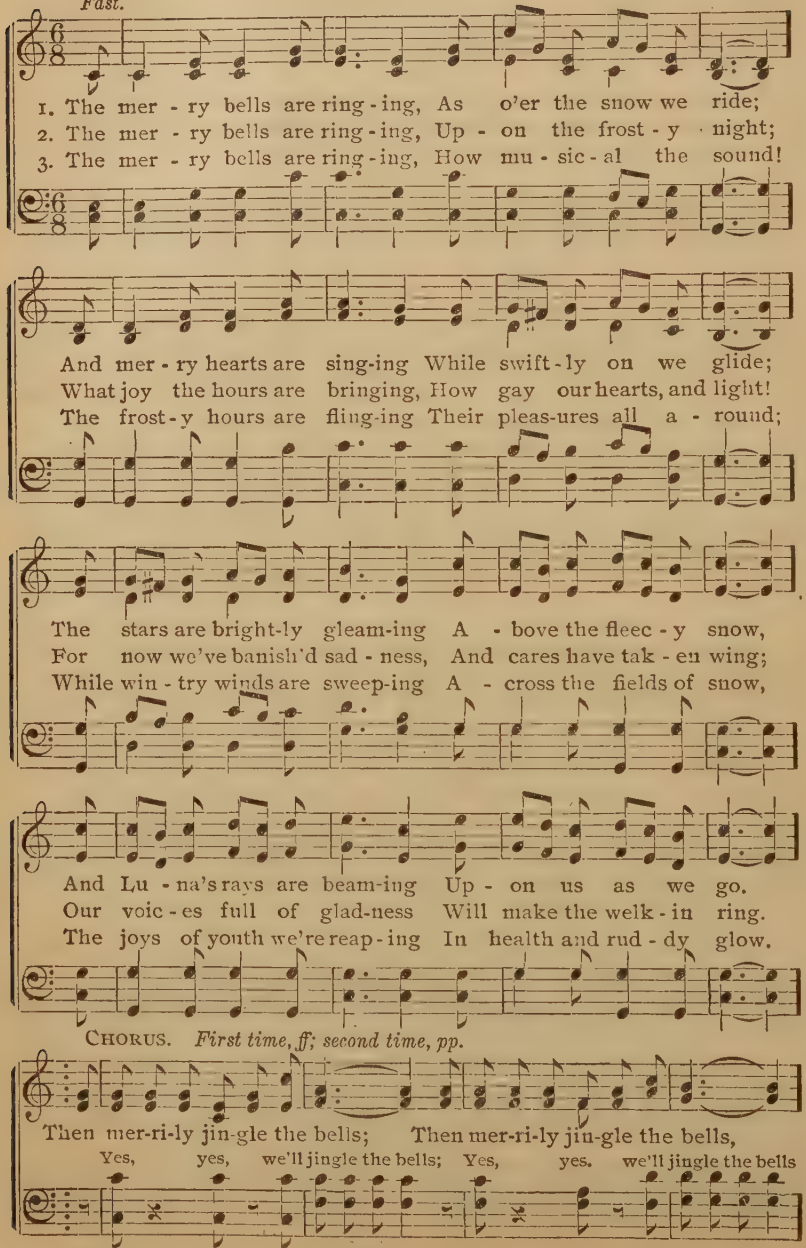
Ben Bolt.


cor - ner ob-scure and a - lone, They have fit - ted a
qui - et now reigns all a - round; See the old rus - tic
run - ning lit - tle brook is now dry; And of all the
slab of gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies
porch, with its ros - es so sweet, Lies scat-tered and
friends who were school - mates then, There re - mains, Ben, but
un - der the stone; They have fit - ted a slab of
fall - en to the ground; See the old rus - tic porch, with its
you and I; And of all the friends who were
gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone.
ros - es so sweet, Lies scat-tered and fall - en to the ground.
school-mates then, There re-mains, Ben, but you and I.

237 The Merry Bells Are Ringing.

E. O. L. E. O. LYTE.

Fast.


1. The mer - ry bells are ring - ing, As o'er the snow we ride;
2. The mer - ry bells are ring - ing, Up - on the frost - y night;
3. The mer - ry bells are ring - ing, How mu - sic - al the sound!
And mer - ry hearts are sing-ing While swift - ly on we glide;
What joy the hours are bringing, How gay our hearts, and light!
The frost - y hours are fling-ing Their pleas-ures all a - round;
The stars are bright-ly gleam-ing A - bove the fleec - y snow,
For now we've banish'd sad - ness, And cares have tak - en wing;
While win - try winds are sweep-ing A - cross the fields of snow,
And Lu - na's rays are beam-ing Up - on us as we go.
Our voic - es full of glad-ness Will make the welk - in ring.
The joys of youth we're reap - ing In health and rud - dy glow.
CHORUS. *First time, ff; second time, pp.*
Then mer-ri-ly jin-gle the bells; Then mer-ri-ly jin-gle the bells,
Yes, yes, we'll jingle the bells; Yes, yes, we'll jingle the bells

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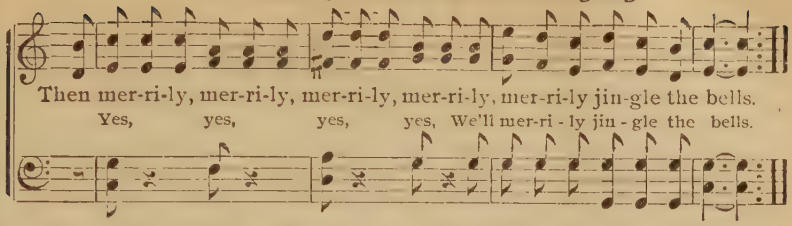
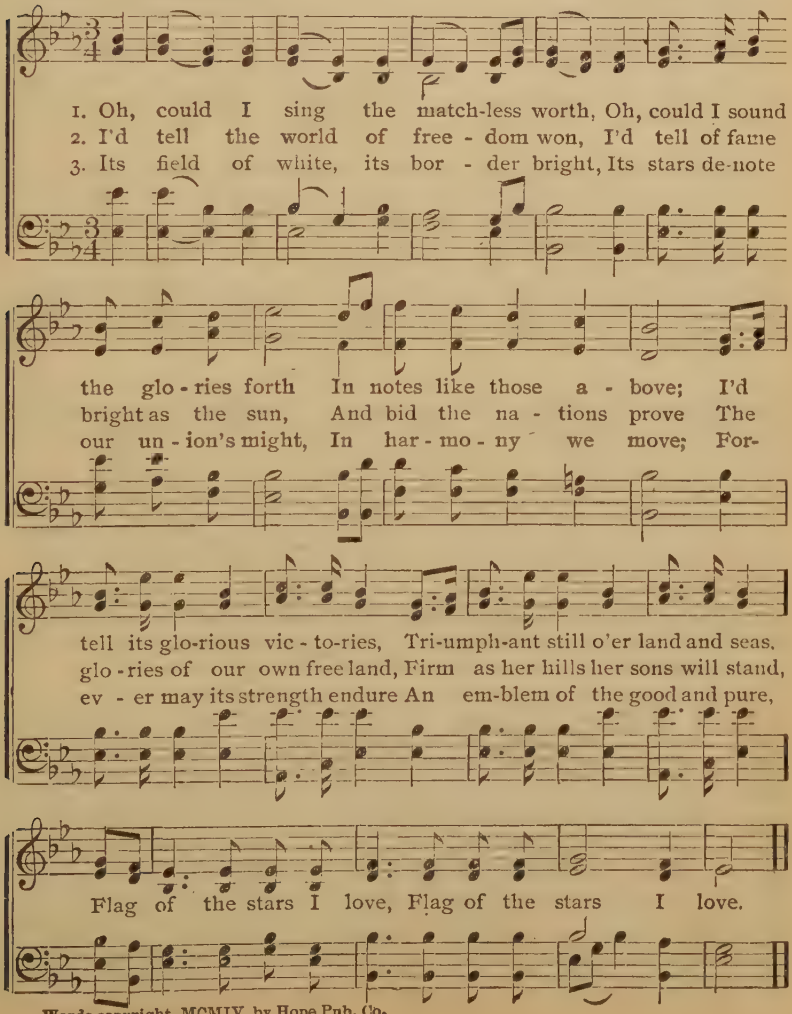
The Merry Bells Are Ringing.



238 Flag of the Stars I Love.

E. E. DIETTERICH. *Tune:*—Ariel.


1. Oh, could I sing the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound
2. I'd tell the world of free - dom won, I'd tell of fame
3. Its field of white, its bor - der bright, Its stars de-note
the glo - ries forth In notes like those a - bove; I'd
bright as the sun, And bid the na - tions prove The
our un - ion's might, In har - mo - ny we move; For-
tell its glo-rious vic - to-ries, Tri-umph-ant still o'er land and seas,
glo - ries of our own free land, Firm as her hills her sons will stand,
ev - er may its strength endure An em-blem of the good and pure,
Flag of the stars I love, Flag of the stars I love.

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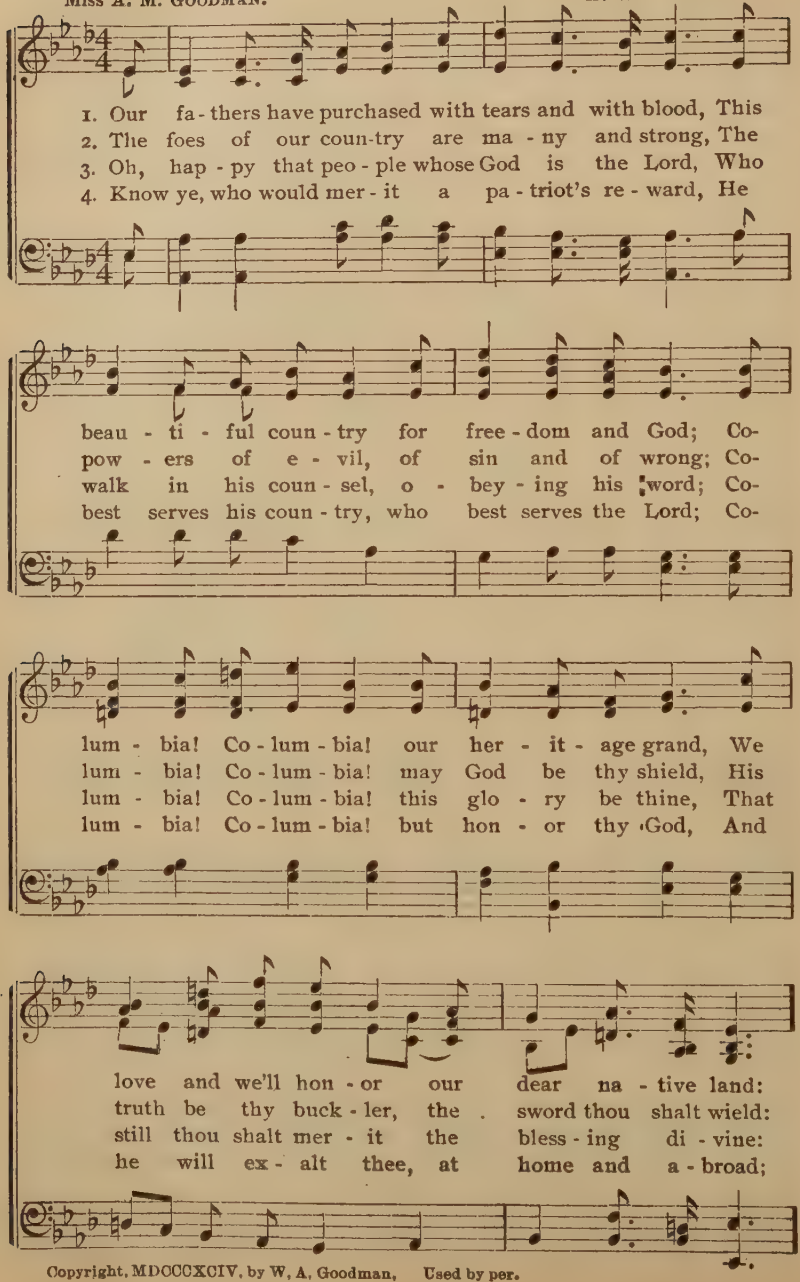
Loyal and True.

Miss A. M. GOODMAN. H. W. FAIRBANK.

1. Our fa - thers have purchased with tears and with blood, This
2. The foes of our coun-try are ma - ny and strong, The
3. Oh, hap - py that peo - ple whose God is the Lord, Who
4. Know ye, who would mer - it a pa - triot's re - ward, He
beau - ti - ful coun - try for free - dom and God; Co-
pow - ers of e - vil, of sin and of wrong; Co-
walk in his coun - sel, o - bey - ing his word; Co-
best serves his coun - try, who best serves the Lord; Co-
lum - bia! Co - lum - bia! our her - it - age grand, We
lum - bia! Co - lum - bia! may God be thy shield, His
lum - bia! Co - lum - bia! this glo - ry be thine, That
lum - bia! Co - lum - bia! but hon - or thy God, And
love and we'll hon - or our dear na - tive land:
truth be thy buck - ler, the sword thou shalt wield:
still thou shalt mer - it the bless - ing di - vine:
he will ex - alt thee, at home and a - broad;

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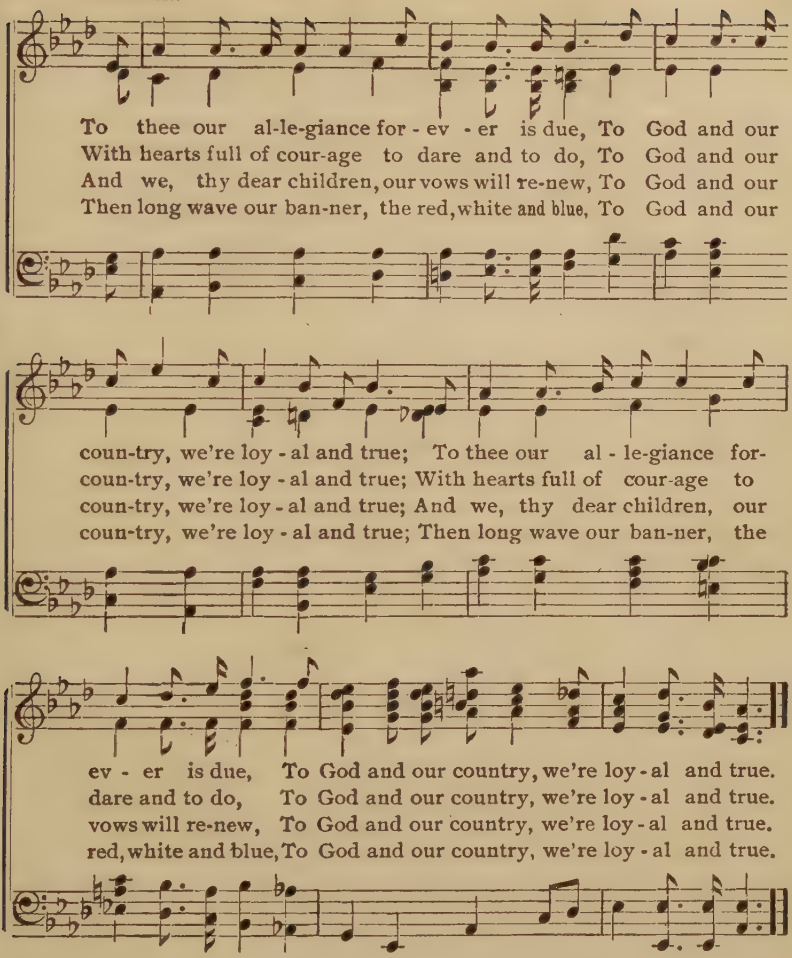
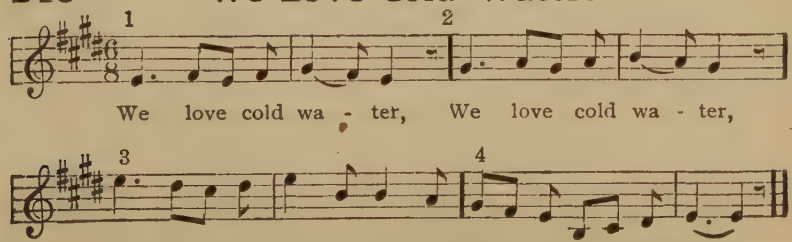
Loyal and True.

REFRAIN.


To thee our al-le-giance for-ev-er is due, To God and our
With hearts full of cour-age to dare and to do, To God and our
And we, thy dear children, our vows will re-new, To God and our
Then long wave our ban-ner, the red, white and blue, To God and our
coun-try, we're loy-al and true; To thee our al-le-giance for-
coun-try, we're loy-al and true; With hearts full of cour-age to
coun-try, we're loy-al and true; And we, thy dear children, our
coun-try, we're loy-al and true; Then long wave our ban-ner, the
ev-er is due, To God and our country, we're loy-al and true.
dare and to do, To God and our country, we're loy-al and true.
vows will re-new, To God and our country, we're loy-al and true.
red, white and blue, To God and our country, we're loy-al and true.

240 We Love Cold Water.



Evening Shadows.

D. W. Honeycut. A. J. Abbey.

Andantino. p

1. Shad - ows now are thickly falling, Night its mantle round us throws;
2. Comes the fra-grant breath of flowers Waft-ed on the evening air;
3. Songs like mu - sic of the o-cean Have gone up in praise to-day;

m

Voic - es all around are calling, Bidding us to seek re - pose.
So may all the precious hours Spent in serv-ice sweet and fair,
And the spir - it of de - vo-tion Held us in its mys-tic sway.

Calm and trustful, calm and trustful May we rest from griefs and woes!
Rise as in-cense, rise as incense, And our grate - ful love de - clare,
Lord, a blessing, Lord, a blessing Send us with the clos-ing day,

rit.

Calm and trustful, calm and trustful May we rest from griefs and woes!
Rise as incense, rise as in-cense, And our grate - ful love de - clare.
Lord, a blessing, Lord, a bless-ing Send us with the clos-ing day.

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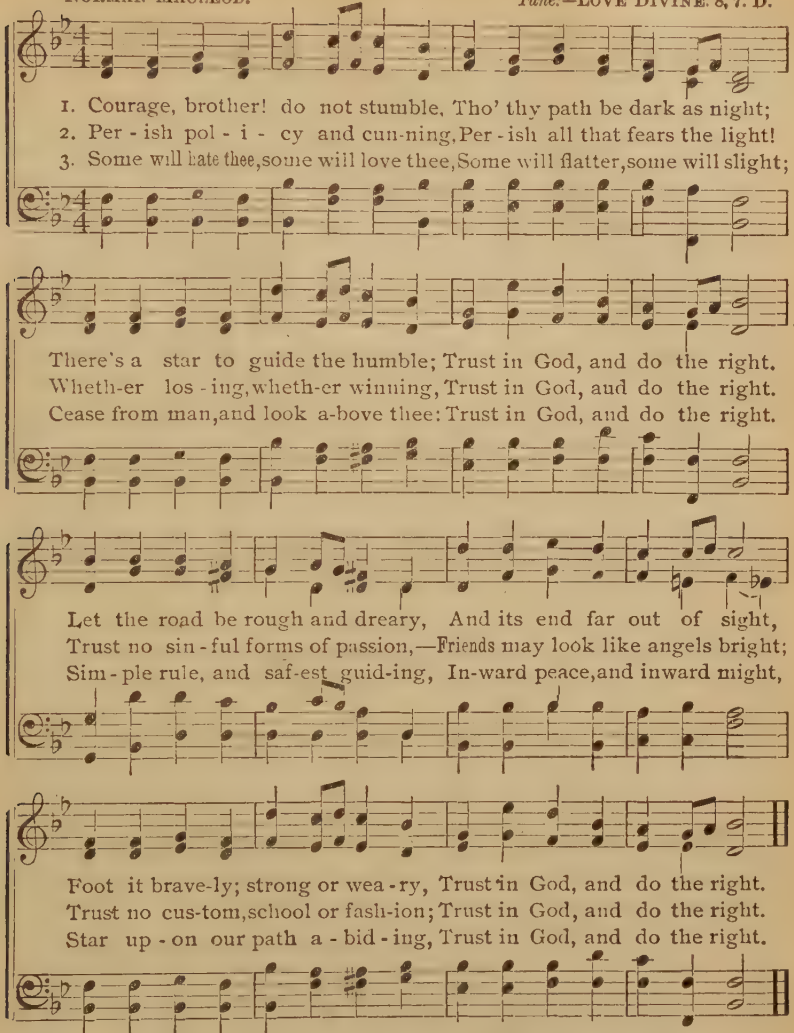
242 Courage, Brother! do not Stumble.

NORMAN MACLEOD. *Tune:*—LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7. D.


1. Courage, brother! do not stumble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;
2. Per - ish pol - i - cy and cun-ning, Per - ish all that fears the light!
3. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight;
There's a star to guide the humble; Trust in God, and do the right.
Wheth-er los - ing, wheth-er winning, Trust in God, and do the right.
Cease from man, and look a-bove thee: Trust in God, and do the right.
Let the road be rough and dreary, And its end far out of sight,
Trust no sin - ful forms of passion,—Friends may look like angels bright;
Sim - ple rule, and saf-est guid-ing, In-ward peace, and inward might,
Foot it brave-ly; strong or wea - ry, Trust in God, and do the right.
Trust no cus-tom, school or fash-ion; Trust in God, and do the right.
Star up - on our path a - bid - ing, Trust in God, and do the right.

243 Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

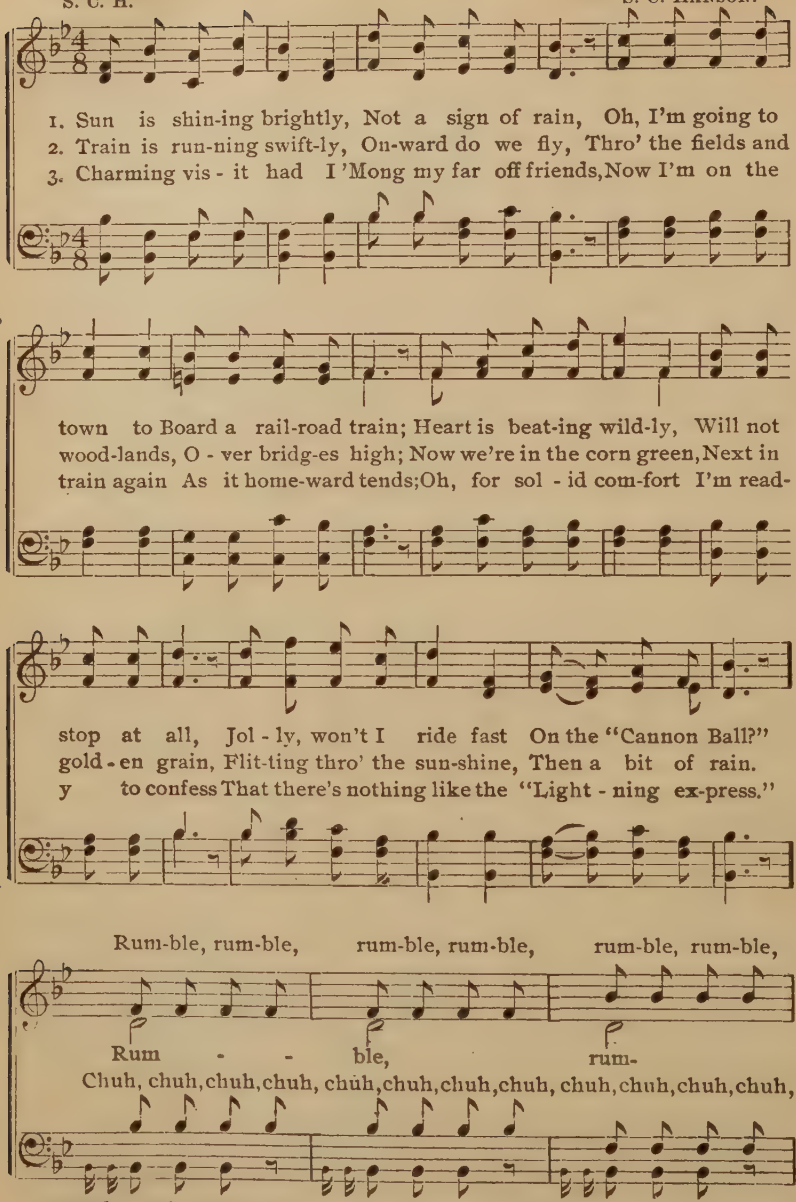
Tune above.

1 Love divine all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
And thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

Riding on the Train.

S. C. H. S. C. HANSON.


1. Sun is shin-ing brightly, Not a sign of rain, Oh, I'm going to
2. Train is run-ning swift-ly, On-ward do we fly, Thro' the fields and
3. Charming vis - it had I 'Mong my far off friends, Now I'm on the
town to Board a rail-road train; Heart is beat-ing wild-ly, Will not
wood-lands, O - ver bridg-es high; Now we're in the corn green, Next in
train again As it home-ward tends; Oh, for sol - id com-fort I'm read-
stop at all, Jol - ly, won't I ride fast On the "Cannon Ball?"
gold - en grain, Flit-ting thro' the sun-shine, Then a bit of rain.
y to confess That there's nothing like the "Light - ning ex-press."
Rum-ble, rum-ble, rum-ble, rum-ble, rum-ble, rum-ble,
Rum - - ble, rum-
Chuh, chuh, chuh, chuh, chuh, chuh, chuh, chuh, chuh, chuh, chuh, chuh,
*Cud-a-rack, clack, clack, cud-a-rack, clack, clack, cud-a-rack, clack, clack,

*Pronounce the word "Cud-a-rack" almost as one syllable.

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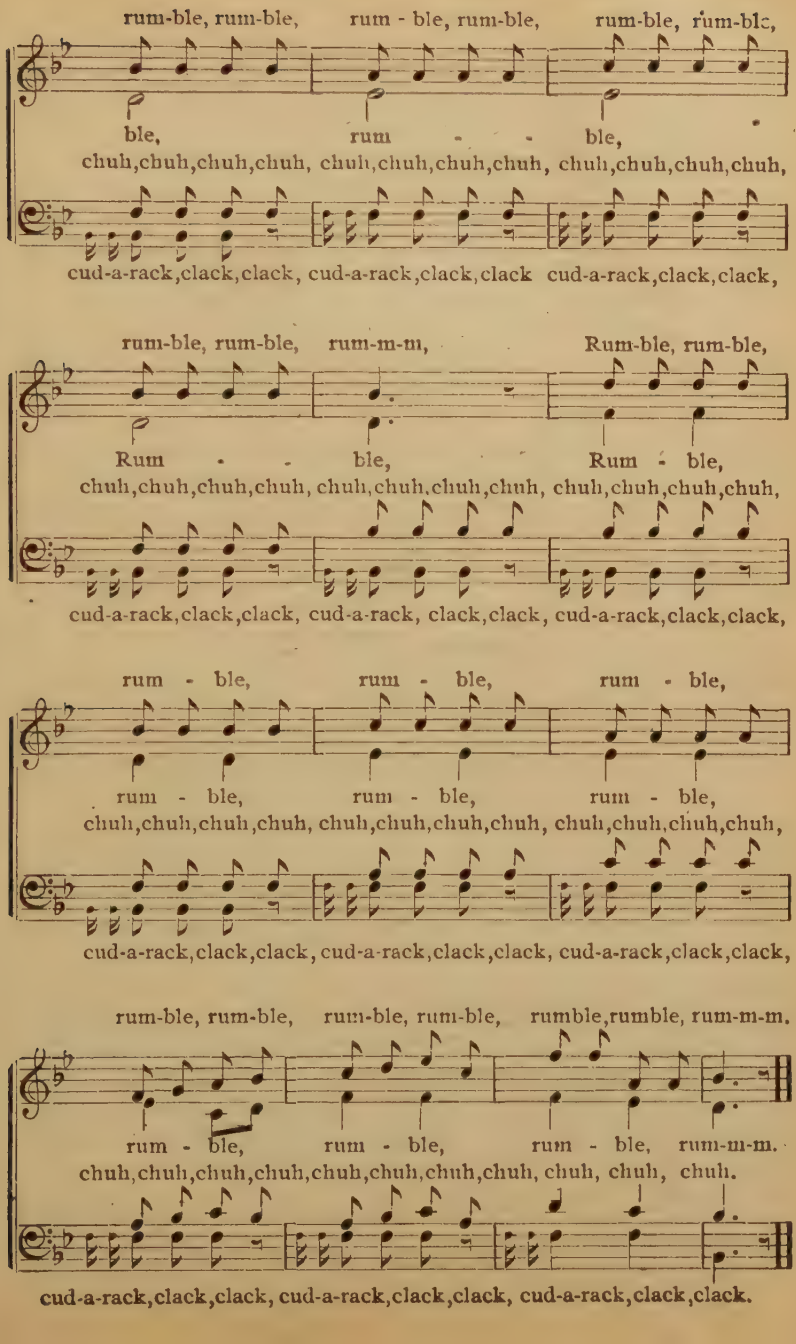
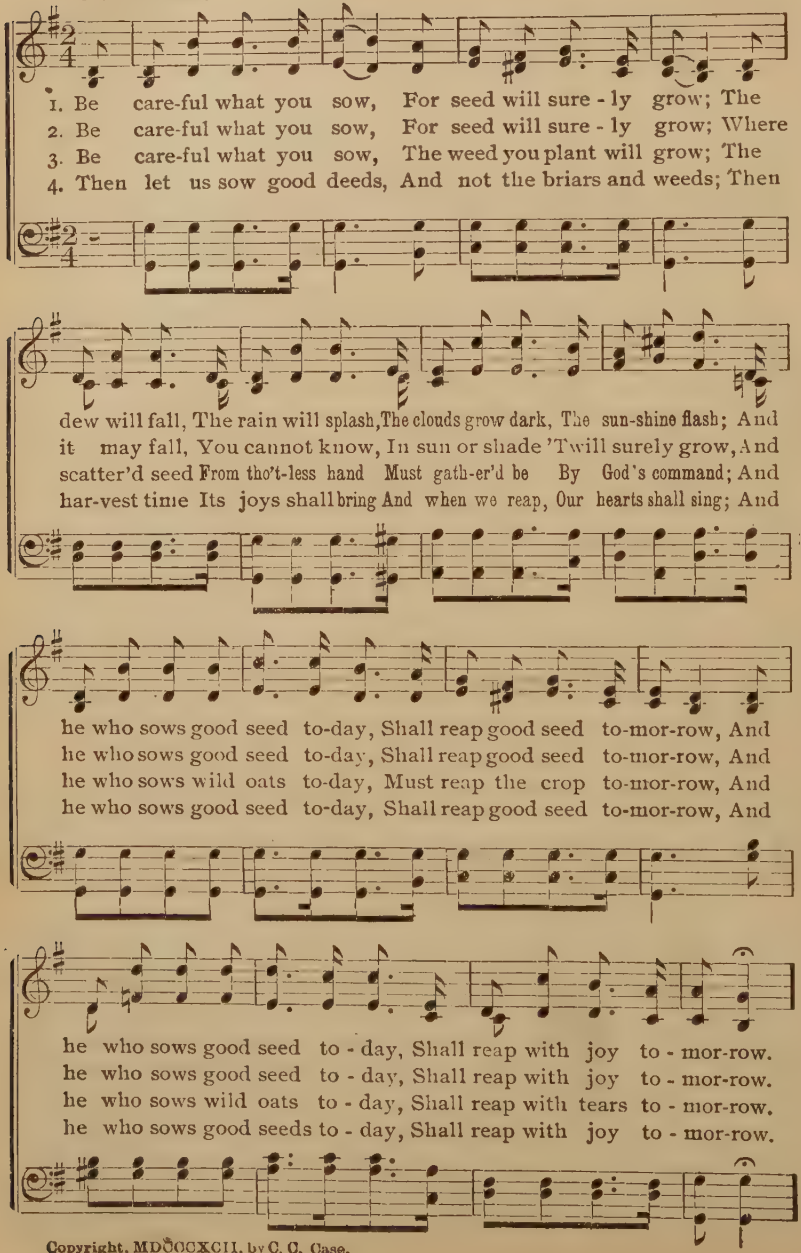
Riding on the Train.

rum-ble, rum-ble, rum - ble, rum-ble, rum-ble, rum-ble,
ble, rum - - ble,
chuh,chuh,chuh,chuh, chuh,chuh,chuh,chuh, chuh,chuh,chuh,chuh,
cud-a-rack,clack,clack, cud-a-rack,clack,clack cud-a-rack,clack,clack,
rum-ble, rum-ble, rum-m-m, Rum-ble, rum-ble,
Rum - - ble, Rum - ble,
chuh,chuh,chuh,chuh, chuh,chuh,chuh,chuh, chuh,chuh,chuh,chuh,
cud-a-rack,clack,clack, cud-a-rack, clack,clack, cud-a-rack,clack,clack,
rum - ble, rum - ble, rum - ble,
rum - ble, rum - ble, rum - ble,
chuh,chuh,chuh,chuh, chuh,chuh,chuh,chuh, chuh,chuh,chuh,chuh,
cud-a-rack,clack,clack, cud-a-rack,clack,clack, cud-a-rack,clack,clack,
rum-ble, rum-ble, rum-ble, rum-ble, rumble,rumble, rum-m-m.
rum - ble, rum - ble, rum - ble, rum-m-m.
chuh,chuh,chuh,chuh,chuh,chuh,chuh,chuh, chuh, chuh, chuh.
cud-a-rack,clack,clack, cud-a-rack,clack,clack, cud-a-rack,clack,clack.

245 Be Careful What You Sow.

EL. NATHAN.
SOLO OR DUET.

C. C. CASE.


1. Be care-ful what you sow, For seed will sure - ly grow; The
2. Be care-ful what you sow, For seed will sure - ly grow; Where
3. Be care-ful what you sow, The weed you plant will grow; The
4. Then let us sow good deeds, And not the briars and weeds; Then
dew will fall, The rain will splash, The clouds grow dark, The sun-shine flash; And
it may fall, You cannot know, In sun or shade 'Twill surely grow, And
scatter'd seed From tho't-less hand Must gath-er'd be By God's command; And
har-vest time Its joys shall bring And when we reap, Our hearts shall sing; And
he who sows good seed to-day, Shall reap good seed to-mor-row, And
he who sows good seed to-day, Shall reap good seed to-mor-row, And
he who sows wild oats to-day, Must reap the crop to-mor-row, And
he who sows good seed to-day, Shall reap good seed to-mor-row, And
he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap with joy to - mor-row.
he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap with joy to - mor-row.
he who sows wild oats to - day, Shall reap with tears to - mor-row.
he who sows good seeds to - day, Shall reap with joy to - mor-row.

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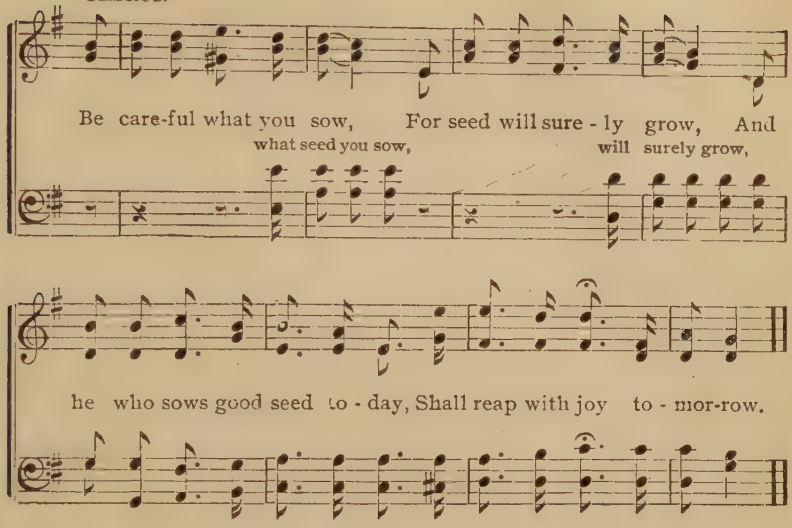
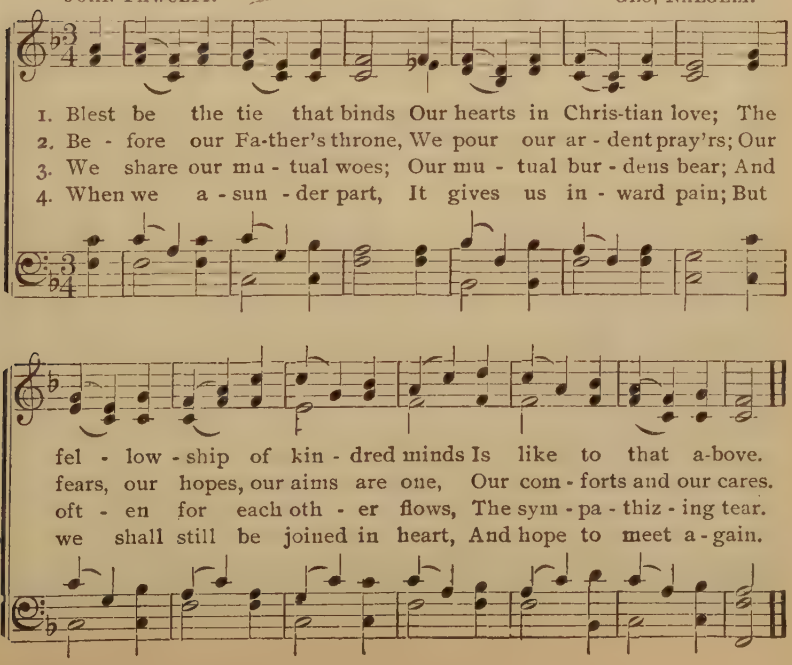
Be Careful What You Sow.

CHORUS.


Be care-ful what you sow, For seed will sure - ly grow, And
what seed you sow, will surely grow,
he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap with joy to - mor-row.

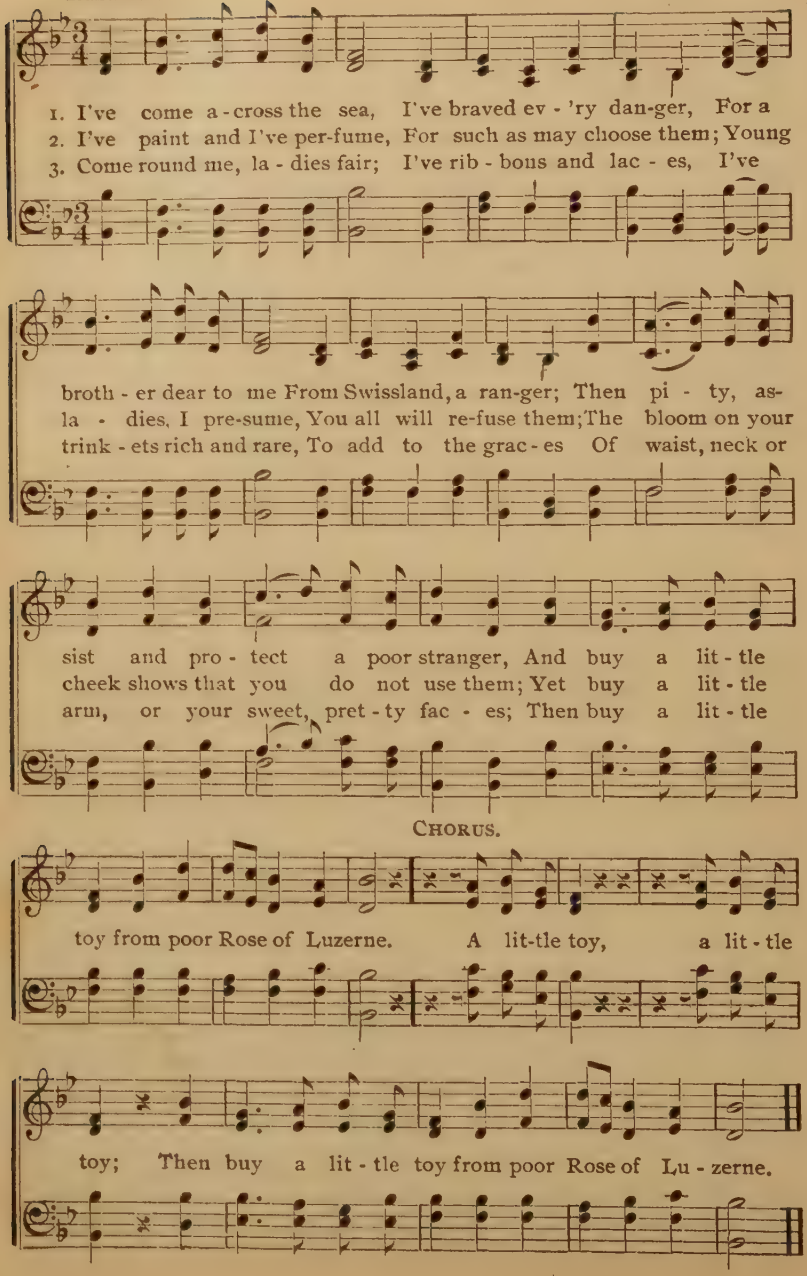
246 Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. GEO. NAEGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But
fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
oft - en for each oth - er flows, The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

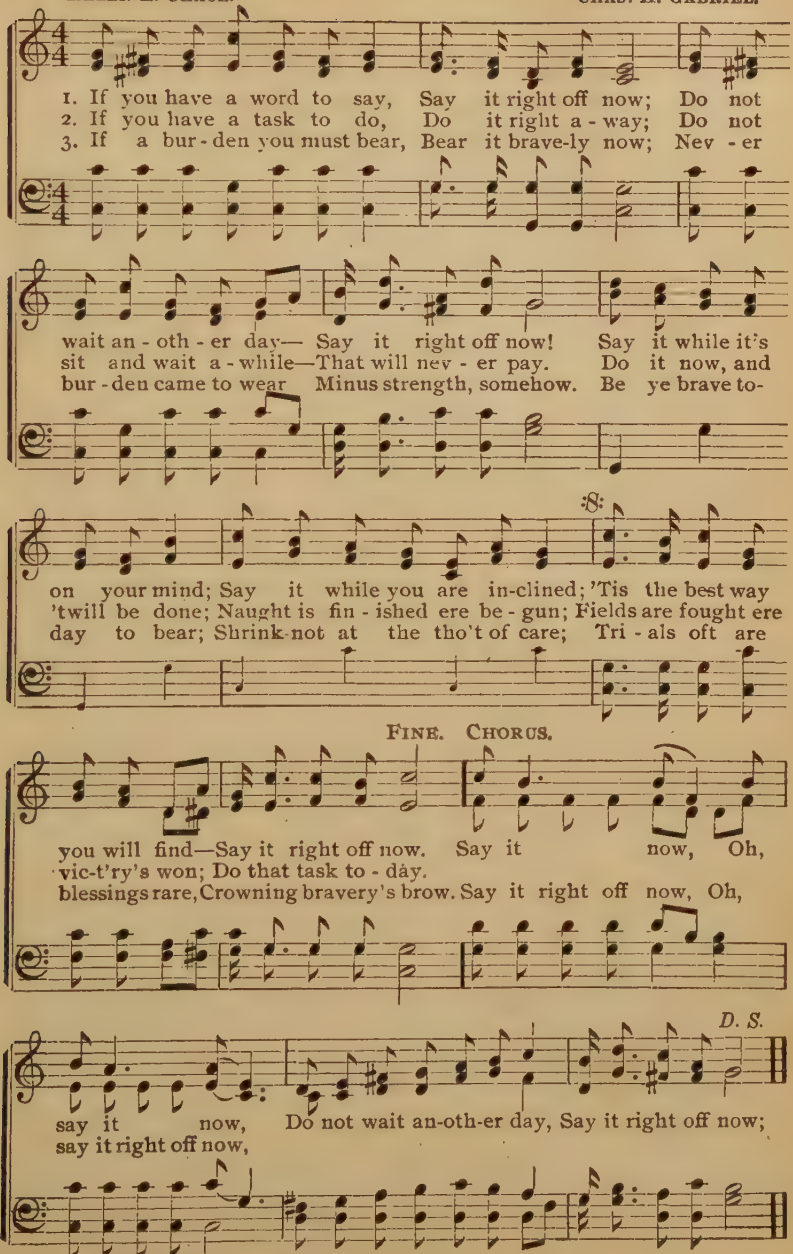
Rose of Luzerne.

Translated. From the Swiss.


1. I've come a-cross the sea, I've braved ev-'ry dan-ger, For a
2. I've paint and I've per-fume, For such as may choose them; Young
3. Come round me, la-dies fair; I've rib-bons and lac-es, I've
broth-er dear to me From Swissland, a ran-ger; Then pi-ty, as-
la-dies, I pre-sume, You all will re-fuse them; The bloom on your
trink-ets rich and rare, To add to the grac-es Of waist, neck or
sist and pro-tect a poor stranger, And buy a lit-tle
cheek shows that you do not use them; Yet buy a lit-tle
arm, or your sweet, pret-ty fac-es; Then buy a lit-tle
CHORUS.
toy from poor Rose of Luzerne. A lit-tle toy, a lit-tle
toy; Then buy a lit-tle toy from poor Rose of Lu-zerne.

Now.

HELEN E. CHACE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. If you have a word to say, Say it right off now; Do not
2. If you have a task to do, Do it right a - way; Do not
3. If a bur - den you must bear, Bear it brave-ly now; Nev - er
wait an - oth - er day— Say it right off now! Say it while it's
sit and wait a - while—That will nev - er pay. Do it now, and
bur - den came to wear Minus strength, somehow. Be ye brave to-
on your mind; Say it while you are in-clined; 'Tis the best way
'twill be done; Naught is fin - ished ere be - gun; Fields are fought ere
day to bear; Shrink not at the tho't of care; Tri - als oft are
FINE. CHORUS.
you will find—Say it right off now. Say it now, Oh,
vic-t'ry's won; Do that task to - day.
blessings rare, Crowning bravery's brow. Say it right off now, Oh,
D. S.
say it now, Do not wait an-oth-er day, Say it right off now;
say it right off now,

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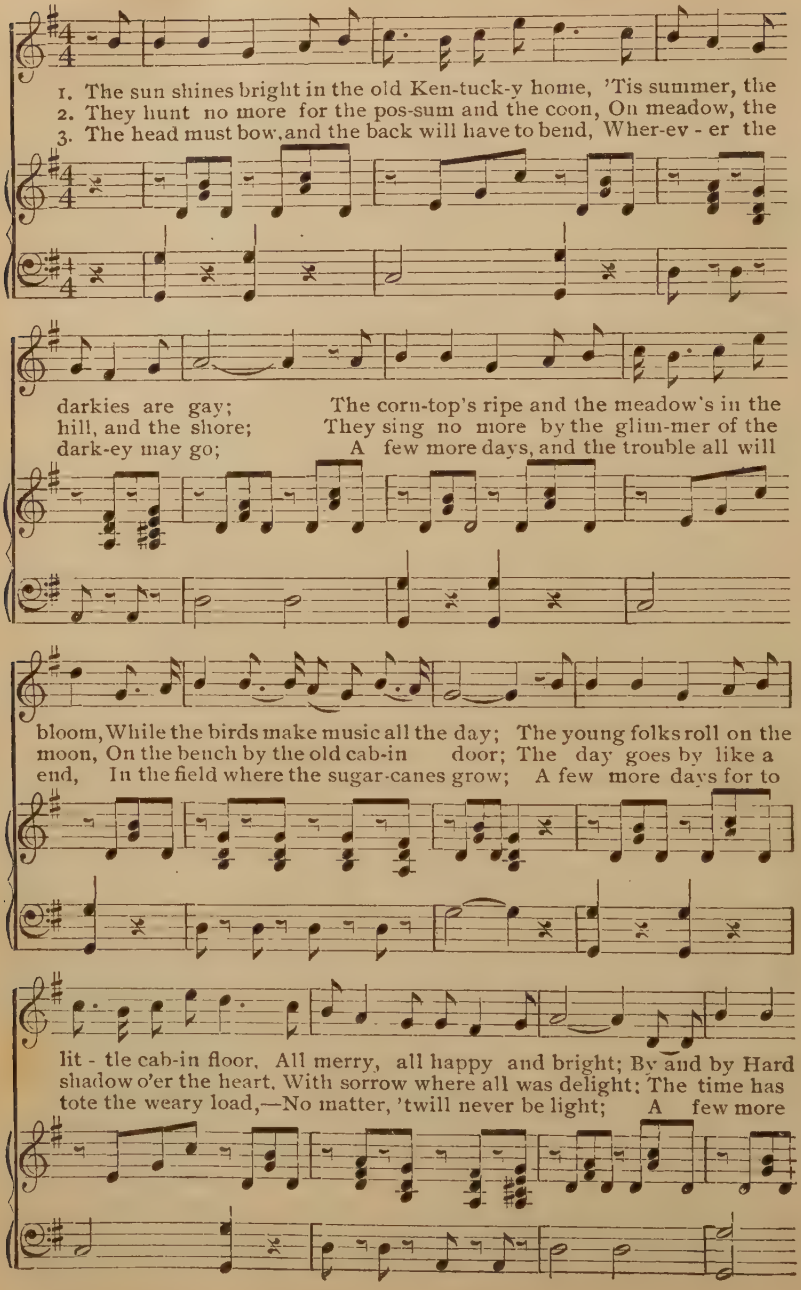
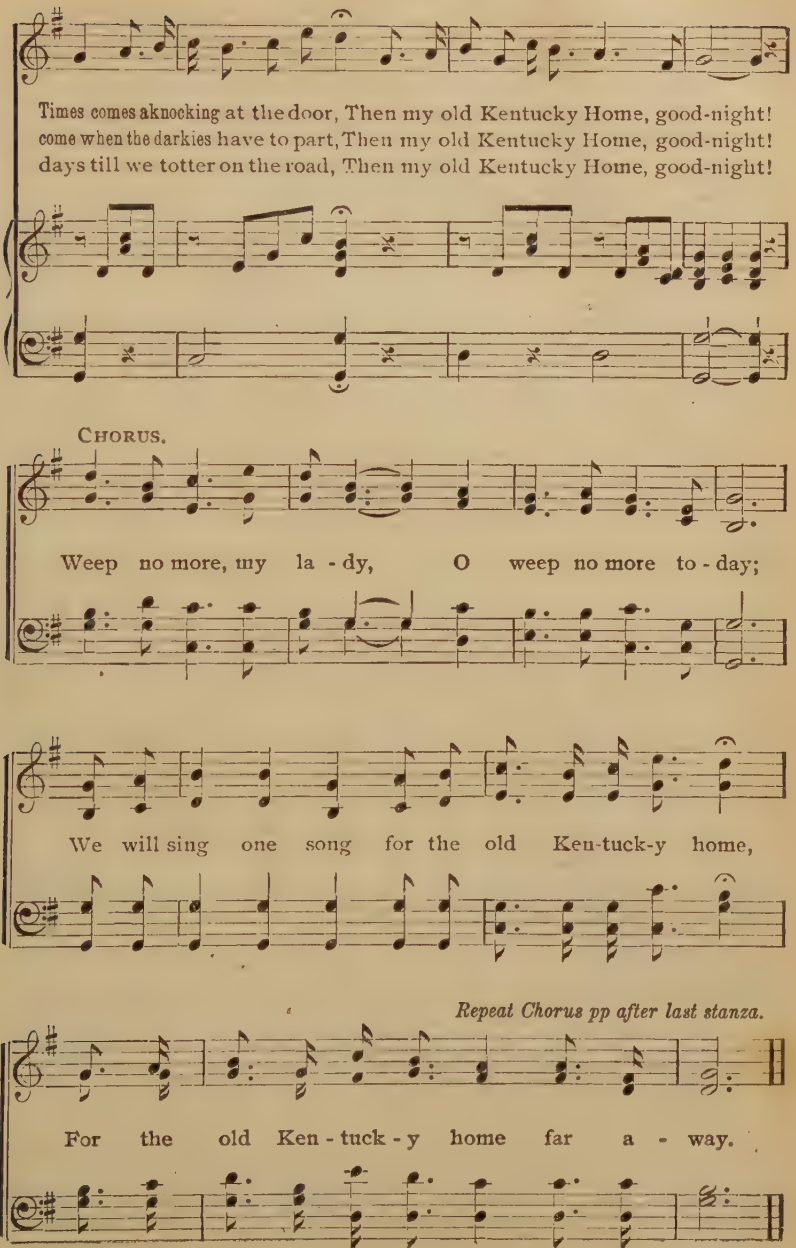
My Old Kentucky Home

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

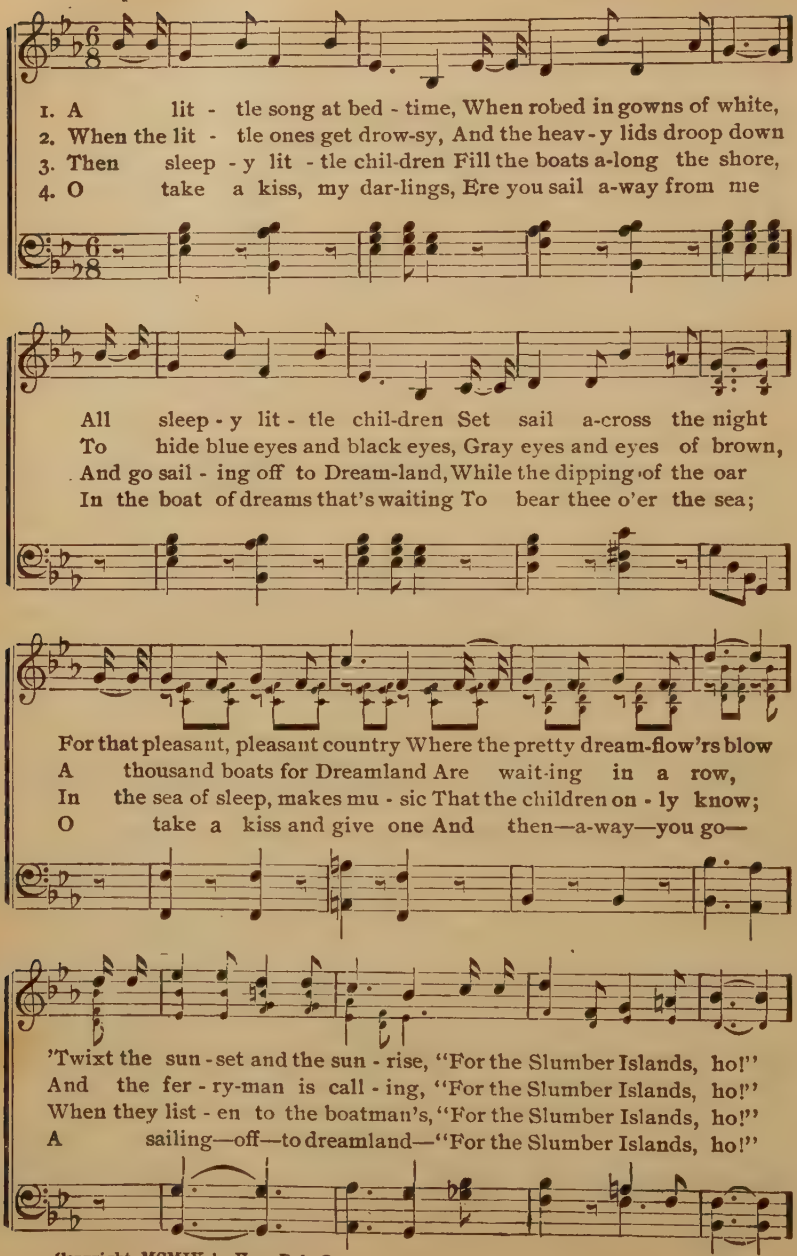

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On meadow, the hill, and the shore;
3. The head must bow, and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev - er the dark-ey may go;
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day;
They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end, In the field where the sugar-canes grow;
The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab-in floor, All merry, all happy and bright;
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was delight;
A few more days for to tote the weary load,—No matter, 'twill never be light;
By and by Hard Time's a few more

My Old Kentucky Home.


Times comes aknocking at the door, Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!
come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!
days till we totter on the road, Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!
CHORUS.
Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to - day;
We will sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home,
Repeat Chorus pp after last stanza.
For the old Ken - tuck - y home far a - way.

The Slumber Islands.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. A lit - tle song at bed - time, When robed in gowns of white,
2. When the lit - tle ones get drow-sy, And the heav - y lids droop down
3. Then sleep - y lit - tle chil-dren Fill the boats a-long the shore,
4. O take a kiss, my dar-lings, Ere you sail a-way from me
All sleep - y lit - tle chil-dren Set sail a-cross the night
To hide blue eyes and black eyes, Gray eyes and eyes of brown,
And go sail - ing off to Dream-land, While the dipping of the oar
In the boat of dreams that's waiting To bear thee o'er the sea;
For that pleasant, pleasant country Where the pretty dream-flow'rs blow
A thousand boats for Dreamland Are wait-ing in a row,
In the sea of sleep, makes mu - sic That the children on - ly know;
O take a kiss and give one And then—a-way—you go—
'Twixt the sun - set and the sun - rise, "For the Slumber Islands, ho!"
And the fer - ry-man is call - ing, "For the Slumber Islands, ho!"
When they list - en to the boatman's, "For the Slumber Islands, ho!"
A sailing—off—to dreamland—"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

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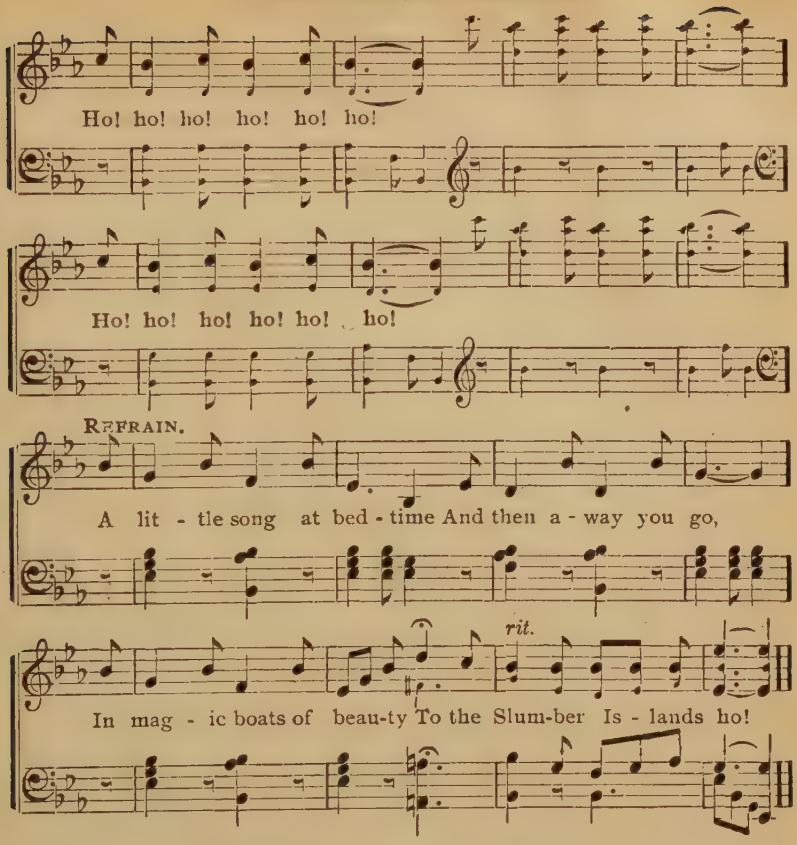
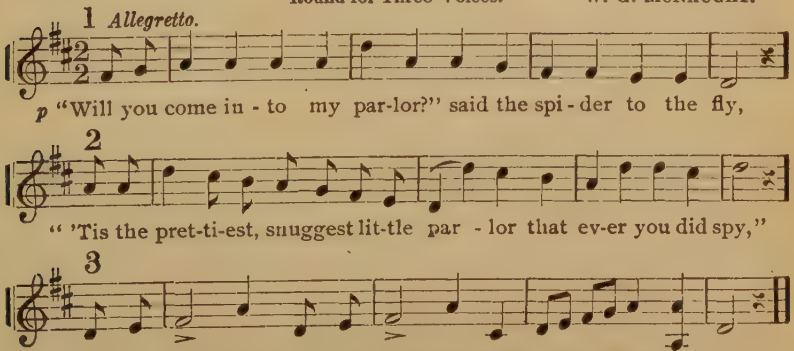
The Slumber Islands.

Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!
REFRAIN.
A lit - tle song at bed - time And then a - way you go,
rit.
In mag - ic boats of beau-ty To the Slum-ber Is - lands ho!

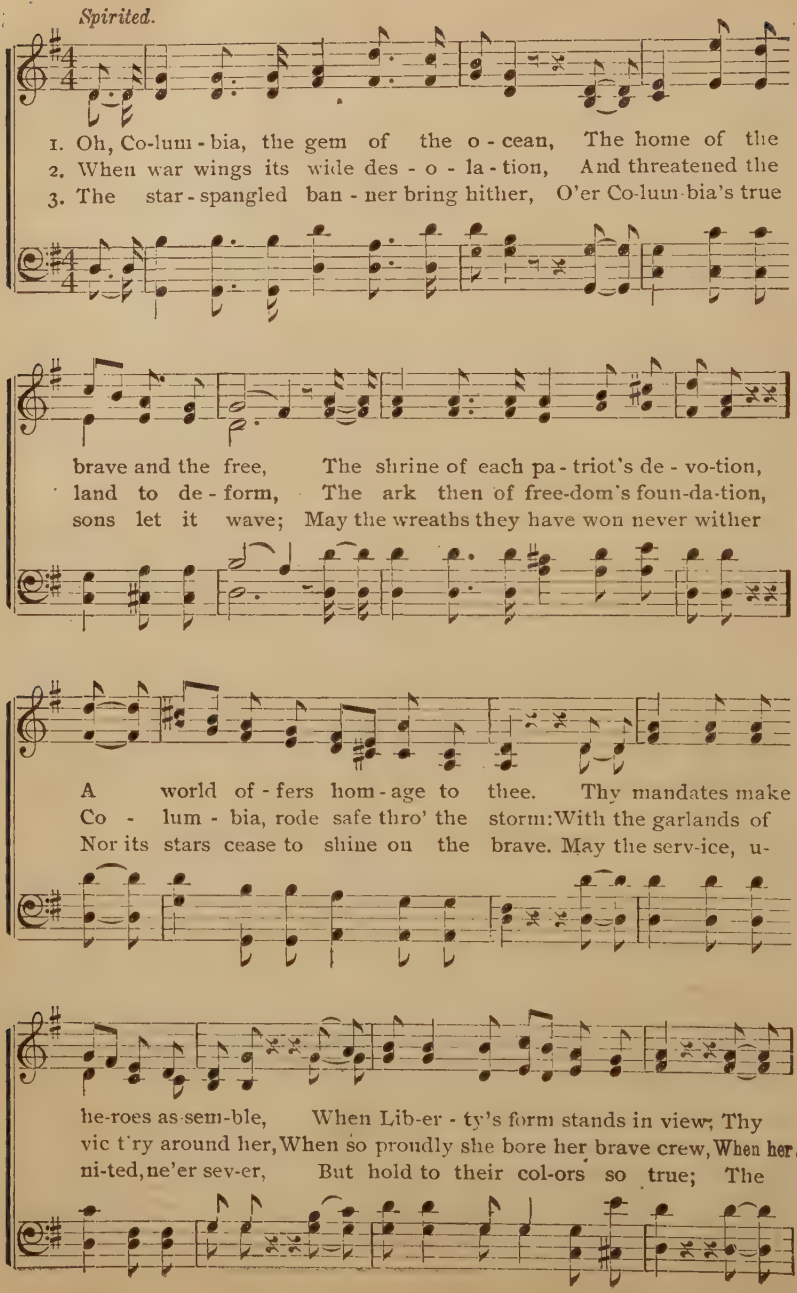
251 The Spider and the Fly.

Round for Three Voices. W. G. McNAUGHT.

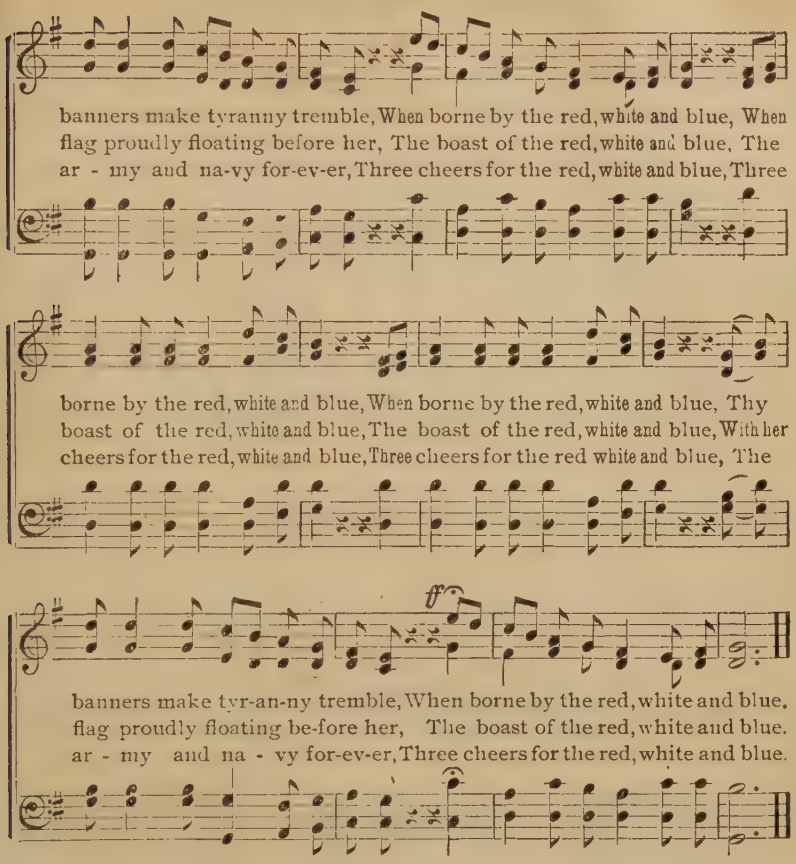

1 Allegretto.
p "Will you come in - to my par-lor?" said the spi - der to the fly,
2
" 'Tis the pret-ti-est, snuggest lit-tle par - lor that ev-er you did spy,"
3
"Not to-day, thanks, Mis-ter Long-shanks, I've oth-er fish to fry."

252 Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

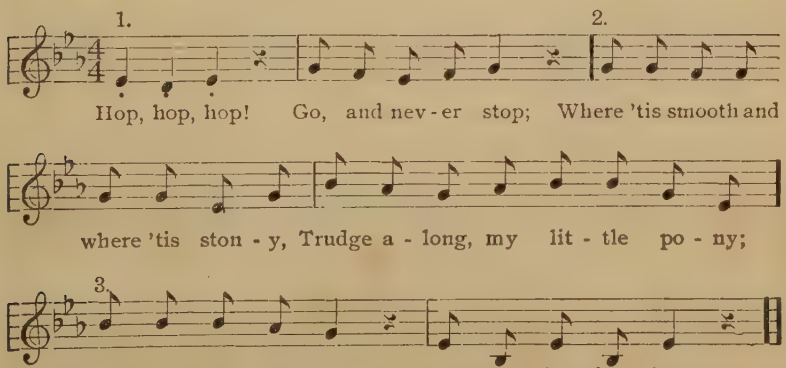
Spirited.


1. Oh, Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the
2. When war wings its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the
3. The star-spangled ban-ner bring hither, O'er Co-lum-bia's true
brave and the free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion,
land to de-form, The ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion,
sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won never wither
A world of-fers hom-age to thee. Thy mandates make
Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With the garlands of
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the serv-ice, u-
he-roes as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy
vic t'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, When her
ni-ted, ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true; The

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.


banners make tyranny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When
flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The
ar - my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three
borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red white and blue, The
ff
banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag proudly floating be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
ar - my and na - vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

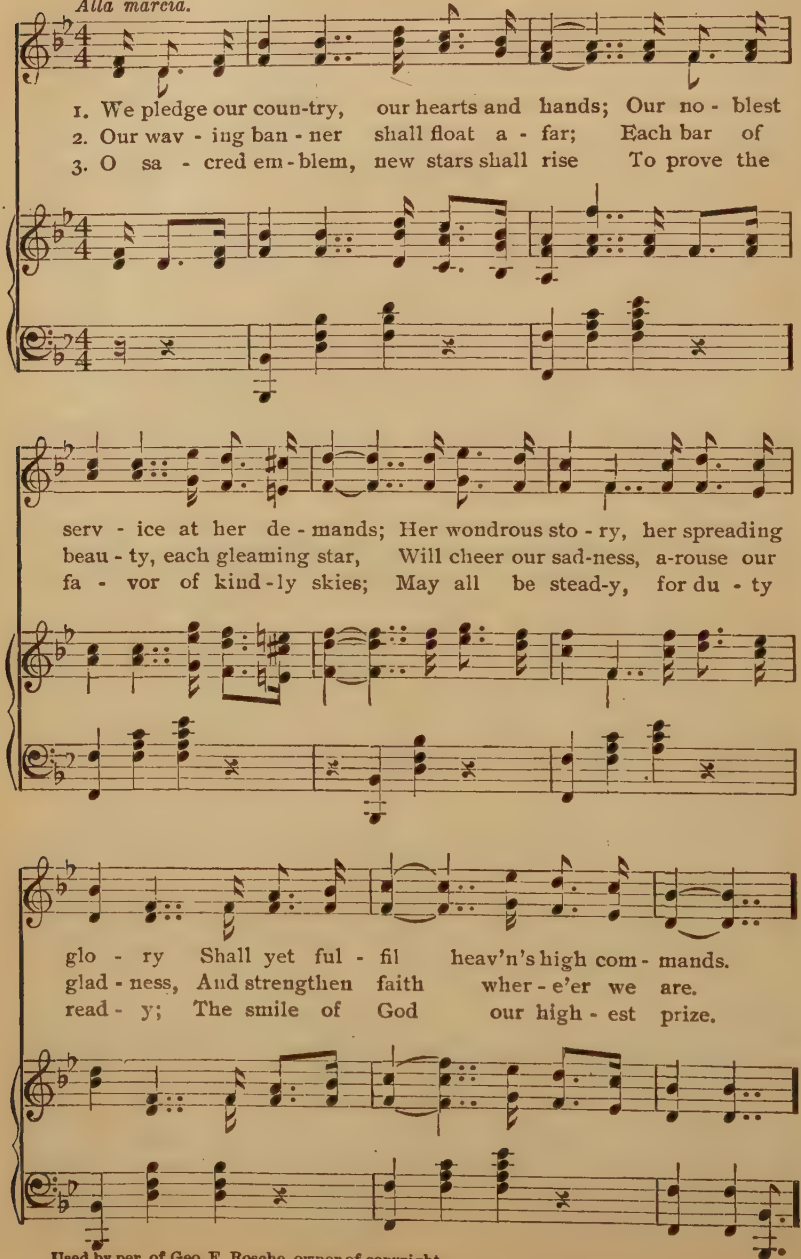
253 The Hobby Horse.


1.
2.
Hop, hop, hop! Go, and nev - er stop; Where 'tis smooth and
where 'tis ston - y, Trudge a - long, my lit - tle po - ny;
3.
Go, and nev - er stop; Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop!

The Patriot's Pledge.

E. E. HEWITT. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

Alla marcia.


1. We pledge our coun-try, our hearts and hands; Our no - blest
2. Our wav - ing ban - ner shall float a - far; Each bar of
3. O sa - cred em - blem, new stars shall rise To prove the
serv - ice at her de - mands; Her wondrous sto - ry, her spreading
beau - ty, each gleaming star, Will cheer our sad-ness, a-rouse our
fa - vor of kind - ly skies; May all be stead-y, for du - ty
glo - ry Shall yet ful - fil heav'n's high com - mands.
glad - ness, And strengthen faith wher - e'er we are.
read - y; The smile of God our high - est prize.

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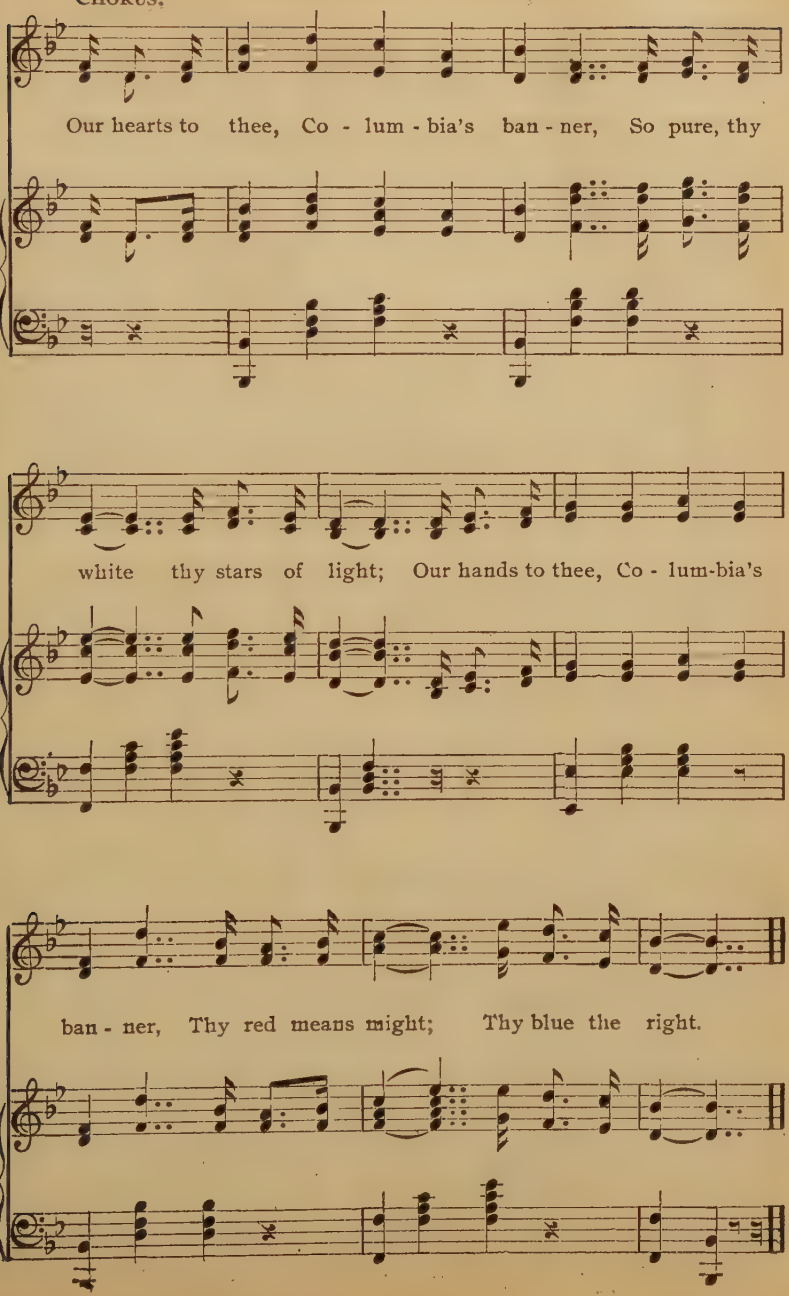
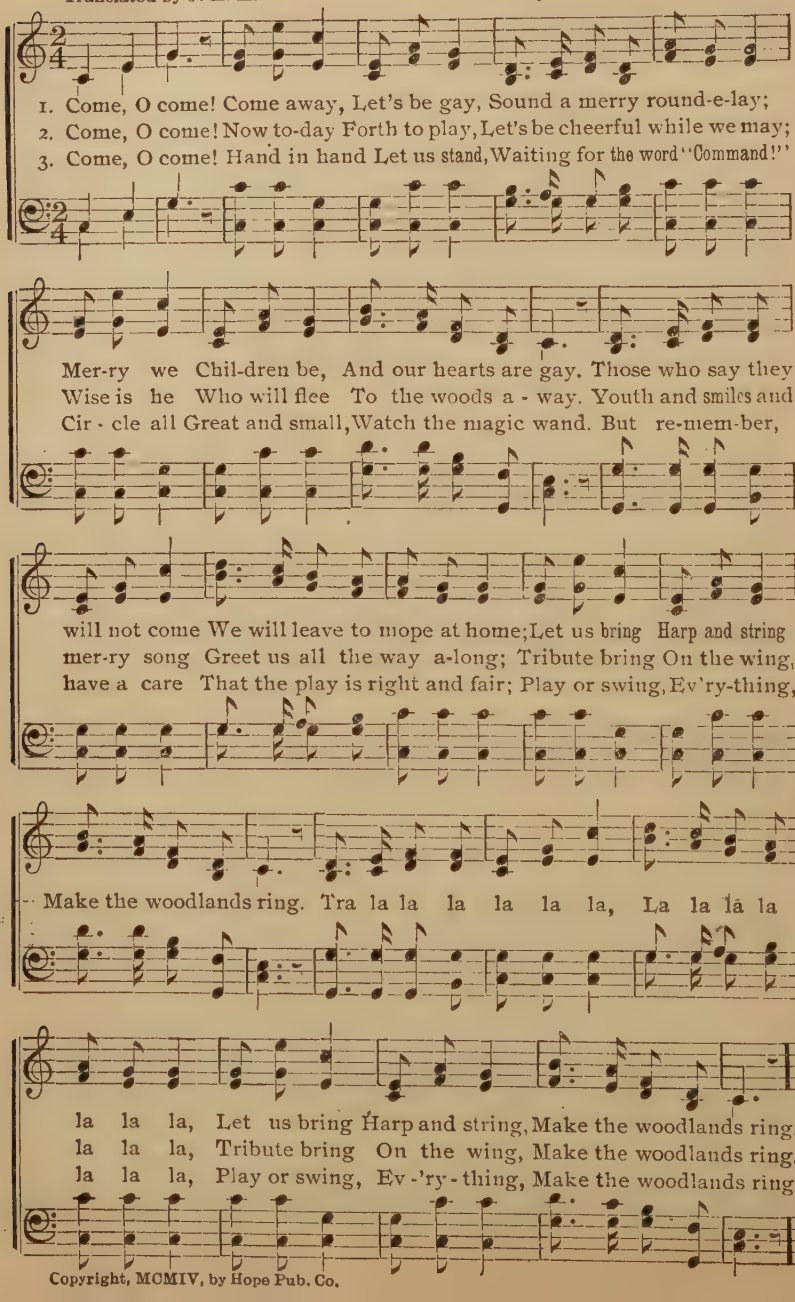
The Patriot's Pledge.

CHORUS.


Our hearts to thee, Co - lum - bia's ban - ner, So pure, thy
white thy stars of light; Our hands to thee, Co - lum-bia's
ban - ner, Thy red means might; Thy blue the right.

255 Make the Woodlands Ring.

Translated by J. H. K. Arr. by J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. Come, O come! Come away, Let's be gay, Sound a merry round-e-lay;
2. Come, O come! Now to-day Forth to play, Let's be cheerful while we may;
3. Come, O come! Hand in hand Let us stand, Waiting for the word "Command!"
Mer-ry we Chil-dren be, And our hearts are gay. Those who say they
Wise is he Who will flee To the woods a - way. Youth and smiles and
Cir - cle all Great and small, Watch the magic wand. But re-mem-ber,
will not come We will leave to mope at home; Let us bring Harp and string
mer-ry song Greet us all the way a-long; Tribute bring On the wing,
have a care That the play is right and fair; Play or swing, Ev'ry-thing,
Make the woodlands ring. Tra la la la la la la, La la la la
la la la, Let us bring Harp and string, Make the woodlands ring.
la la la, Tribute bring On the wing, Make the woodlands ring.
la la la, Play or swing, Ev-'ry-thing, Make the woodlands ring.

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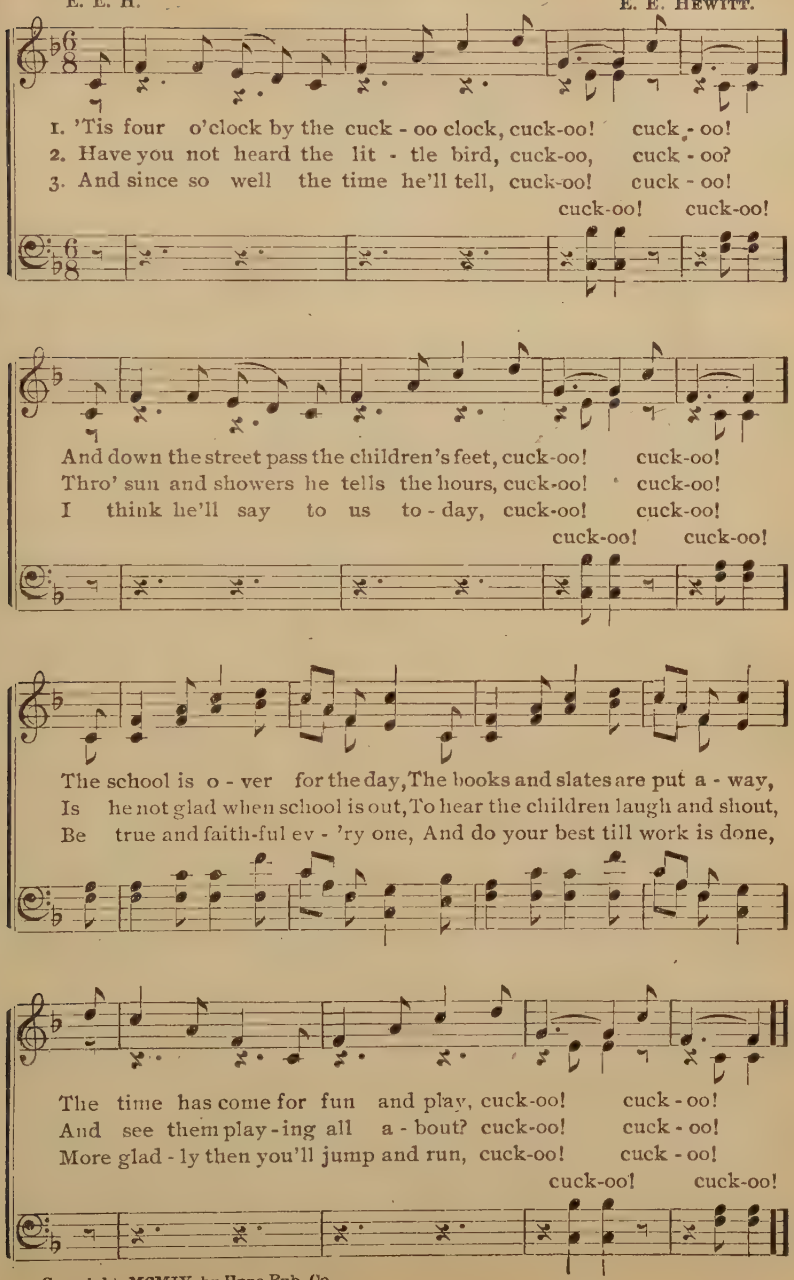
The Cuckoo Clock.

E. E. H. E. E. Hewitt.


1. 'Tis four o'clock by the cuck - oo clock, cuck-oo! cuck - oo!
2. Have you not heard the lit - tle bird, cuck-oo, cuck - oo?
3. And since so well the time he'll tell, cuck-oo! cuck - oo!
cuck-oo! cuck-oo!
And down the street pass the children's feet, cuck-oo! cuck-oo!
Thro' sun and showers he tells the hours, cuck-oo! cuck-oo!
I think he'll say to us to - day, cuck-oo! cuck-oo!
cuck-oo! cuck-oo!
The school is o - ver for the day, The books and slates are put a - way,
Is he not glad when school is out, To hear the children laugh and shout,
Be true and faith-ful ev - 'ry one, And do your best till work is done,
The time has come for fun and play, cuck-oo! cuck - oo!
And see them play - ing all a - bout? cuck-oo! cuck - oo!
More glad - ly then you'll jump and run, cuck-oo! cuck - oo!
cuck-oo! cuck-oo!

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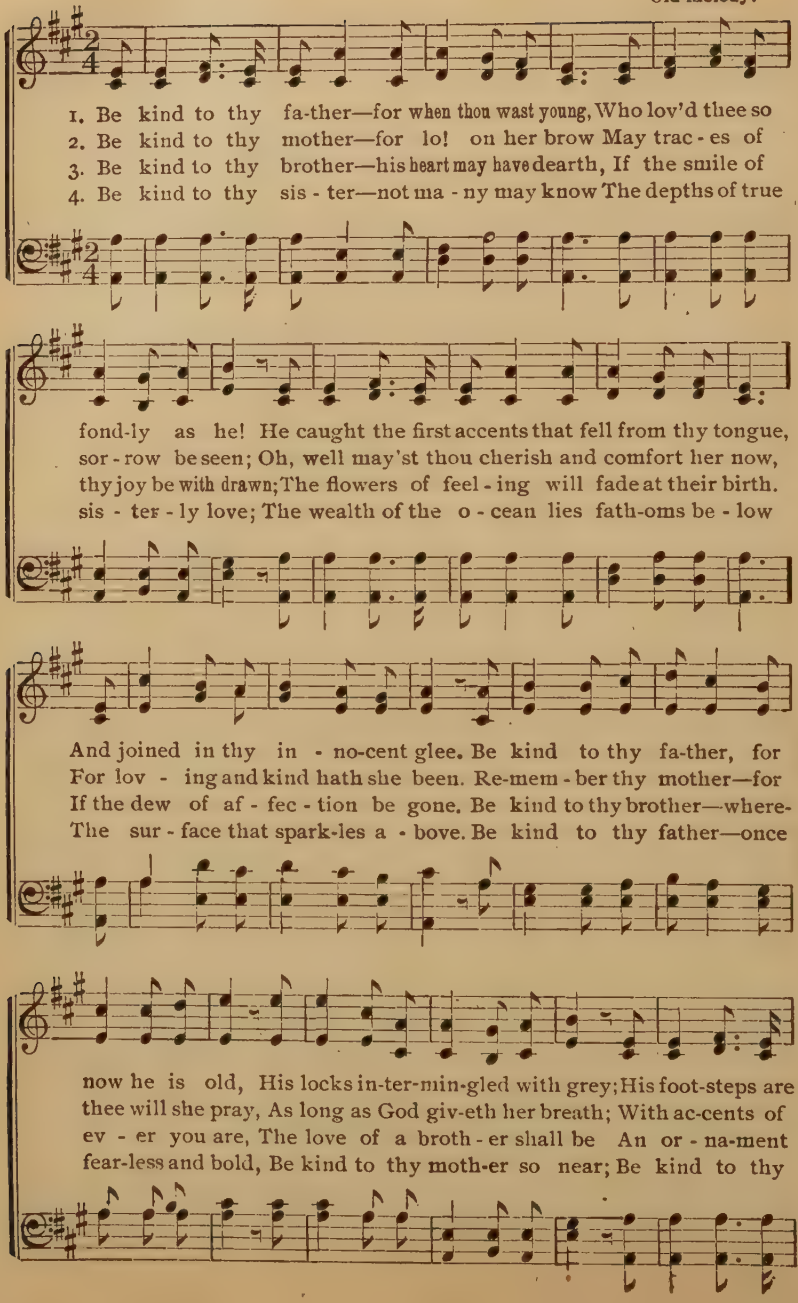
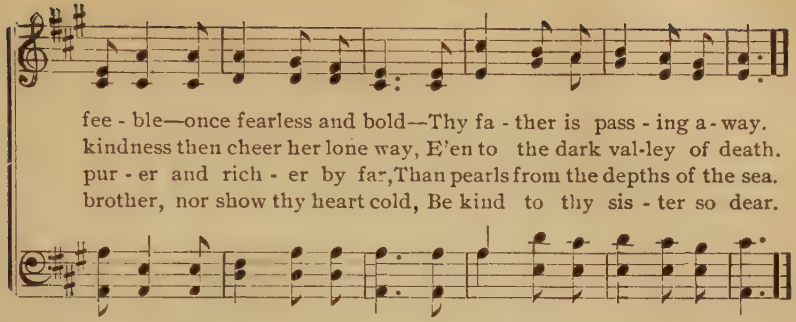
Be Kind.

Old Melody.


1. Be kind to thy fa-ther—for when thou wast young, Who lov'd thee so
2. Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow May trac - es of
3. Be kind to thy brother—his heart may have dearth, If the smile of
4. Be kind to thy sis - ter—not ma - ny may know The depths of true
fond-ly as he! He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
sor - row be seen; Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
thy joy be with drawn; The flowers of feel - ing will fade at their birth.
sis - ter - ly love; The wealth of the o - cean lies fath-oms be - low
And joined in thy in - no-cent glee. Be kind to thy fa-ther, for
For lov - ing and kind hath she been. Re-mem - ber thy mother—for
If the dew of af - fec - tion be gone. Be kind to thy brother—where-
The sur - face that spark-les a - bove. Be kind to thy father—once
now he is old, His locks in-ter-min-gled with grey; His foot-steps are
thee will she pray, As long as God giv-eth her breath; With ac-cents of
ev - er you are, The love of a broth - er shall be An or - na-ment
fear-less and bold, Be kind to thy moth-er so near; Be kind to thy

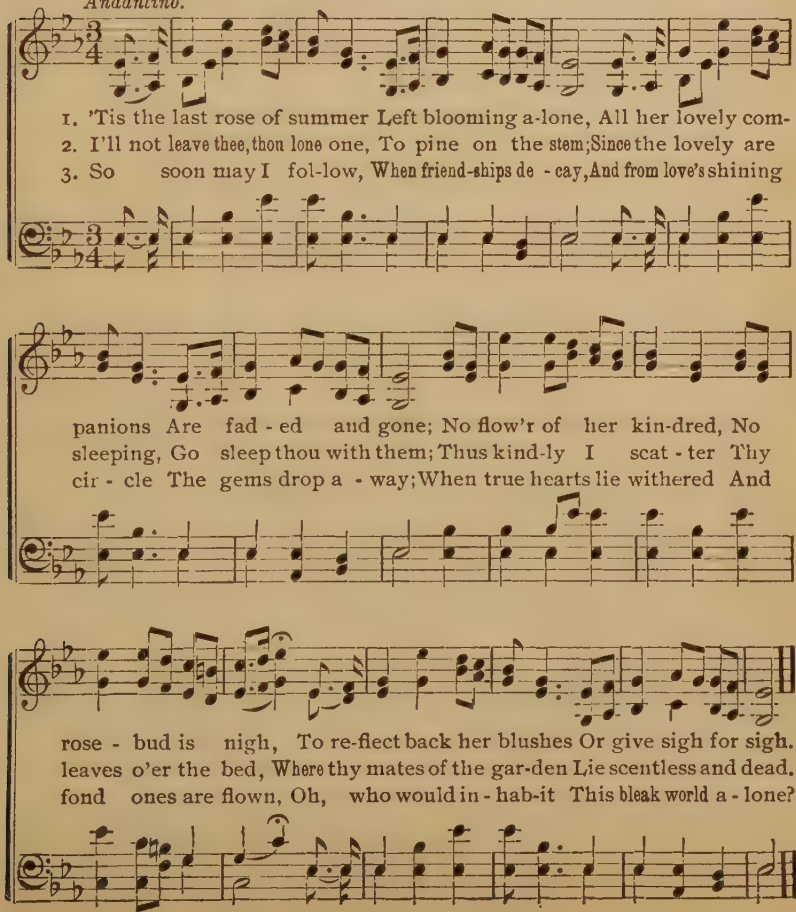
Be Kind.


fee - ble—once fearless and bold—Thy fa - ther is pass - ing a - way.
kindness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val-ley of death.
pur - er and rich - er by far, Than pearls from the depths of the sea.
brother, nor show thy heart cold, Be kind to thy sis - ter so dear.

258 The Last Rose of Summer.

THOMAS MOORE. Irish Melody.

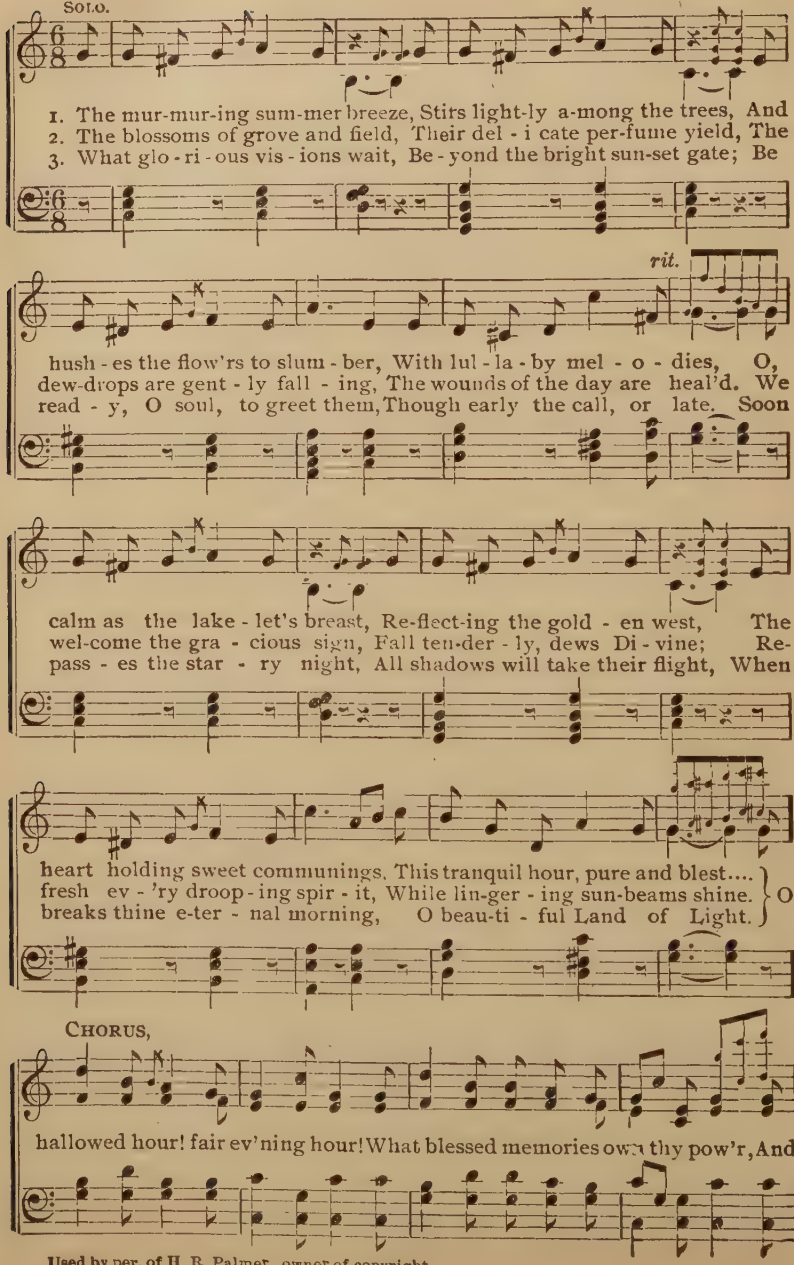
Andantino.


1. 'Tis the last rose of summer Left blooming a-lone, All her lovely com-
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the lovely are
3. So soon may I fol-low, When friend-ships de - cay, And from love's shining
panions Are fad - ed and gone; No flow'r of her kin-dred, No
sleeping, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind-ly I scat - ter Thy
cir - cle The gems drop a - way; When true hearts lie withered And
rose - bud is nigh, To re-flect back her blushes Or give sigh for sigh.
leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scentless and dead.
fond ones are flown, Oh, who would in - hab-it This bleak world a - lone?

259 Fair Evening Hour.

E. E. HEWITT. H. R. PALMER.

Solo.


1. The mur-mur-ing sum-mer breeze, Stirs light-ly a-mong the trees, And
2. The blossoms of grove and field, Their del - i cate per-fume yield, The
3. What glo - ri - ous vis - ions wait, Be - yond the bright sun-set gate; Be
rit.
hush - es the flow'rs to slum - ber, With lul - la - by mel - o - dies, O,
dew-drops are gent - ly fall - ing, The wounds of the day are heal'd. We
read - y, O soul, to greet them, Though early the call, or late. Soon
calm as the lake - let's breast, Re-flect-ing the gold - en west, The
wel-come the gra - cious sign, Fall ten-der - ly, dews Di - vine; Re-
pass - es the star - ry night, All shadows will take their flight, When
heart holding sweet communings, This tranquil hour, pure and blest....
fresh ev - 'ry droop - ing spir - it, While lin-ger - ing sun-beams shine.
breaks thine e-ter - nal morning, O beau-ti - ful Land of Light.
O
CHORUS,
hallowed hour! fair ev'ning hour! What blessed memories own thy pow'r, And

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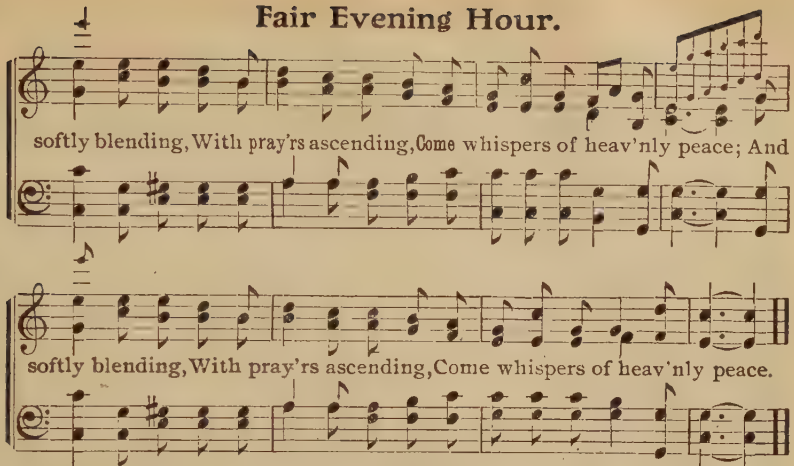
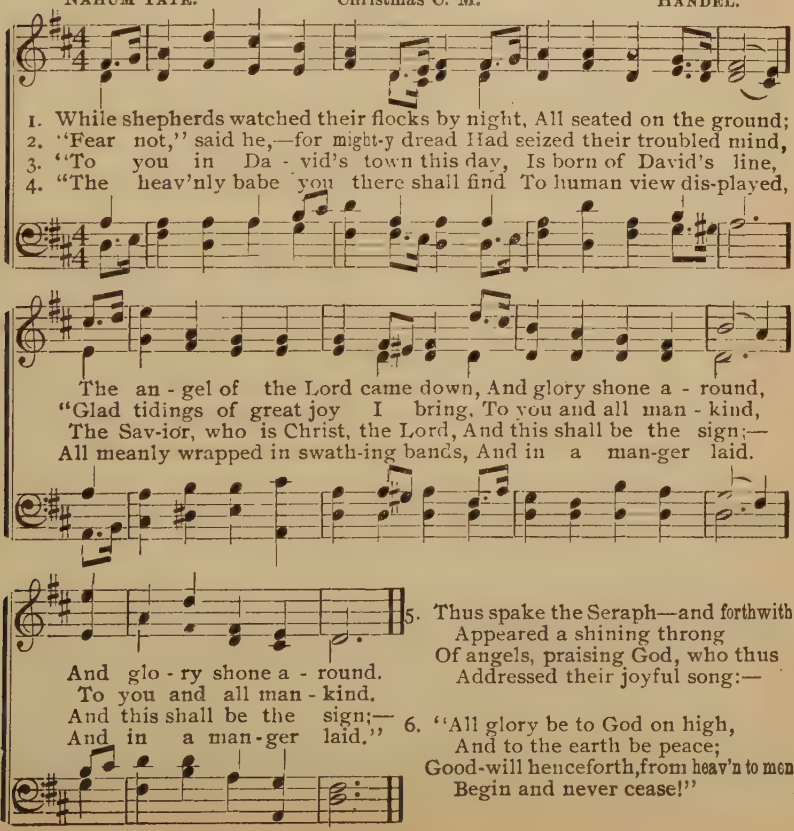
Fair Evening Hour.


softly blending, With pray'rs ascending, Come whispers of heav'nly peace; And
softly blending, With pray'rs ascending, Come whispers of heav'nly peace.

260 While Shepherds Watched their Flocks.

NAHUM TATE. Christmas C. M. HANDEL.


1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground;
2. "Fear not," said he,—for might-y dread Had seized their troubled mind,
3. "To you in Da - vid's town this day, Is born of David's line,
4. "The heav'nly babe you there shall find To human view dis-played,
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone a - round,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring, To you and all man - kind,
The Sav-ior, who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign;—
All meanly wrapped in swath-ing bands, And in a man-ger laid.
And glo - ry shone a - round.
To you and all man - kind.
And this shall be the sign;—
And in a man-ger laid."

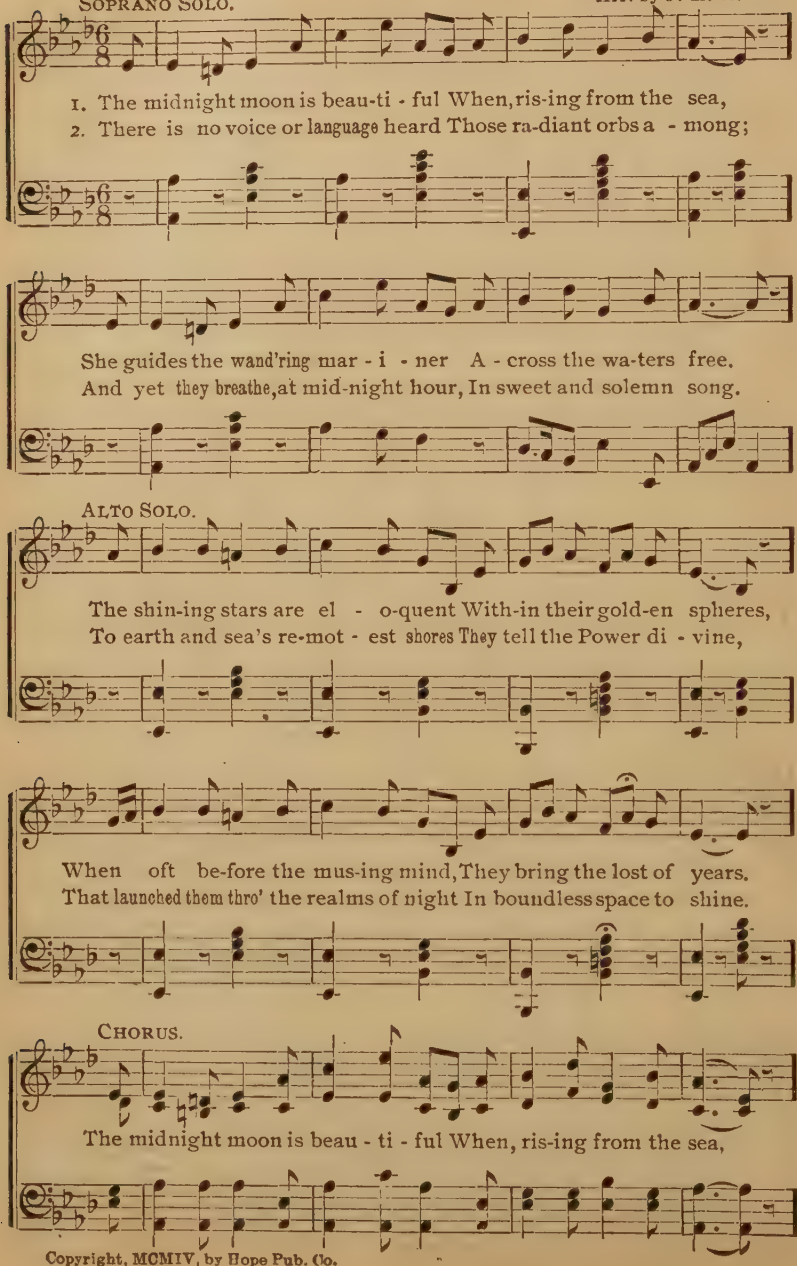
5. Thus spake the Seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6. "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth, from heav'n to men
Begin and never cease!"

261 The Midnight Moon.

Mrs. Crawford.
Soprano Solo.

Stephen Glover.
Arr. by J. H. K.


1. The midnight moon is beau-ti - ful When, ris-ing from the sea,
2. There is no voice or language heard Those ra-diant orbs a - mong;
She guides the wand'ring mar - i - ner A - cross the wa-ters free.
And yet they breathe, at mid-night hour, In sweet and solemn song.
Alto Solo.
The shin-ing stars are el - o-quent With-in their gold-en spheres,
To earth and sea's re-mot - est shores They tell the Power di - vine,
When oft be-fore the mus-ing mind, They bring the lost of years.
That launched them thro' the realms of night In boundless space to shine.
Chorus.
The midnight moon is beau - ti - ful When, ris-ing from the sea,

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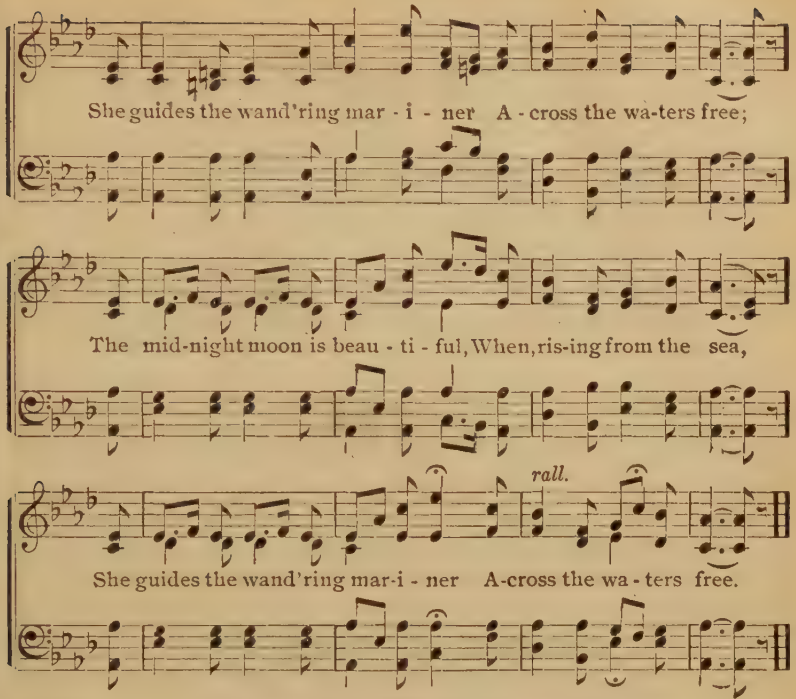
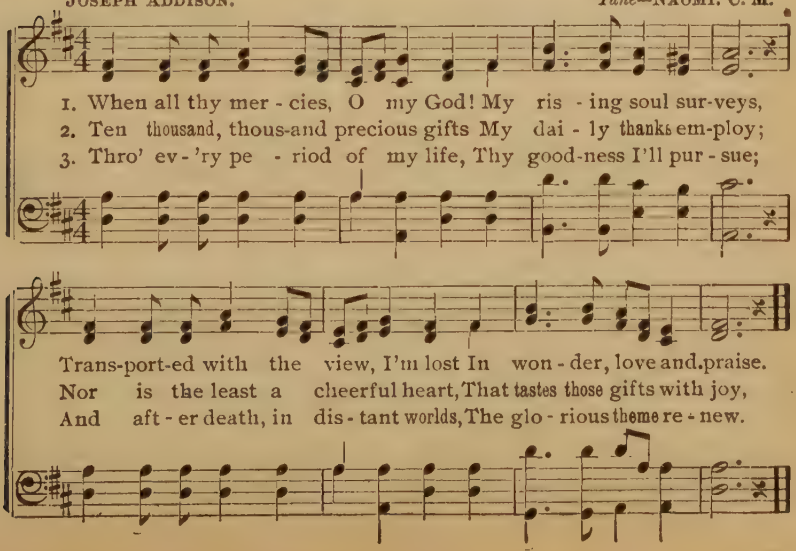
The Midnight Moon.

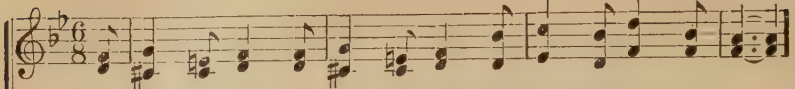
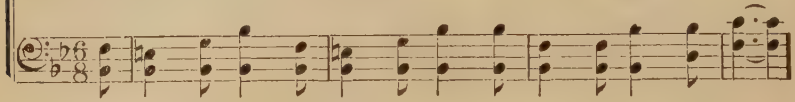
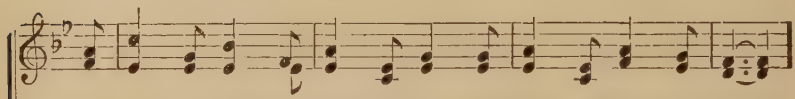
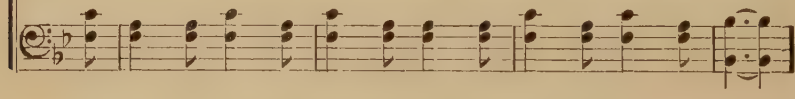

She guides the wand'ring mar - i - ner A - cross the wa-ters free;
The mid-night moon is beau - ti - ful, When, ris-ing from the sea,
rall.
She guides the wand'ring mar-i - ner A-cross the wa - ters free.

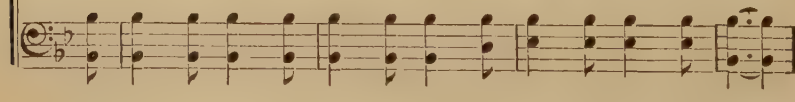
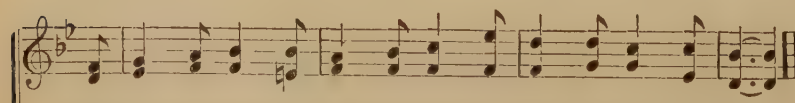
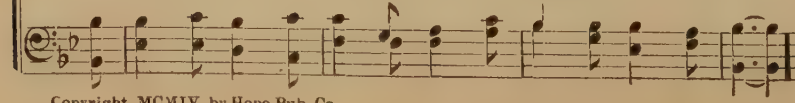
262 When All Thy Mercies.

JOSEPH ADDISON. *Tune*—NAOMI. C. M.


1. When all thy mer - cies, O my God! My ris - ing soul sur-veys,
2. Ten thousand, thous-and precious gifts My dai - ly thanks em-ploy;
3. Thro' ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life, Thy good-ness I'll pur - sue;
Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.
Nor is the least a cheerful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy,
And aft - er death, in dis - tant worlds, The glo - rious theme re - new.

263 Nothing Goes Hard With Me.

JOSIE CAPPLEMAN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. 'Twas but a work-man on his way From tire-some toil to tea,
2. How ma - ny at the toil-some task That each new day must bring,
3. I no-ticed well the rough-hewn look, The well-earned, upright air,
4. Thus find how light the work would fall, No mat - ter what it be,

Yet in a cheer - y tone he sang, "Nothing goes hard with me!"
Could learn from this tired la - bor - er To be con - tent and sing?
The spade and shov - el on his back, The sun-browned, tangled hair,
If, cher - ish - ing but no - ble tho't, "Nothing goes hard with me."

CHORUS.

And these the tho'ts that came un-called Un-to my mus-ing mind,

Where in the high - er walks can we Such sweet con-tent-ment find?

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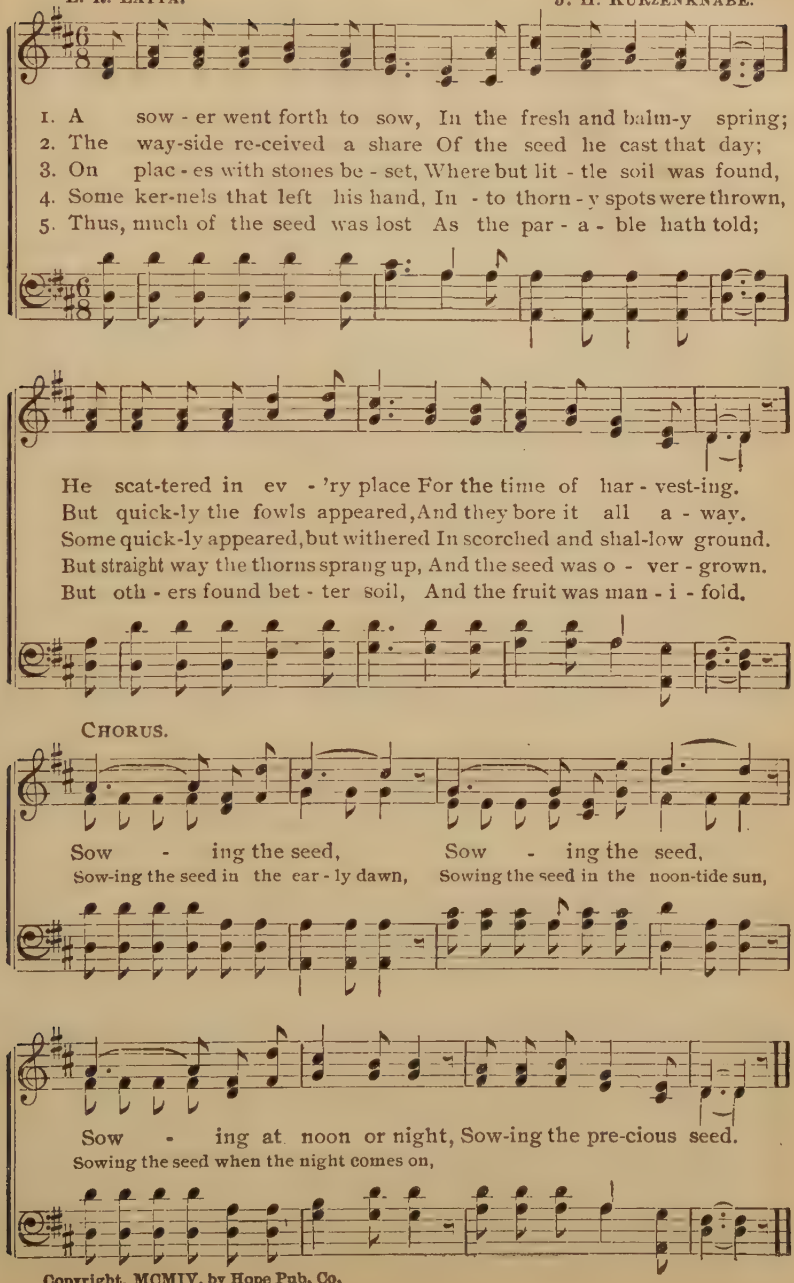
Sowing the Seed.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. A sow - er went forth to sow, In the fresh and balm-y spring;
2. The way-side re-ceived a share Of the seed he cast that day;
3. On plac - es with stones be - set, Where but lit - tle soil was found,
4. Some ker-nels that left his hand, In - to thorn - y spots were thrown,
5. Thus, much of the seed was lost As the par - a - ble hath told;
He scat-tered in ev - 'ry place For the time of har - vest-ing.
But quick-ly the fowls appeared, And they bore it all a - way.
Some quick-ly appeared, but withered In scorched and shal-low ground.
But straight way the thorns sprang up, And the seed was o - ver - grown.
But oth - ers found bet - ter soil, And the fruit was man - i - fold.
CHORUS.
Sow - ing the seed, Sow - ing the seed,
Sow-ing the seed in the ear - ly dawn, Sowing the seed in the noon-tide sun,
Sow - ing at noon or night, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed.
Sowing the seed when the night comes on,

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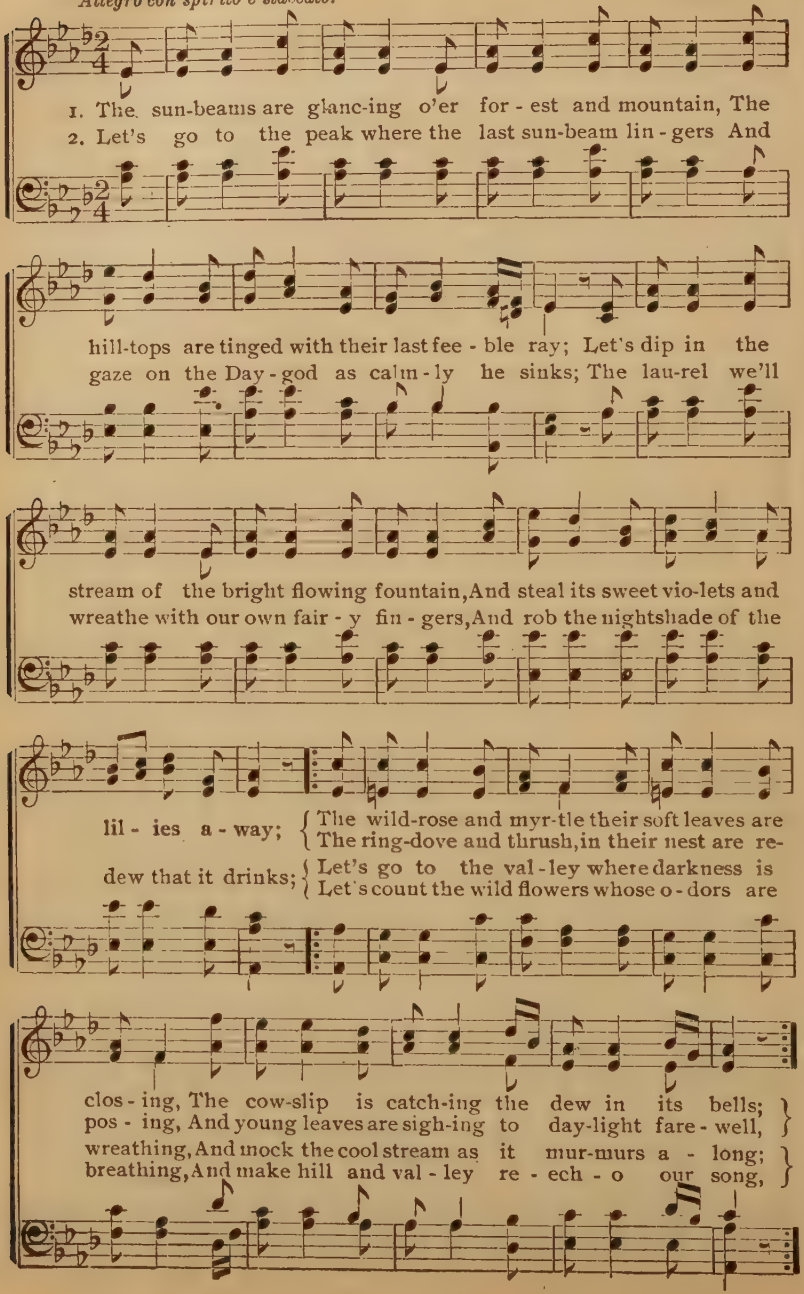
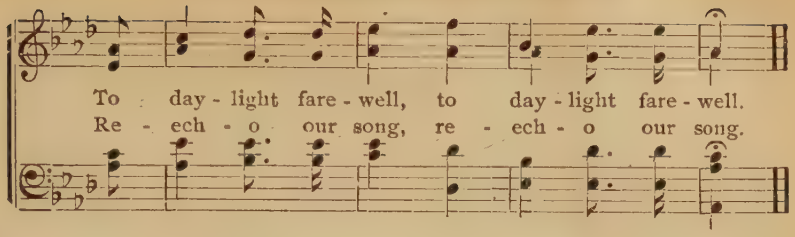
265 The Sunbeams are Glancing.

Allegro con spirito e staccato. ROSSINI.

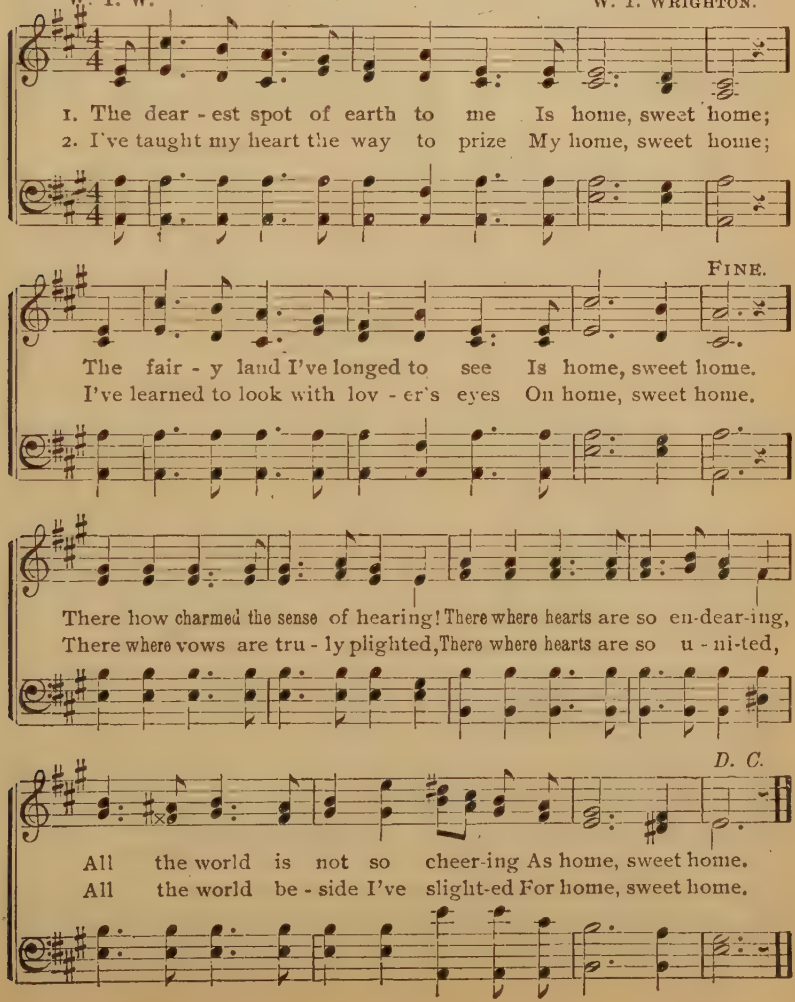

1. The sun-beams are glanc-ing o'er for-est and mountain, The
2. Let's go to the peak where the last sun-beam lin-gers And
hill-tops are tinged with their last fee-ble ray; Let's dip in the
gaze on the Day-god as calm-ly he sinks; The lau-rel we'll
stream of the bright flowing fountain, And steal its sweet vio-lets and
wreathe with our own fair-y fin-gers, And rob the nightshade of the
lil-ies a-way; The wild-rose and myr-tle their soft leaves are
The ring-dove and thrush, in their nest are re-
dew that it drinks; Let's go to the val-ley where darkness is
Let's count the wild flowers whose o-dors are
clos-ing, The cow-slip is catch-ing the dew in its bells;
pos-ing, And young leaves are sigh-ing to day-light fare-well,
wreathing, And mock the cool stream as it mur-murs a-long;
breathing, And make hill and val-ley re-ech-o our song,

The Sunbeams are Glancing.



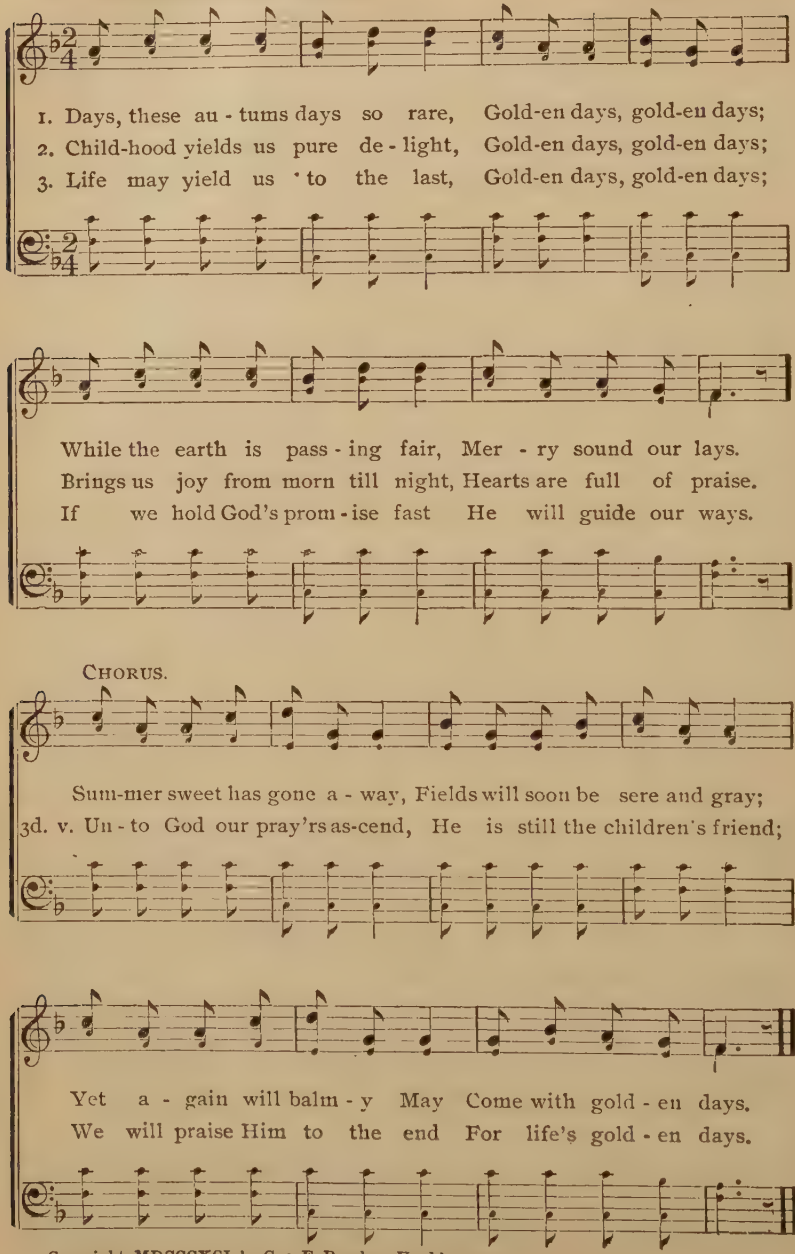
266 The Dearest Spot.

W. T. W. W. T. WRIGHTON.


1. The dear - est spot of earth to me Is home, sweet home;
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home;
FINE.
The fair - y land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home.
I've learned to look with lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home.
There how charmed the sense of hearing! There where hearts are so en-dear-ing,
There where vows are tru - ly plighted, There where hearts are so u - ni-ted,
D. C.
All the world is not so cheer-ing As home, sweet home.
All the world be - side I've slight-ed For home, sweet home.

Golden Days.

A. Flammann.—Laura E. Newell. Geo. F. Rosche.


1. Days, these au - tums days so rare, Gold-en days, gold-en days;
2. Child-hood yields us pure de - light, Gold-en days, gold-en days;
3. Life may yield us to the last, Gold-en days, gold-en days;
While the earth is pass - ing fair, Mer - ry sound our lays.
Brings us joy from morn till night, Hearts are full of praise.
If we hold God's prom - ise fast He will guide our ways.
Chorus.
Sum-mer sweet has gone a - way, Fields will soon be sere and gray;
3d. v. Un - to God our pray'rs as-cend, He is still the children's friend;
Yet a - gain will balm - y May Come with gold - en days.
We will praise Him to the end For life's gold - en days.

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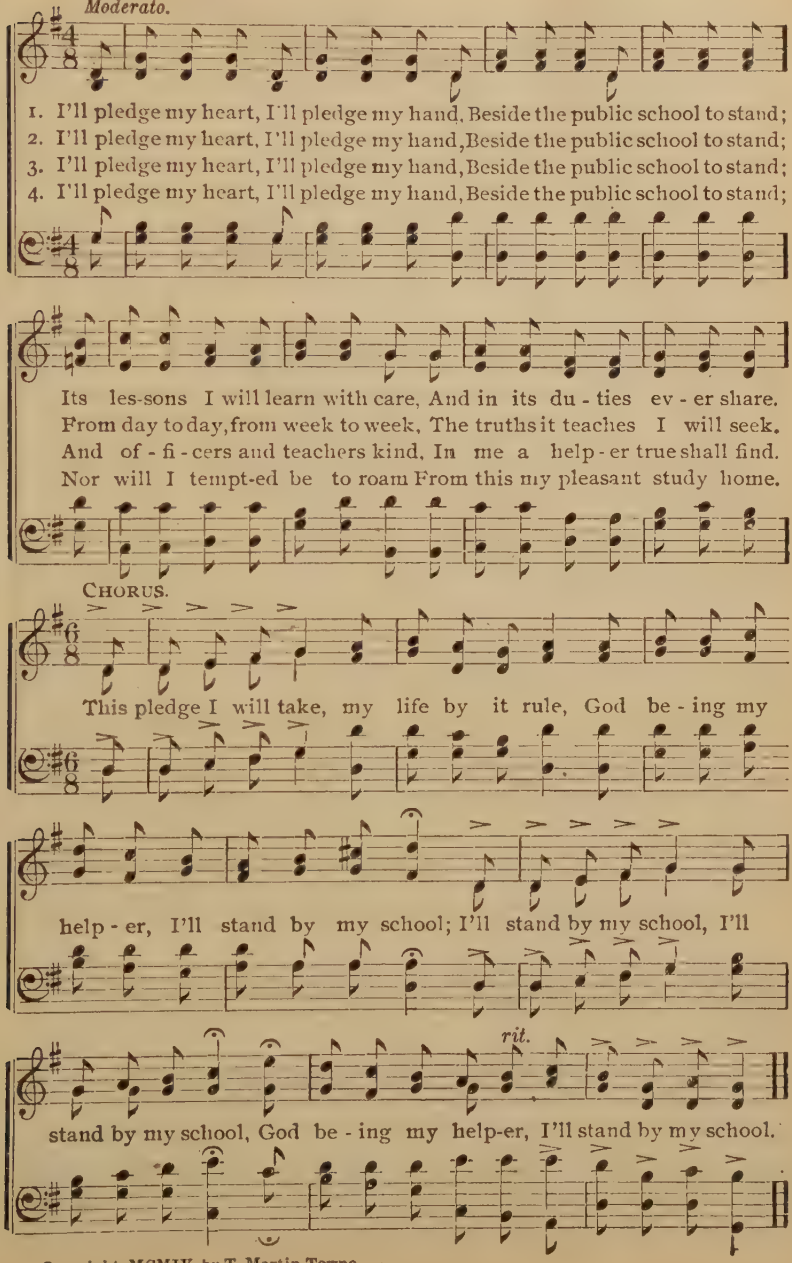
268 I'll Stand by my School.

BELLE KELLOGG TOWNE. T. MARTIN TOWNE.

Moderato.

1. I'll pledge my heart, I'll pledge my hand, Beside the public school to stand;
2. I'll pledge my heart, I'll pledge my hand, Beside the public school to stand;
3. I'll pledge my heart, I'll pledge my hand, Beside the public school to stand;
4. I'll pledge my heart, I'll pledge my hand, Beside the public school to stand;
Its les-sons I will learn with care, And in its du - ties ev - er share.
From day to day, from week to week, The truths it teaches I will seek.
And of - fi - cers and teachers kind, In me a help - er true shall find.
Nor will I tempt-ed be to roam From this my pleasant study home.
CHORUS.
This pledge I will take, my life by it rule, God be - ing my
help - er, I'll stand by my school; I'll stand by my school, I'll
rit.
stand by my school, God be - ing my help-er, I'll stand by my school.

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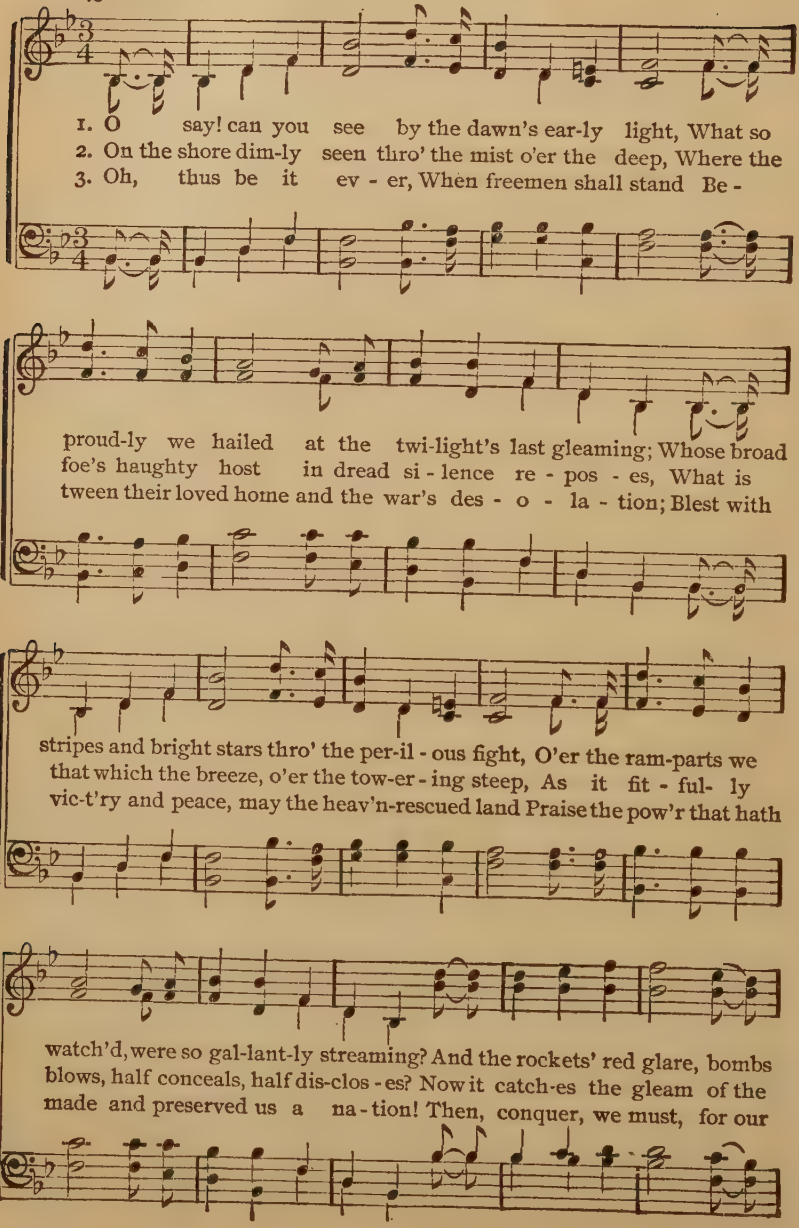
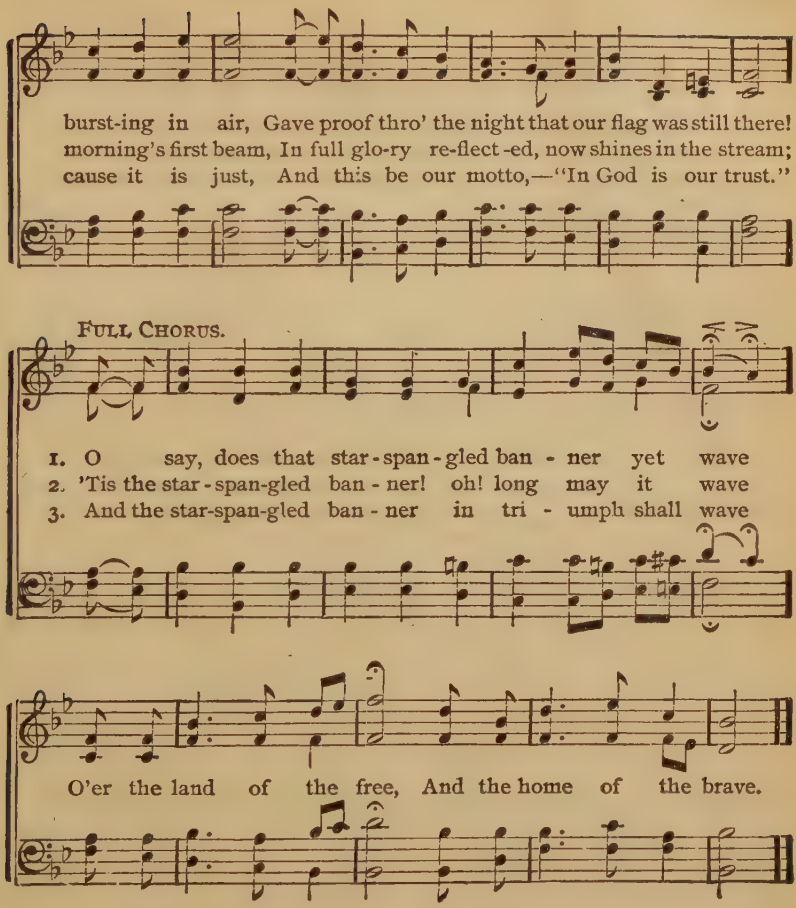
Star Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

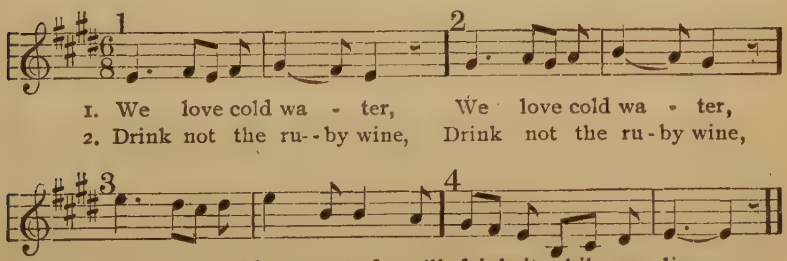
QUARTETTE.


1. O say! can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mist o'er the deep, Where the
3. Oh, thus be it ev - er, When freemen shall stand Be -
proud-ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleaming; Whose broad
foe's haughty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
tween their loved home and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with
stripes and bright stars thro' the per-il - ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we
that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er - ing steep, As it fit - ful- ly
vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the pow'r that hath
watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, bombs
blows, half conceals, half dis-clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
made and preserved us a na - tion! Then, conquer, we must, for our

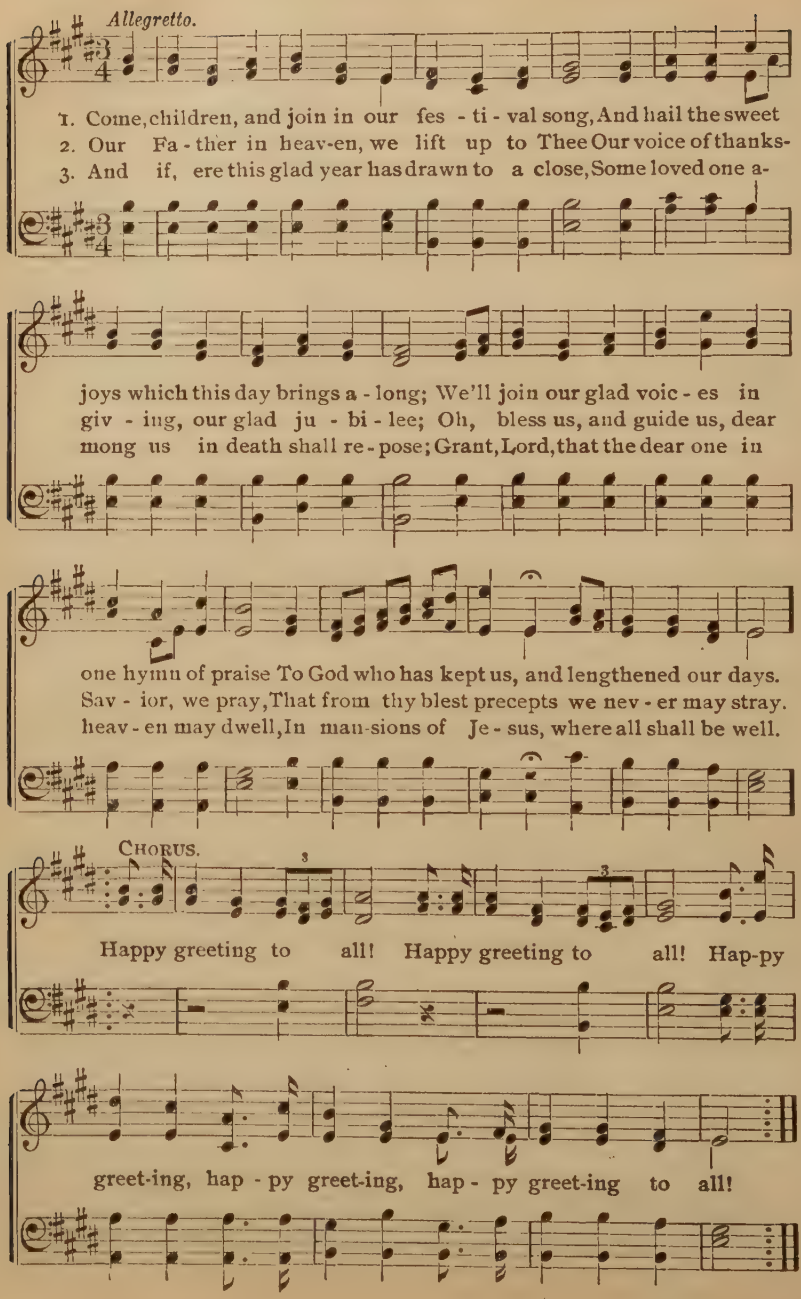
Star Spangled Banner.


burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!
morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-flect-ed, now shines in the stream;
cause it is just, And this be our motto,—"In God is our trust."
FULL CHORUS.
1. O say, does that star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave
2. 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner! oh! long may it wave
3. And the star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, And the home of the brave.

270 We Love Cold Water. (Round.)


1
2
1. We love cold wa-ter, We love cold wa-ter,
2. Drink not the ru--by wine, Drink not the ru-by wine,
3
4
We love cold wa-ter, And we'll drink it while we live.
Drink not the ru-by wine, For health it can-not give.

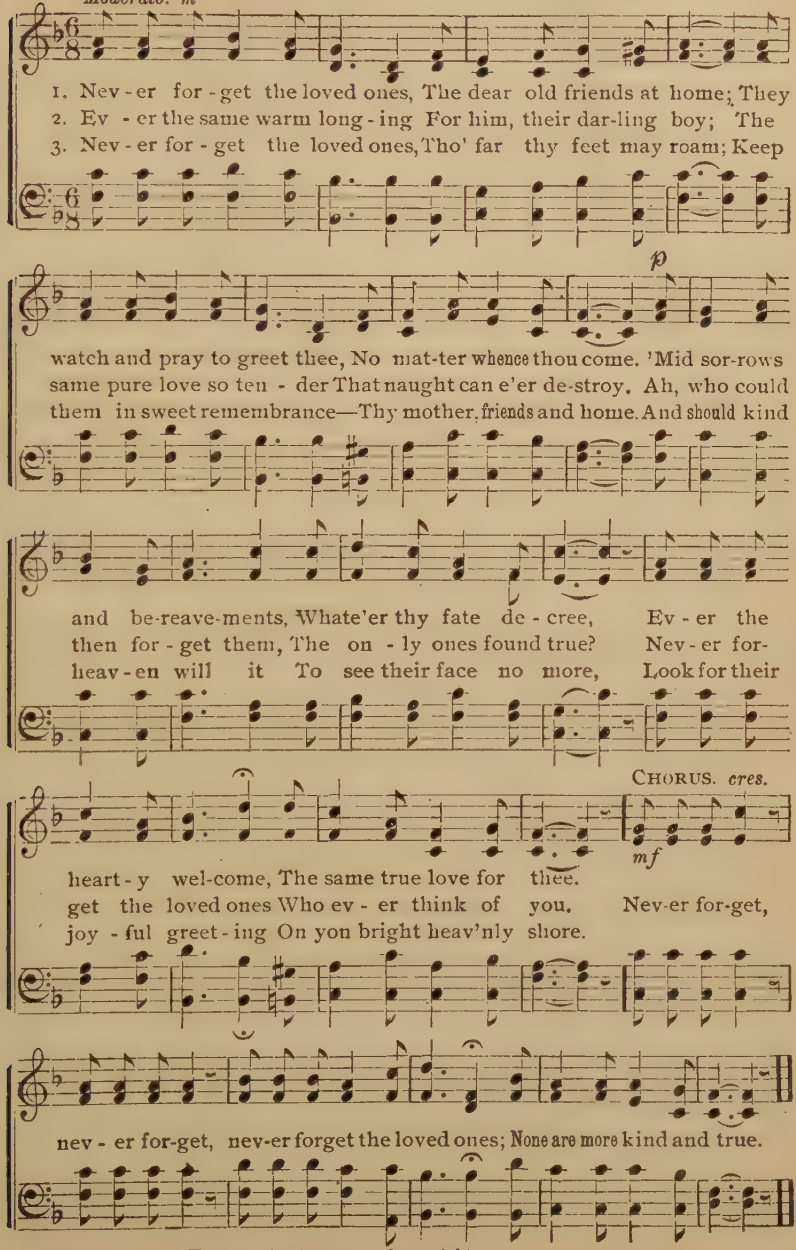
Happy Greeting to All.


Allegretto.
1. Come, children, and join in our fes - ti - val song, And hail the sweet
2. Our Fa - ther in heav-en, we lift up to Thee Our voice of thanks-
3. And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close, Some loved one a-
joys which this day brings a - long; We'll join our glad voic - es in
giv - ing, our glad ju - bi - lee; Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear
mong us in death shall re - pose; Grant, Lord, that the dear one in
one hymn of praise To God who has kept us, and lengthened our days.
Sav - ior, we pray, That from thy blest precepts we nev - er may stray.
heav - en may dwell, In man-sions of Je - sus, where all shall be well.
CHORUS.
Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting to all! Hap-py
greet-ing, hap - py greet-ing, hap - py greet-ing to all!

272 Never Forget the Loved Ones.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

Moderato. m


1. Nev - er for - get the loved ones, The dear old friends at home; They
2. Ev - er the same warm long - ing For him, their dar-ling boy; The
3. Nev - er for - get the loved ones, Tho' far thy feet may roam; Keep
p
watch and pray to greet thee, No mat-ter whence thou come. 'Mid sor-rows
same pure love so ten - der That naught can e'er de-stroy. Ah, who could
them in sweet remembrance—Thy mother, friends and home. And should kind
and be-reave-ments, Whate'er thy fate de - cree, Ev - er the
then for - get them, The on - ly ones found true? Nev - er for-
heav - en will it To see their face no more, Look for their
CHORUS. cres.
mf
heart - y wel-come, The same true love for thee.
get the loved ones Who ev - er think of you. Nev-er for-get,
joy - ful greet - ing On yon bright heav'nly shore.
nev - er for-get, nev-er forget the loved ones; None are more kind and true.

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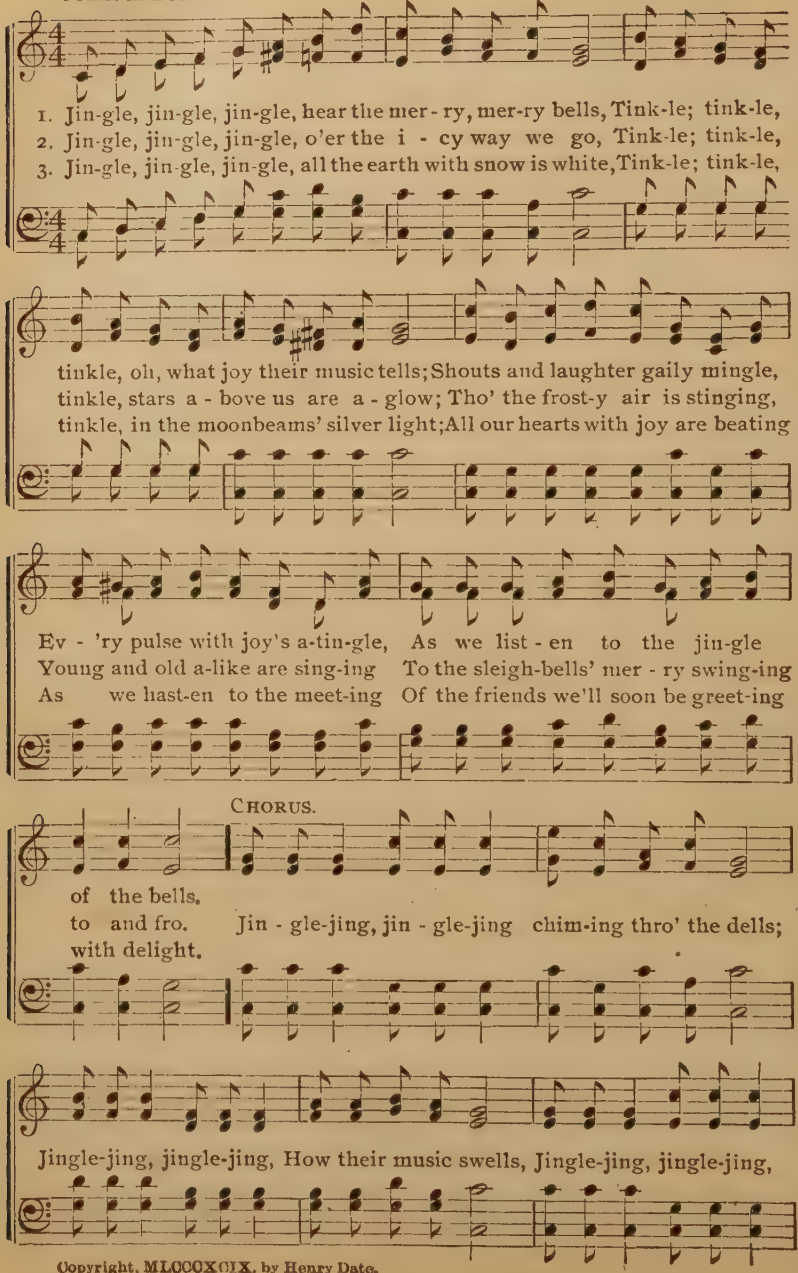
273 The Song of the Bells.

JULIA E. BURNARD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, hear the mer - ry, mer-ry bells, Tink-le; tink-le,
2. Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, o'er the i - cy way we go, Tink-le; tink-le,
3. Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, all the earth with snow is white, Tink-le; tink-le,
tinkle, oh, what joy their music tells; Shouts and laughter gaily mingle,
tinkle, stars a - bove us are a - glow; Tho' the frost-y air is stinging,
tinkle, in the moonbeams' silver light; All our hearts with joy are beating
Ev - 'ry pulse with joy's a-tin-gle, As we list - en to the jin-gle
Young and old a-like are sing-ing To the sleigh-bells' mer - ry swing-ing
As we hast-en to the meet-ing Of the friends we'll soon be greet-ing
CHORUS.
of the bells,
to and fro. Jin - gle-jing, jin - gle-jing chim-ing thro' the dells;
with delight,
Jingle-jing, jingle-jing, How their music swells, Jingle-jing, jingle-jing,

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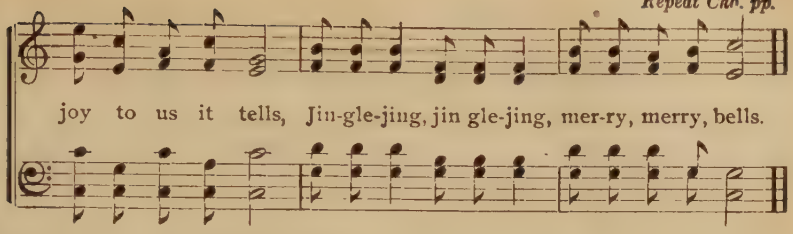
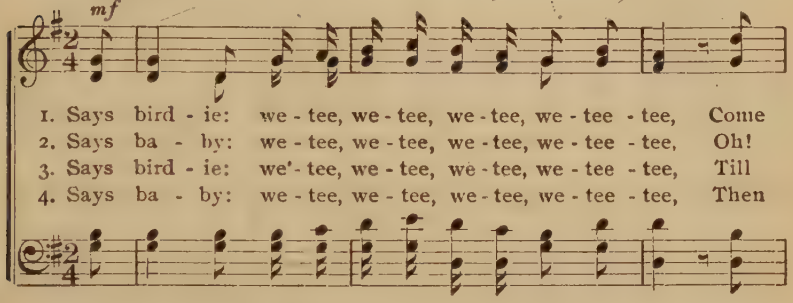
The Song of the Bells.

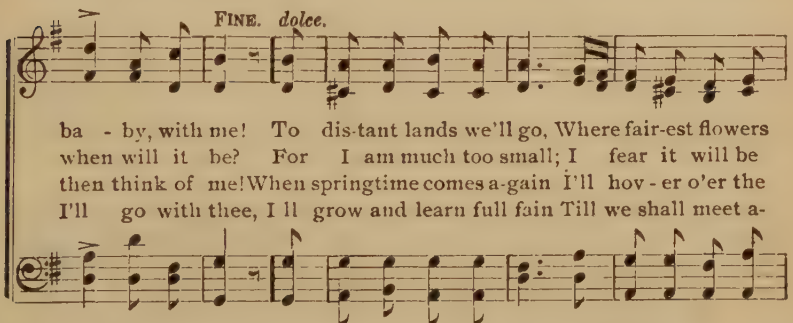
Repeat Cho. pp.

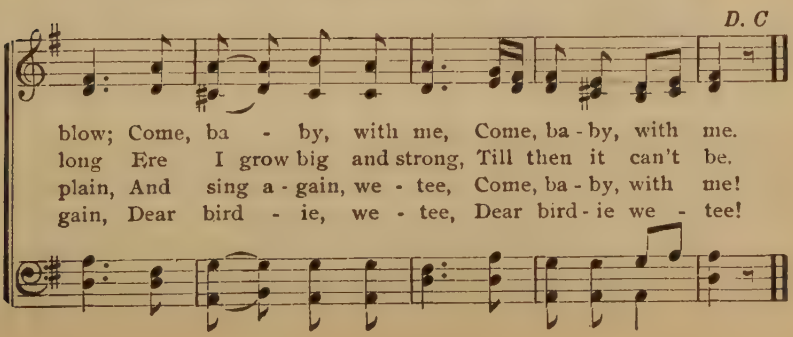


274 Says Birdie: We-tee.

Allegretto. *mf* REINECKE.


1. Says bird - ie: we - tee, we - tee, we - tee, we - tee - tee, Come
2. Says ba - by: we - tee, we - tee, we - tee, we - tee - tee, Oh!
3. Says bird - ie: we'- tee, we - tee, we - tee, we - tee - tee, Till
4. Says ba - by: we - tee, we - tee, we - tee, we - tee - tee, Then

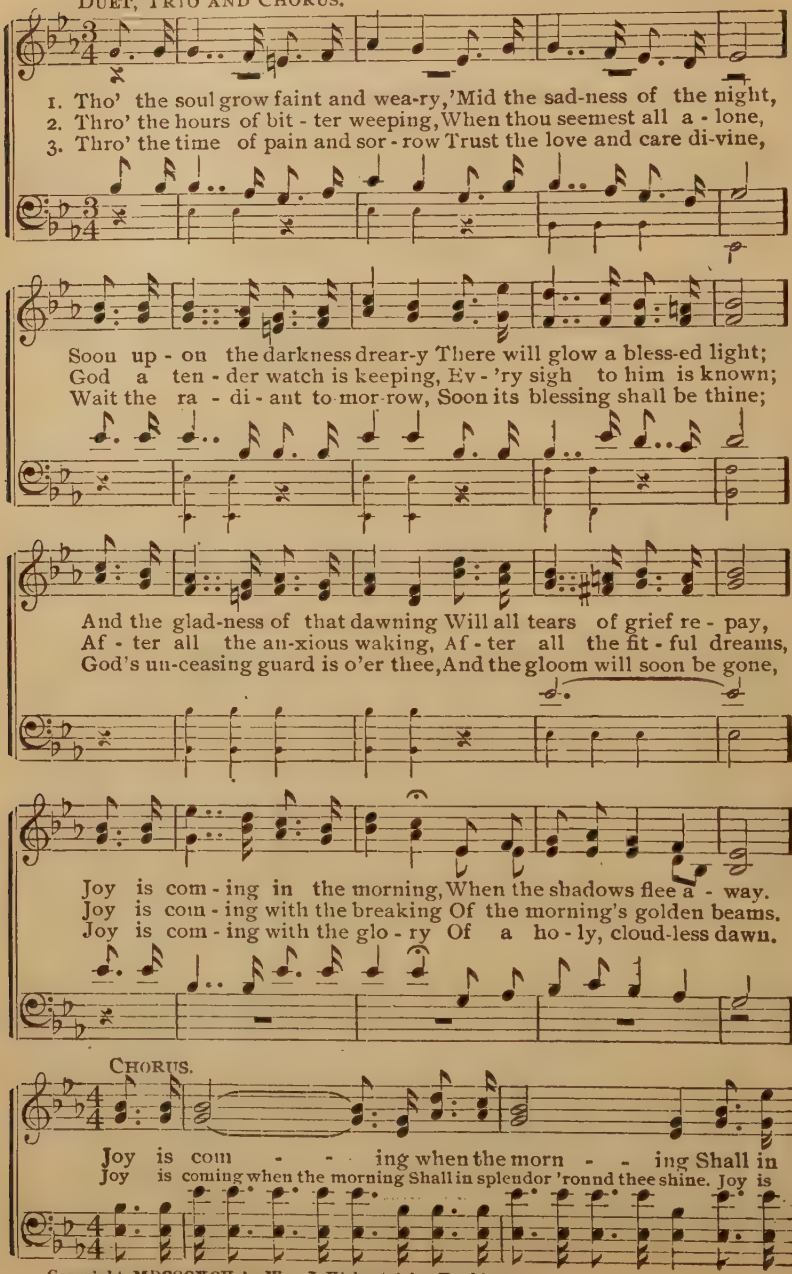

FINE. dolce.
ba - by, with me! To dis-tant lands we'll go, Where fair-est flowers
when will it be? For I am much too small; I fear it will be
then think of me! When springtime comes a-gain I'll hov - er o'er the
I'll go with thee, I ll grow and learn full fain Till we shall meet a-


D. C
blow; Come, ba - by, with me, Come, ba - by, with me.
long Ere I grow big and strong, Till then it can't be.
plain, And sing a - gain, we - tee, Come, ba - by, with me!
gain, Dear bird - ie, we - tee, Dear bird - ie we - tee!

275 Joy is Coming in the Morning.

JENNIE WILSON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET, TRIO AND CHORUS.


1. Tho' the soul grow faint and wea-ry,'Mid the sad-ness of the night,
2. Thro' the hours of bit - ter weeping, When thou seemest all a - lone,
3. Thro' the time of pain and sor - row Trust the love and care di-vine,
Soon up - on the darkness drear-y There will glow a bless-ed light;
God a ten - der watch is keeping, Ev - 'ry sigh to him is known;
Wait the ra - di - ant to-mor-row, Soon its blessing shall be thine;
And the glad-ness of that dawning Will all tears of grief re - pay,
Af - ter all the an-xious waking, Af - ter all the fit - ful dreams,
God's un-ceasing guard is o'er thee, And the gloom will soon be gone,
Joy is com - ing in the morning, When the shadows flee a - way.
Joy is com - ing with the breaking Of the morning's golden beams.
Joy is com - ing with the glo - ry Of a ho - ly, cloud-less dawn.
CHORUS.
Joy is com - - - ing when the morn - - ing Shall in
Joy is coming when the morning Shall in splendor 'ronnd thee shine. Joy is

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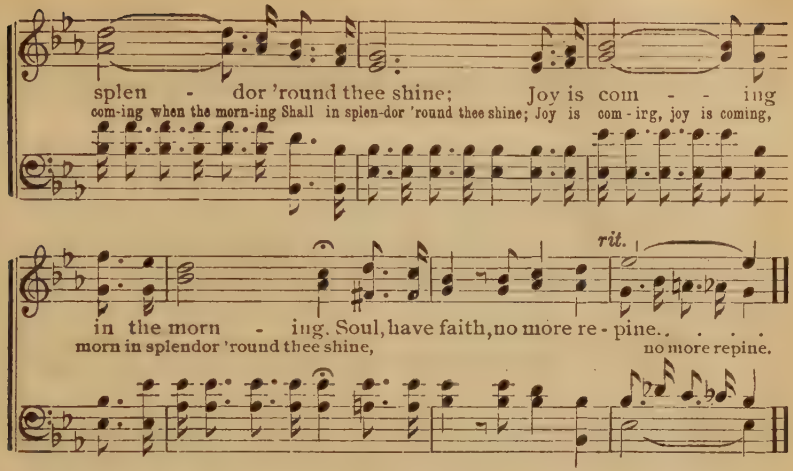
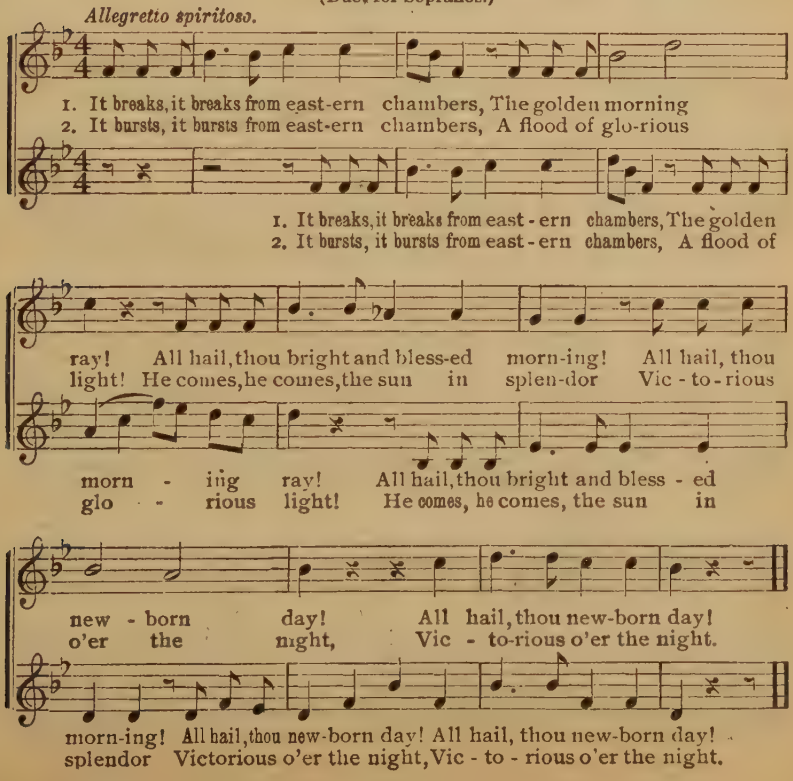
Joy is Coming in the Morning.

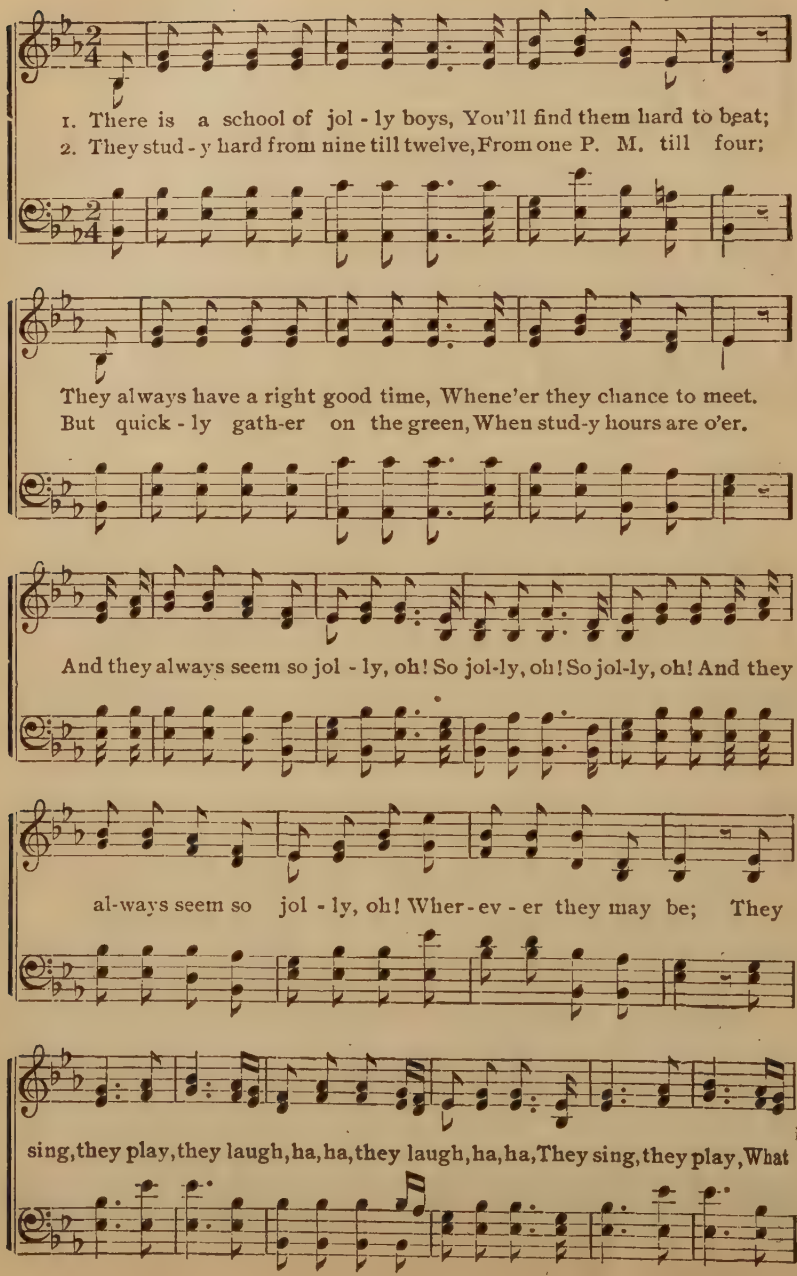

splen - dor 'round thee shine; Joy is com - - ing
com-ing when the morn-ing Shall in splen-dor 'round thee shine; Joy is com - ing, joy is coming,
rit.
in the morn - ing. Soul, have faith, no more re - pine. . . . .
morn in splendor 'round thee shine, no more repine.

276 It Breaks.

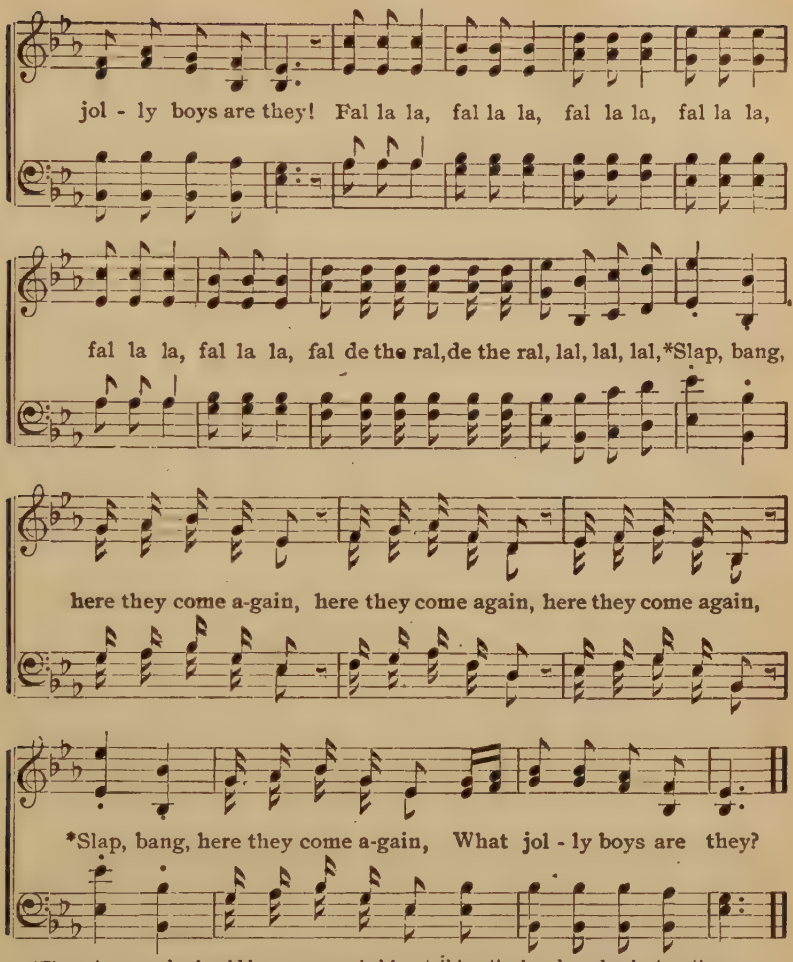
(Duet for Sopranos.)

Allegretto spiritoso.
1. It breaks, it breaks from east-ern chambers, The golden morning
2. It bursts, it bursts from east-ern chambers, A flood of glo-rious
1. It breaks, it breaks from east - ern chambers, The golden
2. It bursts, it bursts from east - ern chambers, A flood of
ray! All hail, thou bright and bless-ed morn-ing! All hail, thou
light! He comes, he comes, the sun in splen-dor Vic - to - rious
morn - ing ray! All hail, thou bright and bless - ed
glo - rious light! He comes, he comes, the sun in
new - born day! All hail, thou new-born day!
o'er the night, Vic - to-rious o'er the night.
morn-ing! All hail, thou new-born day! All hail, thou new-born day!
splendor Victorious o'er the night, Vic - to - rious o'er the night.

Jolly Boys.

Arr. by T. M. T.

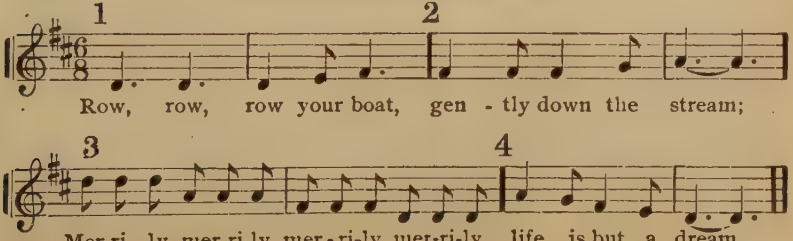

1. There is a school of jol - ly boys, You'll find them hard to beat;
2. They stud - y hard from nine till twelve, From one P. M. till four;
They always have a right good time, Whene'er they chance to meet.
But quick - ly gath-er on the green, When stud-y hours are o'er.
And they always seem so jol - ly, oh! So jol-ly, oh! So jol-ly, oh! And they
al-ways seem so jol - ly, oh! Wher - ev - er they may be; They
sing, they play, they laugh, ha, ha, they laugh, ha, ha, They sing, they play, What

Jolly Boys.

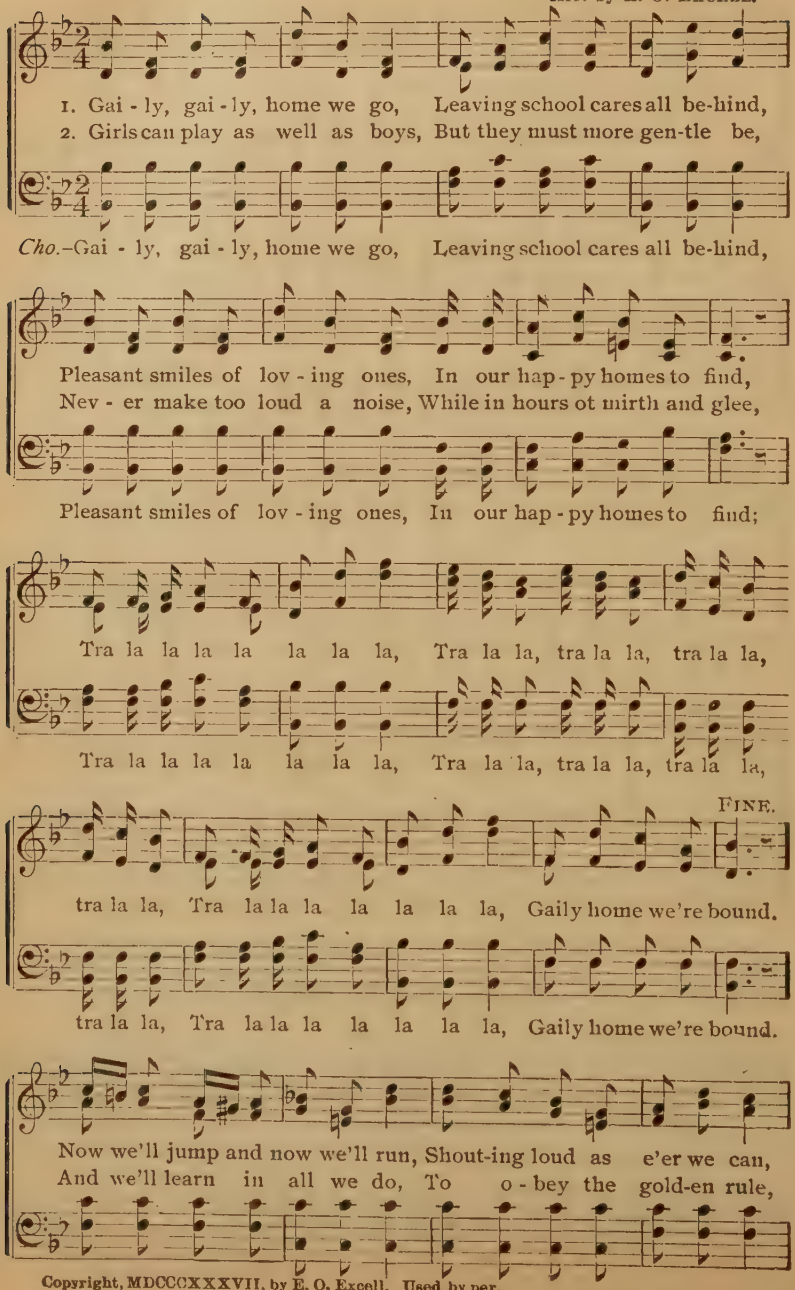

jol - ly boys are they! Fal la la, fal la la, fal la la, fal la la,
fal la la, fal la la, fal de the ral, de the ral, lal, lal, lal, *Slap, bang,
here they come a-gain, here they come again, here they come again,
*Slap, bang, here they come a-gain, What jol - ly boys are they?

*These two words should be accompanied by striking the hands or books together.

278 Row Your Boat.



279 Gaily, Gaily, Home We Go.

Arr. by E. O. EXCELL.

1. Gai - ly, gai - ly, home we go, Leaving school cares all be-hind,
2. Girls can play as well as boys, But they must more gen-tle be,
Cho.–Gai - ly, gai - ly, home we go, Leaving school cares all be-hind,
Pleasant smiles of lov - ing ones, In our hap - py homes to find,
Nev - er make too loud a noise, While in hours ot mirth and glee,
Pleasant smiles of lov - ing ones, In our hap - py homes to find;
Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la,
Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la,
FINE.
tra la la, Tra la la la la la la, Gaily home we're bound.
tra la la, Tra la la la la la la, Gaily home we're bound.
Now we'll jump and now we'll run, Shout-ing loud as e'er we can,
And we'll learn in all we do, To o - bey the gold-en rule,

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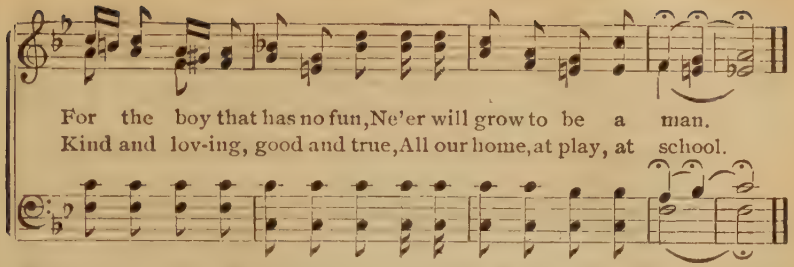
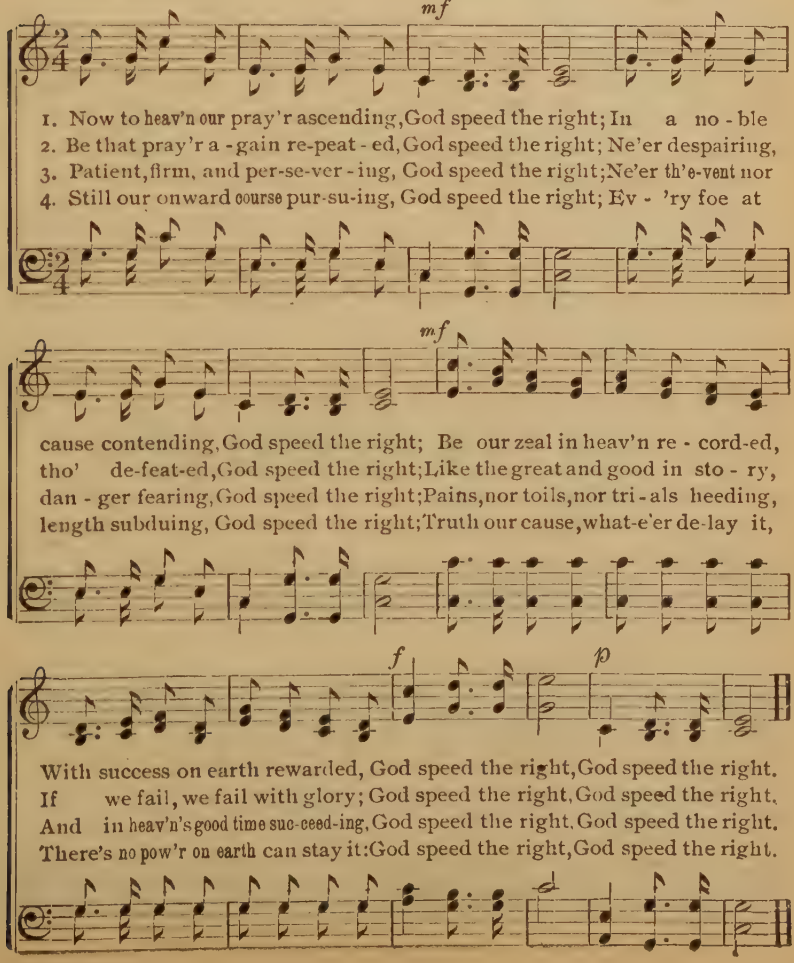
Gaily, Gaily, Home We Go.



280 God Speed the Right.

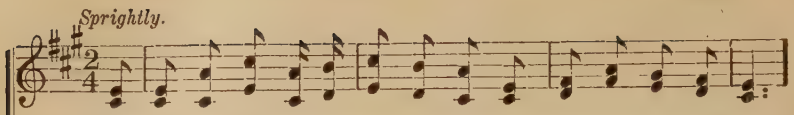
W. E. HICKSON. German.

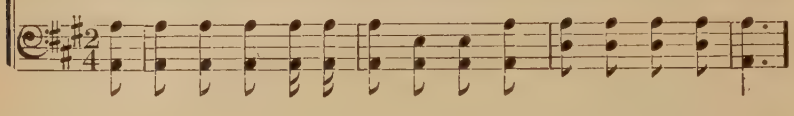
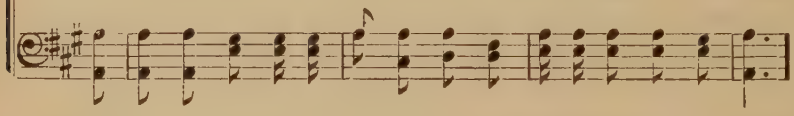
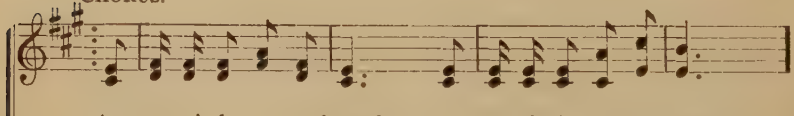
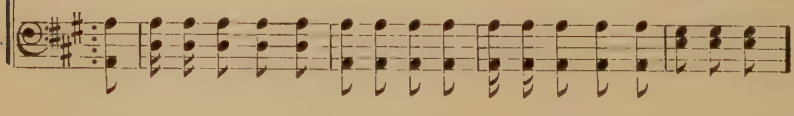
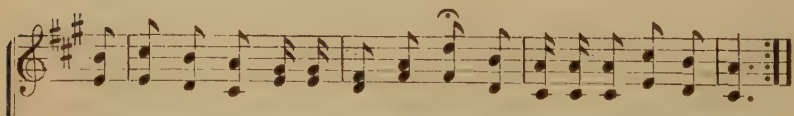

mf
1. Now to heav'n our pray'r ascending, God speed the right; In a no - ble
2. Be that pray'r a - gain re-peat - ed, God speed the right; Ne'er despairing,
3. Patient, firm, and per-se-ver - ing, God speed the right; Ne'er th'e-vent nor
4. Still our onward course pur-su-ing, God speed the right; Ev - 'ry foe at
mf
cause contending, God speed the right; Be our zeal in heav'n re - cord-ed,
tho' de-feat-ed, God speed the right; Like the great and good in sto - ry,
dan - ger fearing, God speed the right; Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heeding,
length subduing, God speed the right; Truth our cause, what-e'er de-lay it,
f
p
With success on earth rewarded, God speed the right, God speed the right.
If we fail, we fail with glory; God speed the right, God speed the right.
And in heav'n's good time suc-ceed-ing, God speed the right, God speed the right.
There's no pow'r on earth can stay it: God speed the right, God speed the right.

281 Sleigh Ride.

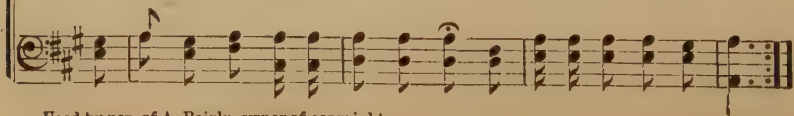
A. BEIRLY.

Sprightly.



1. A - way we go, o'er the fleecy snow, Where moon-beams sparkle round;
2. With laugh and song we will glide along. A - cross the glist'ning snow;
3. Our hearts are light on this joyous night, Come join our happy throng;

Our hearts keep time to the music's chime, As mer-ri-ly on we bound.
With friends be-side, as we gai - ly ride, The beau-ti-ful track be - low.
We swift - ly go o - ver ice and snow, And mer-ri-ly join in song.

CHORUS.

As mer-ri - ly on we bound, As mer-ri - ly on we bound,
we bound, we bound,



Our hearts keep time to the music's chime, As mer-ri-ly on we bound.



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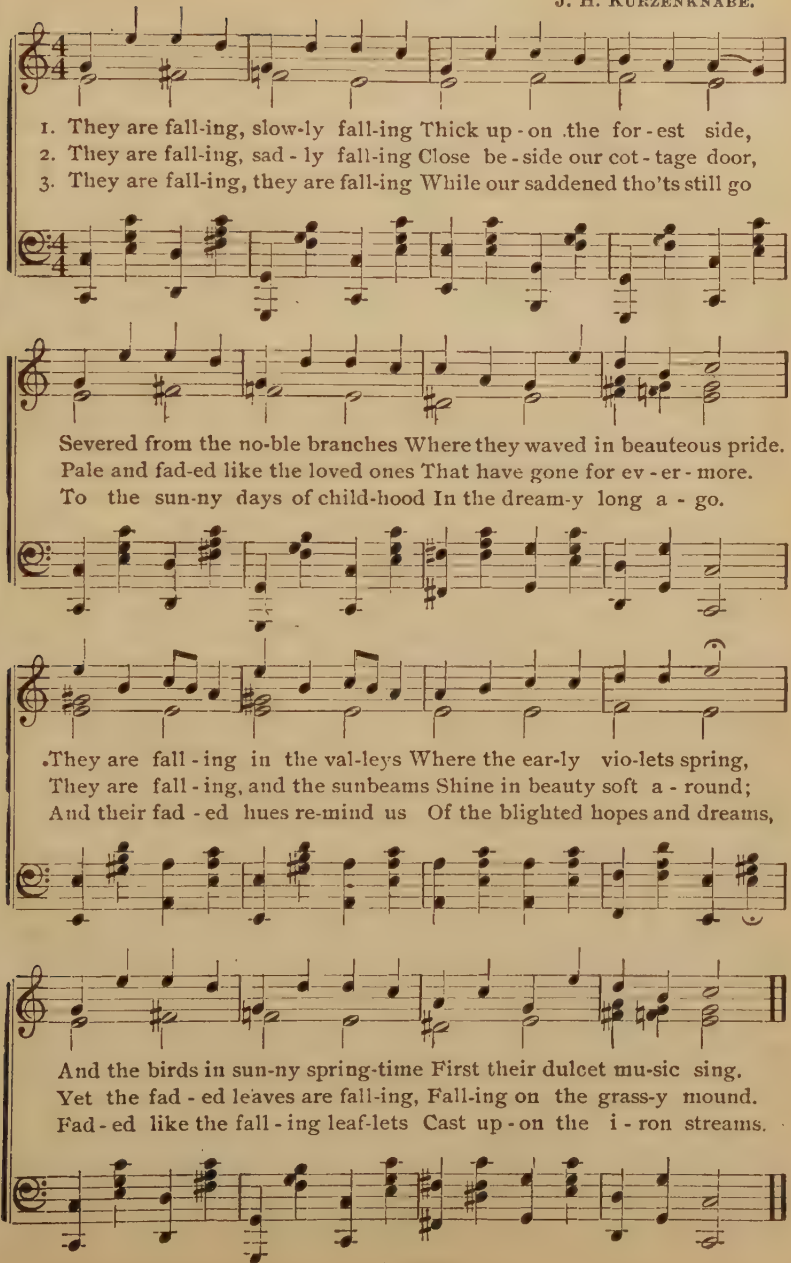
Falling Leaves.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. They are fall-ing, slow-ly fall-ing Thick up-on the for-est side,
2. They are fall-ing, sad-ly fall-ing Close be-side our cot-tage door,
3. They are fall-ing, they are fall-ing While our saddened tho'ts still go
Severed from the no-ble branches Where they waved in beauteous pride.
Pale and fad-ed like the loved ones That have gone for ev-er-more.
To the sun-ny days of child-hood In the dream-y long a-go.
They are fall-ing in the val-leys Where the ear-ly vio-lets spring,
They are fall-ing, and the sunbeams Shine in beauty soft a-round;
And their fad-ed hues re-mind us Of the blighted hopes and dreams,
And the birds in sun-ny spring-time First their dulcet mu-sic sing.
Yet the fad-ed leaves are fall-ing, Fall-ing on the grass-y mound.
Fad-ed like the fall-ing leaf-lets Cast up-on the i-ron streams.

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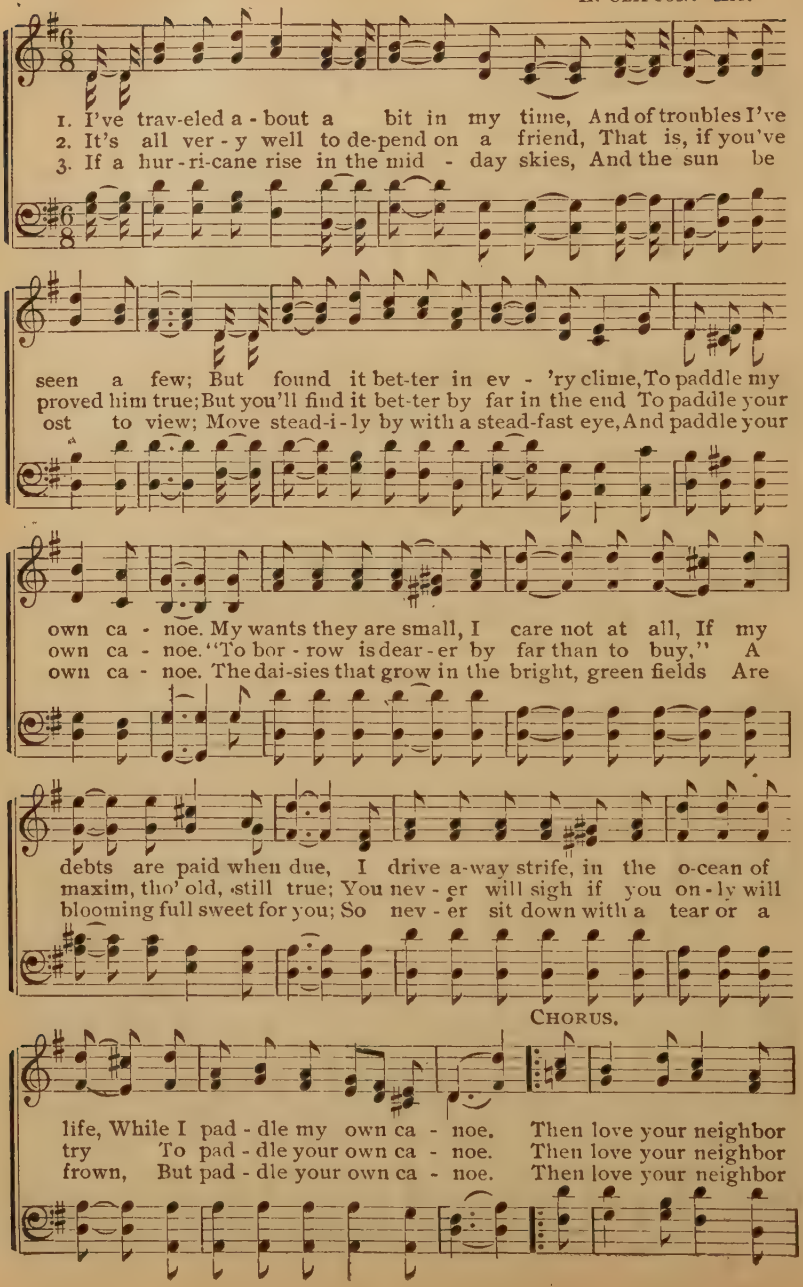
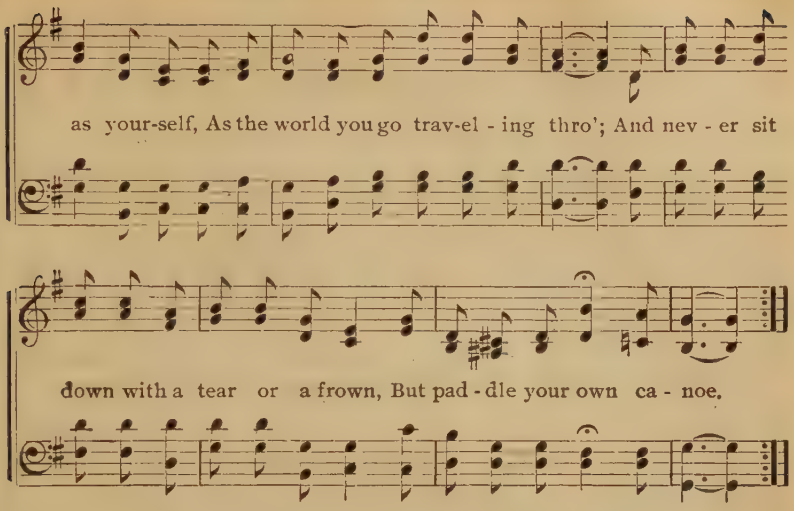
283 Paddle Your Own Canoe.

H. CLIFTON. Arr.

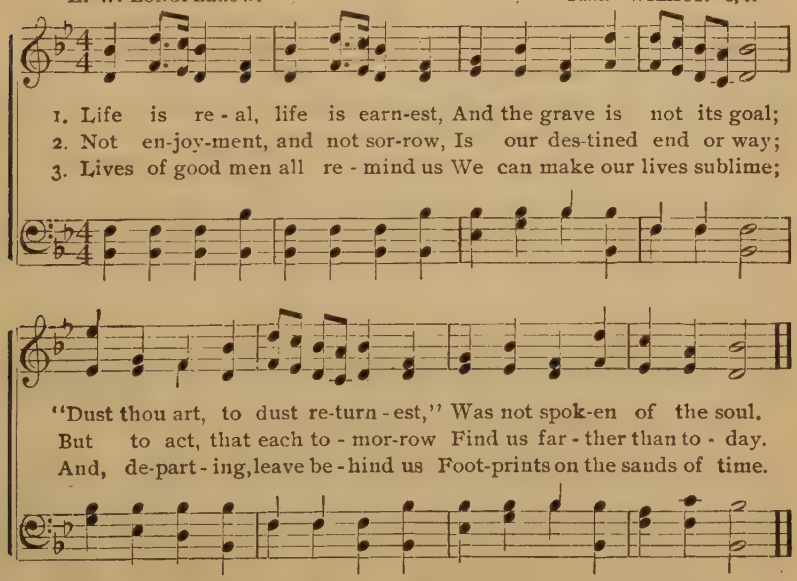

1. I've trav-eled a - bout a bit in my time, And of troubles I've
2. It's all ver - y well to de-pend on a friend, That is, if you've
3. If a hur - ri-cane rise in the mid - day skies, And the sun be
seen a few; But found it bet-ter in ev - 'ry clime, To paddle my
proved him true; But you'll find it bet-ter by far in the end To paddle your
ost to view; Move stead-i-ly by with a stead-fast eye, And paddle your
own ca - noe. My wants they are small, I care not at all, If my
own ca - noe. "To bor - row is dear - er by far than to buy," A
own ca - noe. The dai-sies that grow in the bright, green fields Are
debts are paid when due, I drive a-way strife, in the o-cean of
maxim, tho' old, still true; You nev - er will sigh if you on - ly will
blooming full sweet for you; So nev - er sit down with a tear or a
CHORUS.
life, While I pad - dle my own ca - noe. Then love your neighbor
try To pad - dle your own ca - noe. Then love your neighbor
frown, But pad - dle your own ca - noe. Then love your neighbor

Paddle Your Own Canoe.



284 Life is Real, Life is Earnest.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. *Tune:*—WILMOT. 8, 7.


1. Life is re - al, life is earn-est, And the grave is not its goal;
2. Not en-joy-ment, and not sor-row, Is our des-tined end or way;
3. Lives of good men all re - mind us We can make our lives sublime;
"Dust thou art, to dust re-turn - est," Was not spok-en of the soul.
But to act, that each to - mor-row Find us far - ther than to - day.
And, de-part - ing, leave be - hind us Foot-prints on the sands of time.

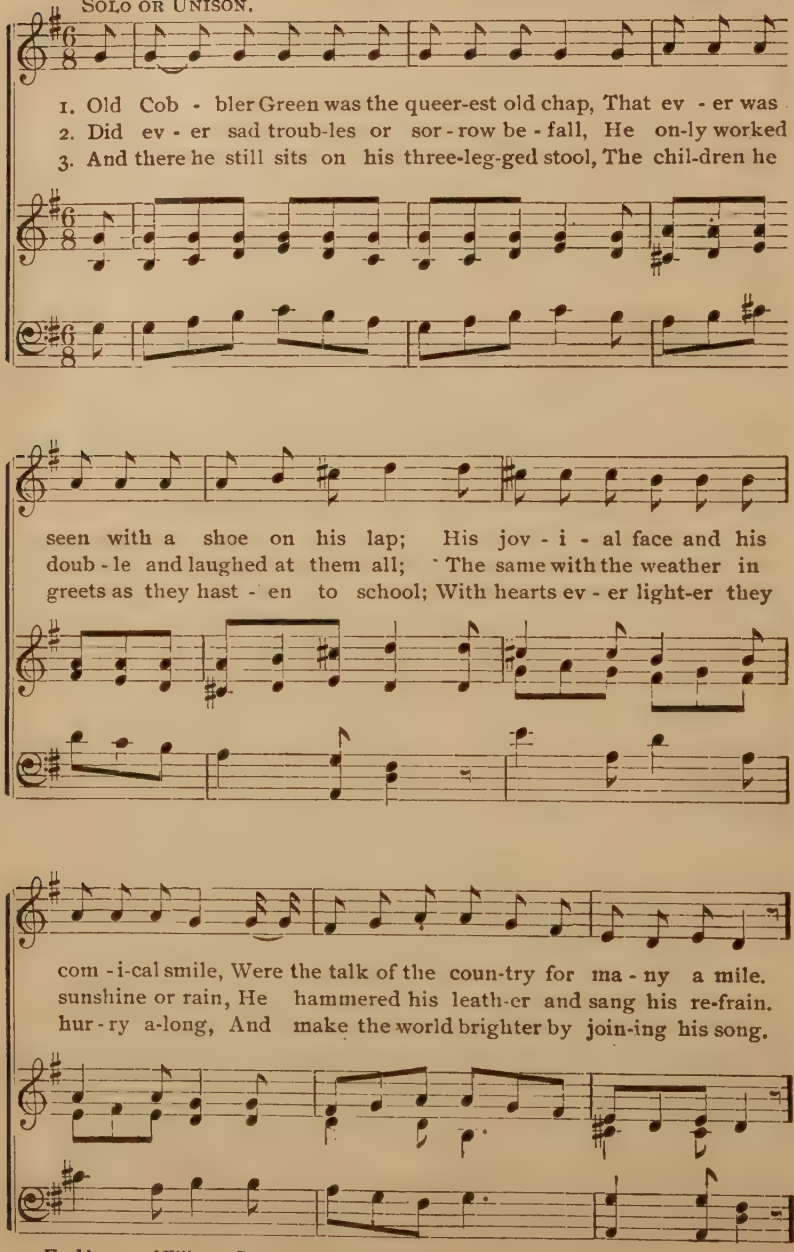
4 Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

5 Let us then be up and doing,
Nor our onward course abate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Old Cobbler Green.

Arr. from W. L. Frost, by J. B. Herbert.

Solo or Unison.


1. Old Cob - bler Green was the queer-est old chap, That ev - er was
2. Did ev - er sad troub-les or sor - row be - fall, He on-ly worked
3. And there he still sits on his three-leg-ged stool, The chil-dren he
seen with a shoe on his lap; His jov - i - al face and his
doub - le and laughed at them all; The same with the weather in
greets as they hast - en to school; With hearts ev - er light-er they
com - i-cal smile, Were the talk of the coun-try for ma - ny a mile.
sunshine or rain, He hammered his leath-er and sang his re-frain.
hur - ry a-long, And make the world brighter by join-ing his song.

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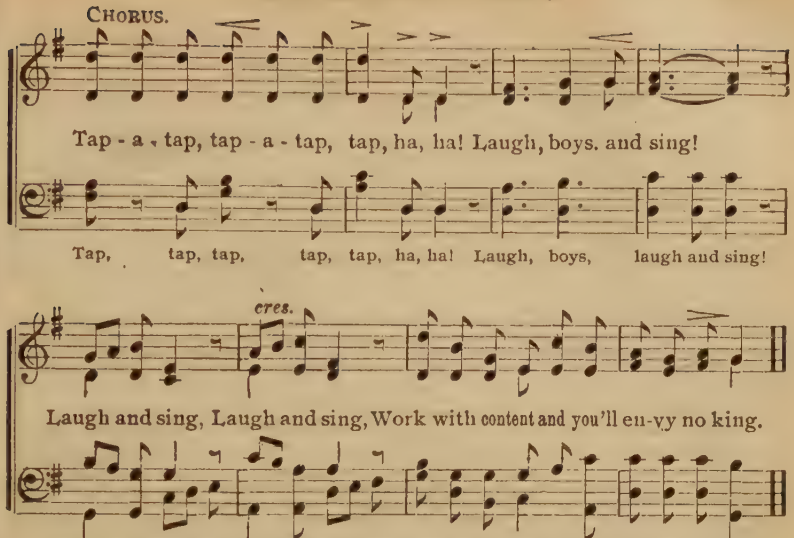
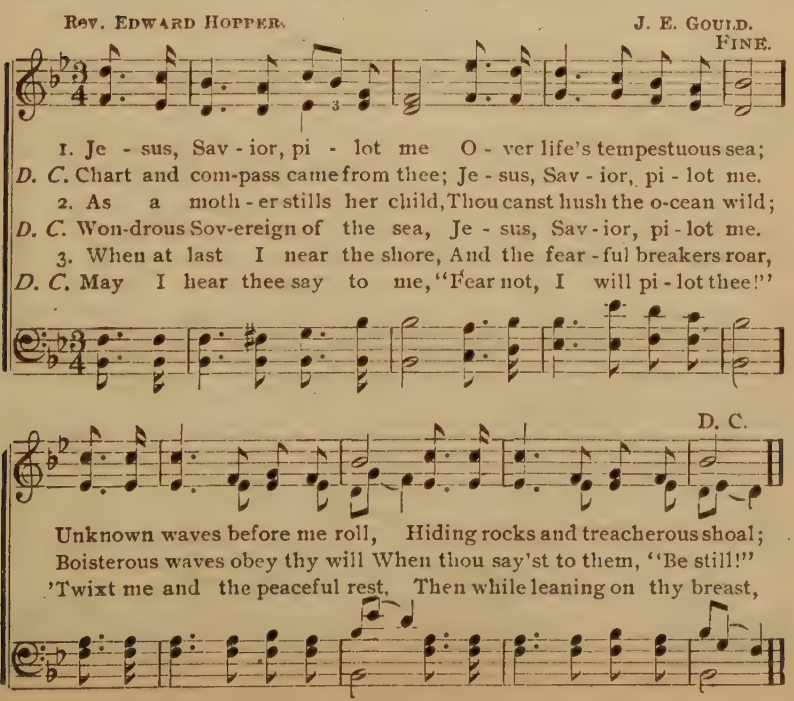
Old Cobbler Green.

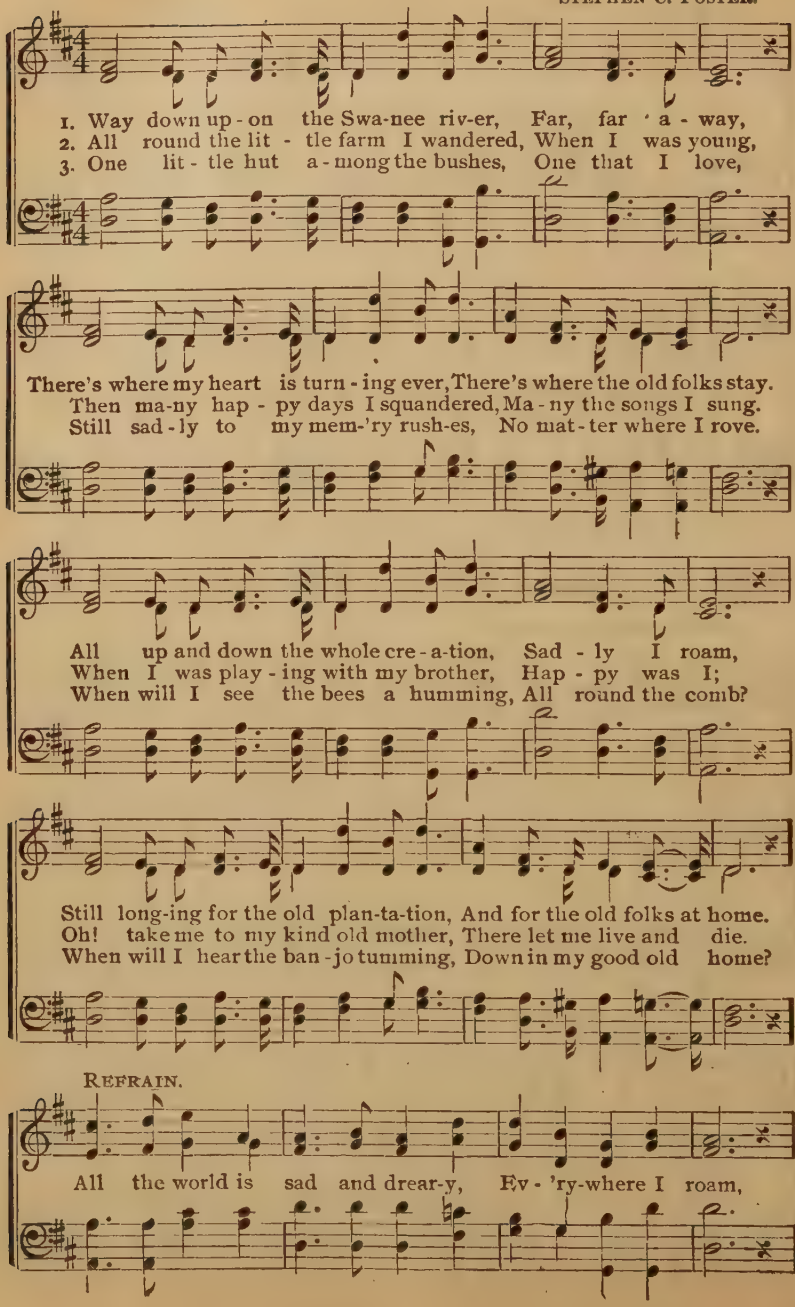

CHORUS.
Tap - a - tap, tap - a - tap, tap, ha, ha! Laugh, boys. and sing!
Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, ha, ha! Laugh, boys, laugh and sing!
cres.
Laugh and sing, Laugh and sing, Work with content and you'll en-vy no king.
Laugh and sing, yes, laugh and sing, Work, work with content, You'll en-vy no king.

286 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

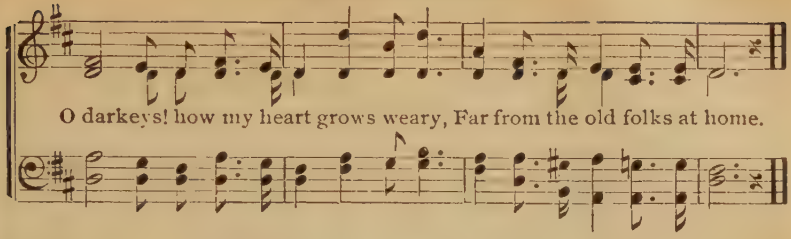

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.
J. E. GOULD.
FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
D. C. Chart and com-pass came from thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
D. C. Won-drous Sov-ereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,
D. C. May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"
D. C.
Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves obey thy will When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while leaning on thy breast,

Swanee River.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

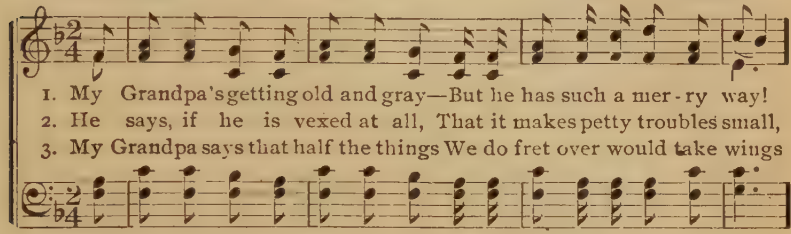

1. Way down up - on the Swa-nee riv-er, Far, far a - way,
2. All round the lit - tle farm I wandered, When I was young,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bushes, One that I love,
There's where my heart is turn - ing ever, There's where the old folks stay.
Then ma-ny hap - py days I squandered, Ma - ny the songs I sung.
Still sad - ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat - ter where I rove.
All up and down the whole cre - a-tion, Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play - ing with my brother, Hap - py was I;
When will I see the bees a humming, All round the comb?
Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mother, There let me live and die.
When will I hear the ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old home?
REFRAIN.
All the world is sad and drear-y, Ev - 'ry-where I roam,

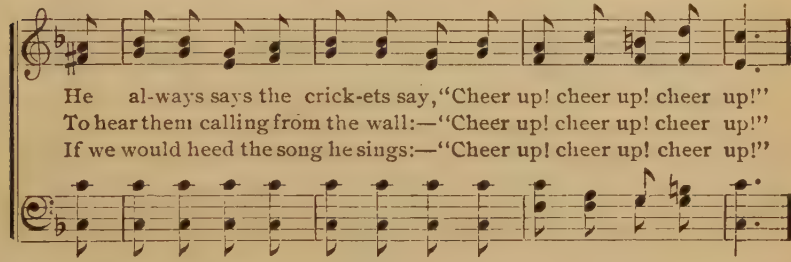
Swanee River.



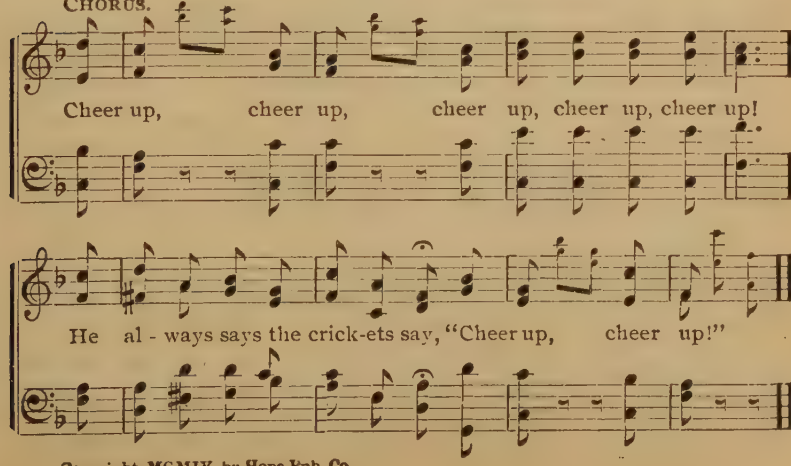
288 What the Cricket Says.

H. R. ELIOT. CHAS. H GABRIEL.


1. My Grandpa's getting old and gray—But he has such a mer-ry way!
2. He says, if he is vexed at all, That it makes petty troubles small,
3. My Grandpa says that half the things We do fret over would take wings


He al-ways says the crick-ets say, "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!"
To hear them calling from the wall:—"Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!"
If we would heed the song he sings:—"Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!"

CHORUS.



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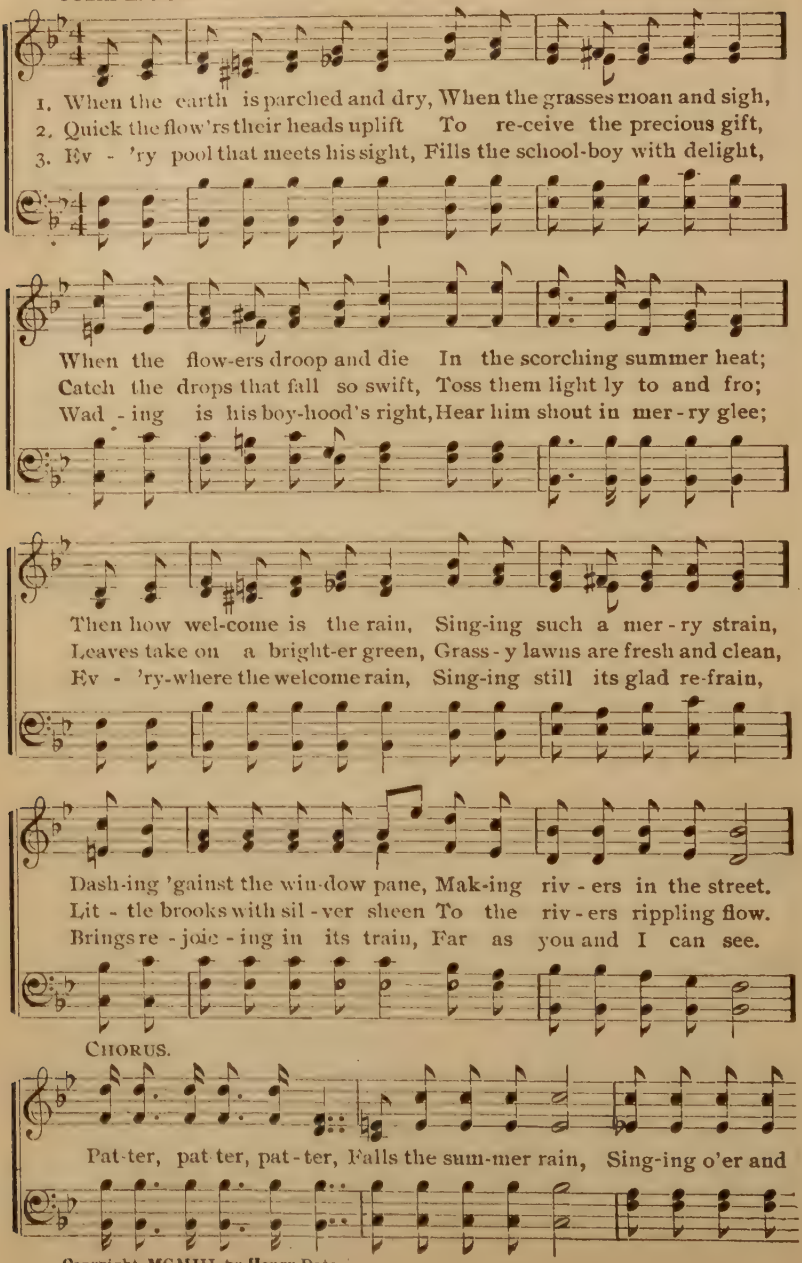
The Summer Rain.

JULIA E. BURNARD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. When the earth is parched and dry, When the grasses moan and sigh,
2. Quick the flow'rs their heads uplift To re-ceive the precious gift,
3. Ev - 'ry pool that meets his sight, Fills the school-boy with delight,
When the flow-ers droop and die In the scorching summer heat;
Catch the drops that fall so swift, Toss them light ly to and fro;
Wad - ing is his boy-hood's right, Hear him shout in mer - ry glee;
Then how wel-come is the rain, Sing-ing such a mer - ry strain,
Leaves take on a bright-er green, Grass - y lawns are fresh and clean,
Ev - 'ry-where the welcome rain, Sing-ing still its glad re-frain,
Dash-ing 'gainst the win-dow pane, Mak-ing riv - ers in the street.
Lit - tle brooks with sil - ver sheen To the riv - ers rippling flow.
Brings re - joic - ing in its train, Far as you and I can see.
CHORUS.
Pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, Falls the sum-mer rain, Sing-ing o'er and

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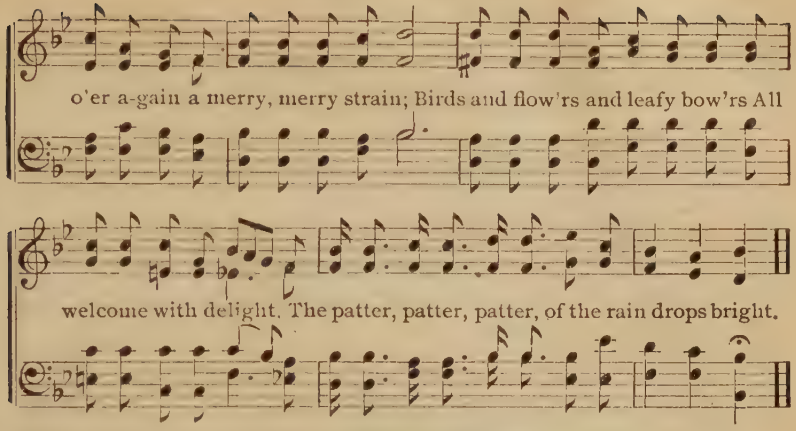
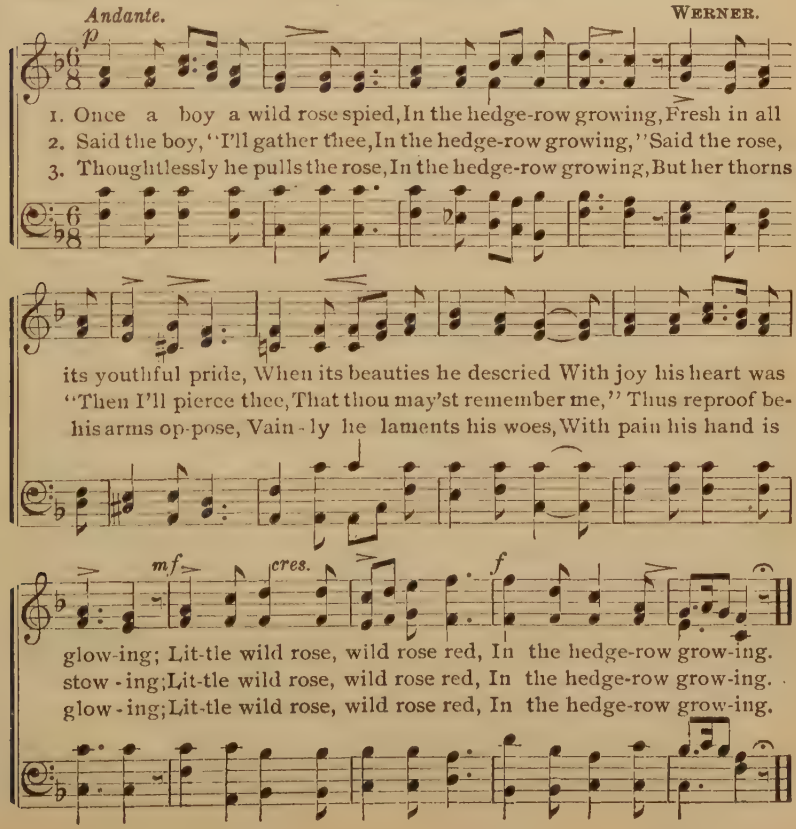
The Summer Rain.

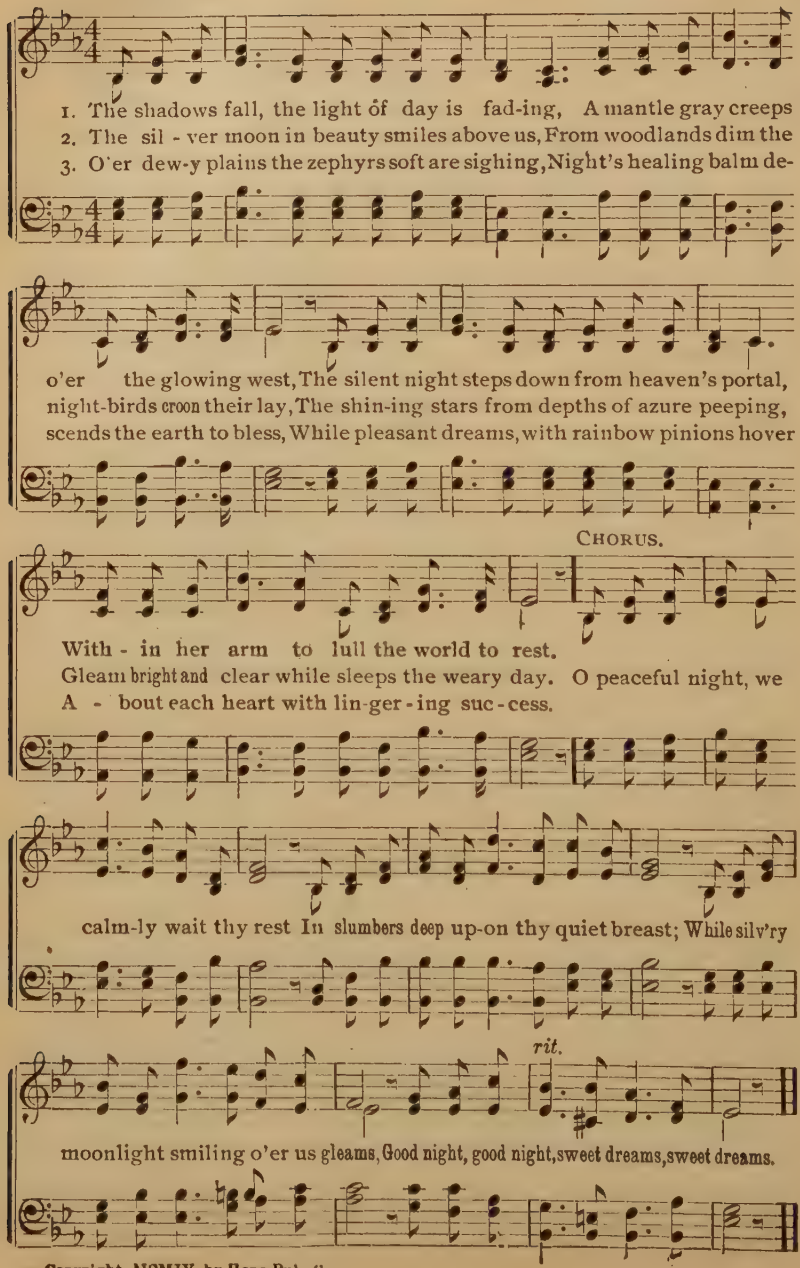

o'er a-gain a merry, merry strain; Birds and flow'rs and leafy bow'rs All
welcome with delight. The patter, patter, patter, of the rain drops bright.

290 The Wild Rose.


Andante.
p
WERNER.
1. Once a boy a wild rose spied, In the hedge-row growing, Fresh in all
2. Said the boy, "I'll gather thee, In the hedge-row growing," Said the rose,
3. Thoughtlessly he pulls the rose, In the hedge-row growing, But her thorns
its youthful pride, When its beauties he descried With joy his heart was
"Then I'll pierce thee, That thou may'st remember me," Thus reproof be-
his arms op-pose, Vain-ly he laments his woes, With pain his hand is
mf
cres.
f
glow-ing; Lit-tle wild rose, wild rose red, In the hedge-row grow-ing.
stow-ing; Lit-tle wild rose, wild rose red, In the hedge-row grow-ing.
glow-ing; Lit-tle wild rose, wild rose red, In the hedge-row grow-ing.

Peaceful Night.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. Arr. by J. H. K.


1. The shadows fall, the light of day is fad-ing, A mantle gray creeps
2. The sil - ver moon in beauty smiles above us, From woodlands dim the
3. O'er dew-y plains the zephyrs soft are sighing, Night's healing balm de-
o'er the glowing west, The silent night steps down from heaven's portal,
night-birds croon their lay, The shin-ing stars from depths of azure peeping,
scends the earth to bless, While pleasant dreams, with rainbow pinions hover
CHORUS.
With - in her arm to lull the world to rest.
Gleam bright and clear while sleeps the weary day. O peaceful night, we
A - bout each heart with lin-ger-ing suc-cess.
calm-ly wait thy rest In slumbers deep up-on thy quiet breast; While silv'ry
rit.
moonlight smiling o'er us gleams, Good night, good night, sweet dreams, sweet dreams.

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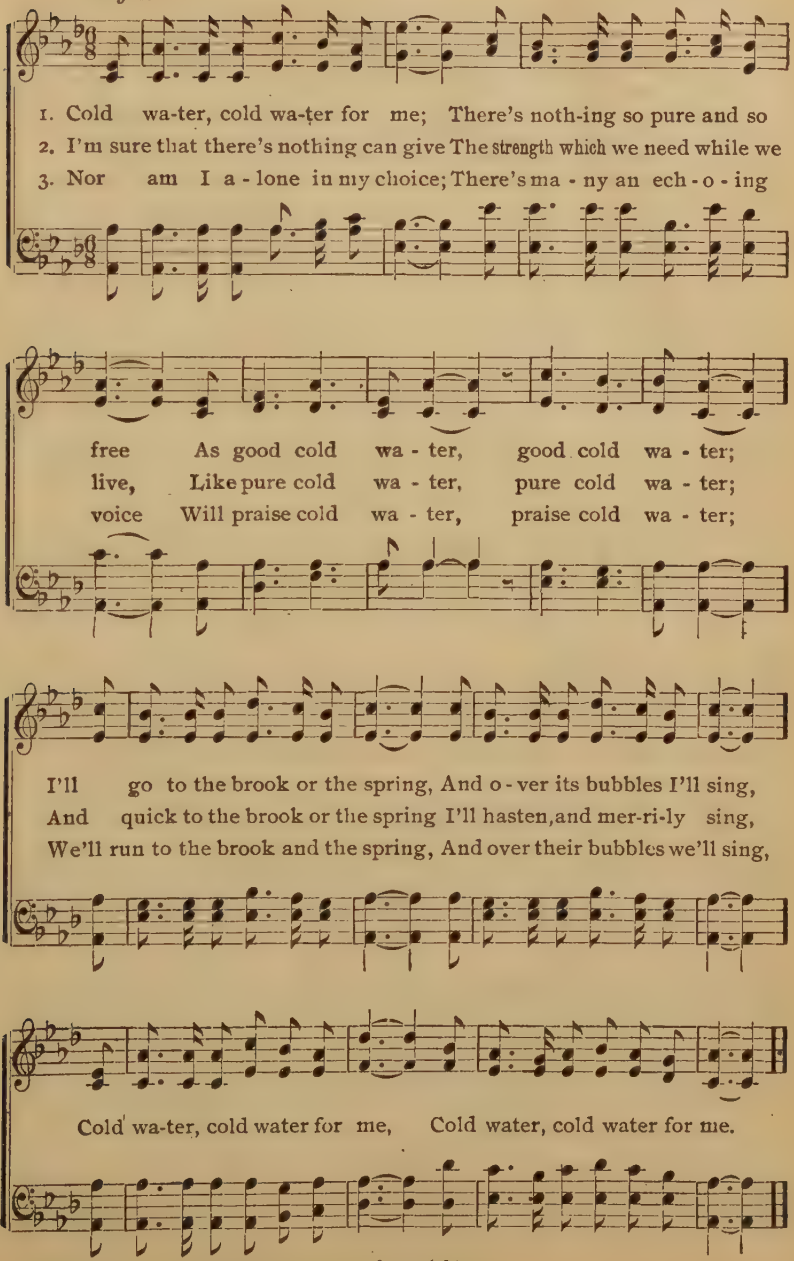
Cold Water for Me.

Allegro. J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. Cold wa-ter, cold wa-ter for me; There's noth-ing so pure and so
2. I'm sure that there's nothing can give The strength which we need while we
3. Nor am I a-lone in my choice; There's ma-ny an ech-o-ing
free As good cold wa-ter, good cold wa-ter;
live, Like pure cold wa-ter, pure cold wa-ter;
voice Will praise cold wa-ter, praise cold wa-ter;
I'll go to the brook or the spring, And o-ver its bubbles I'll sing,
And quick to the brook or the spring I'll hasten, and mer-ri-ly sing,
We'll run to the brook and the spring, And over their bubbles we'll sing,
Cold wa-ter, cold water for me, Cold water, cold water for me.

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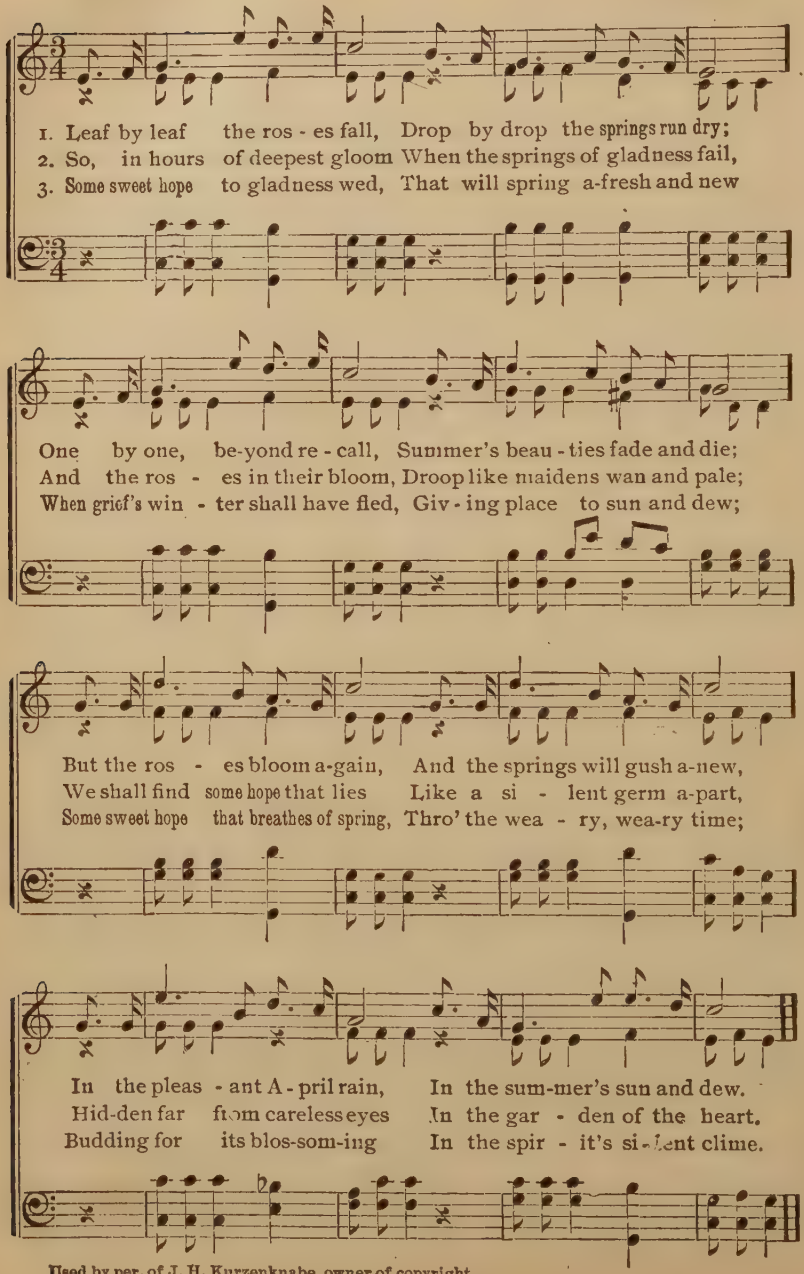
293 Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall.

H. J. KURZENKNABE.


1. Leaf by leaf the ros - es fall, Drop by drop the springs run dry;
2. So, in hours of deepest gloom When the springs of gladness fail,
3. Some sweet hope to gladness wed, That will spring a-fresh and new
One by one, be-yond re - call, Summer's beau - ties fade and die;
And the ros - es in their bloom, Droop like maidens wan and pale;
When grief's win - ter shall have fled, Giv - ing place to sun and dew;
But the ros - es bloom a-gain, And the springs will gush a-new,
We shall find some hope that lies Like a si - lent germ a-part,
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring, Thro' the wea - ry, wea-ry time;
In the pleas - ant A - pril rain, In the sum-mer's sun and dew.
Hid-den far from careless eyes In the gar - den of the heart.
Budding for its blos-som-ing In the spir - it's si - lent clime.

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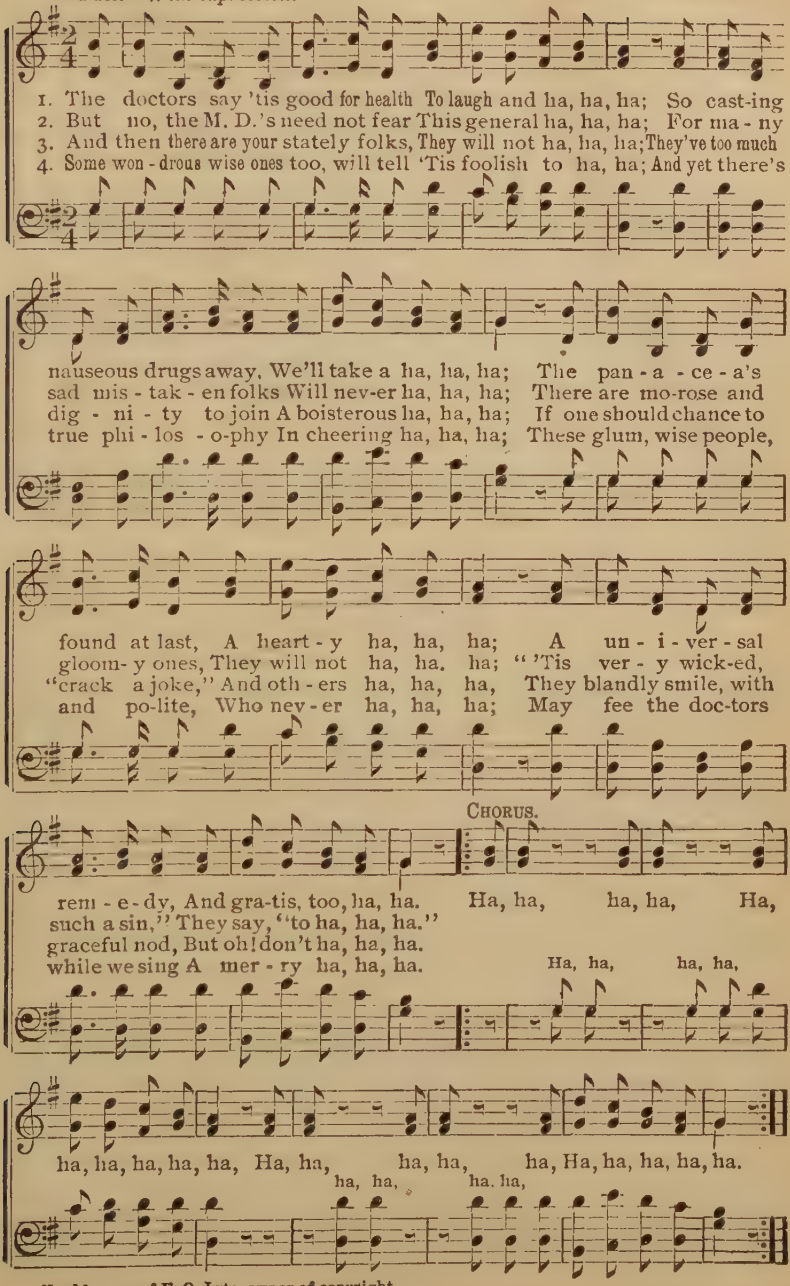
Laughing Song.

Fast. With expression. E. O. LYTE.


1. The doctors say 'tis good for health To laugh and ha, ha, ha; So cast-ing
2. But no, the M. D.'s need not fear This general ha, ha, ha; For ma - ny
3. And then there are your stately folks, They will not ha, ha, ha; They've too much
4. Some won - drous wise ones too, will tell 'Tis foolish to ha, ha; And yet there's
nauseous drugs away, We'll take a ha, ha, ha; The pan - a - ce - a's
sad mis - tak - en folks Will nev-er ha, ha, ha; There are mo-rose and
dig - ni - ty to join A boisterous ha, ha, ha; If one should chance to
true phi - los - o-phy In cheering ha, ha, ha; These glum, wise people,
found at last, A heart - y ha, ha, ha; A un - i - ver - sal
gloom- y ones, They will not ha, ha. ha; "'Tis ver - y wick-ed,
"crack a joke," And oth - ers ha, ha, ha, They blandly smile, with
and po-lite, Who nev - er ha, ha, ha; May fee the doc-tors
CHORUS.
rem - e - dy, And gra-tis, too, ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha,
such a sin," They say, "to ha, ha, ha."
graceful nod, But oh! don't ha, ha, ha.
while we sing A mer - ry ha, ha, ha.
Ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
ha, ha, ha. ha,

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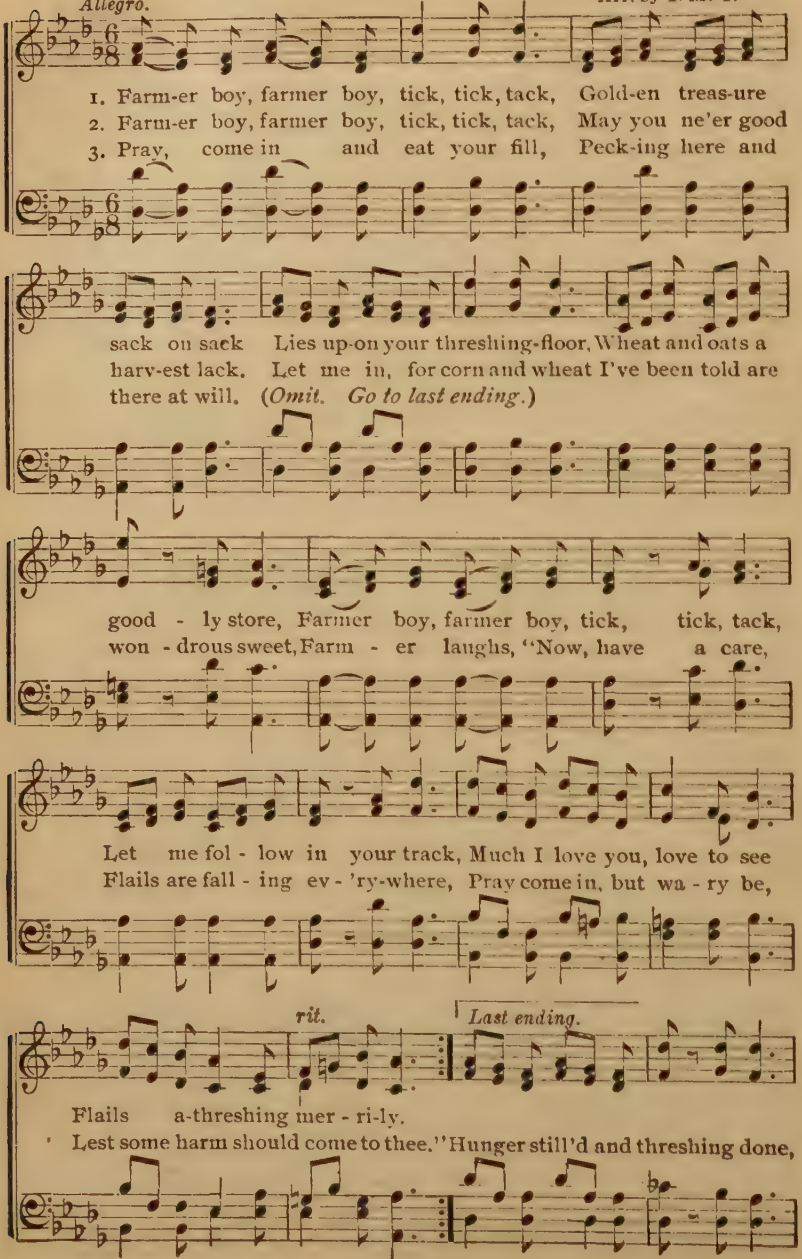
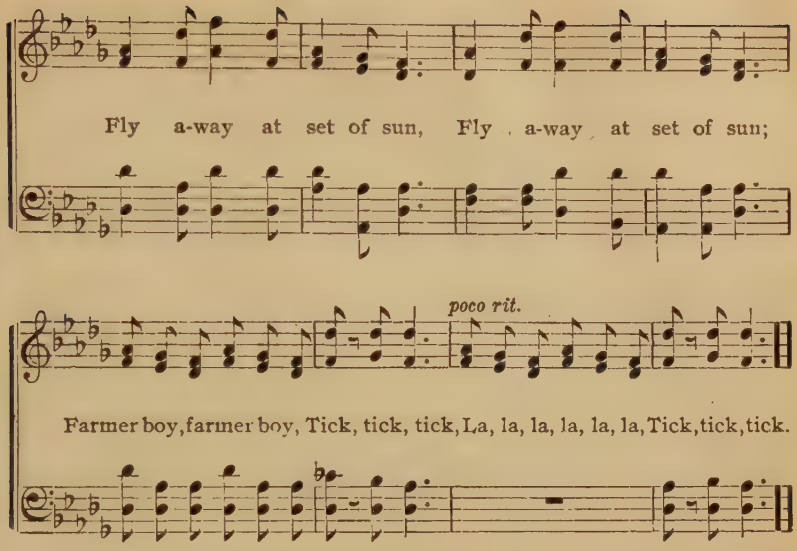
Farmer and Finch.

FRIEDRICH GUELL. *Allegro.*

G. TYSON-WOLFF. Arr. by T. M. T.

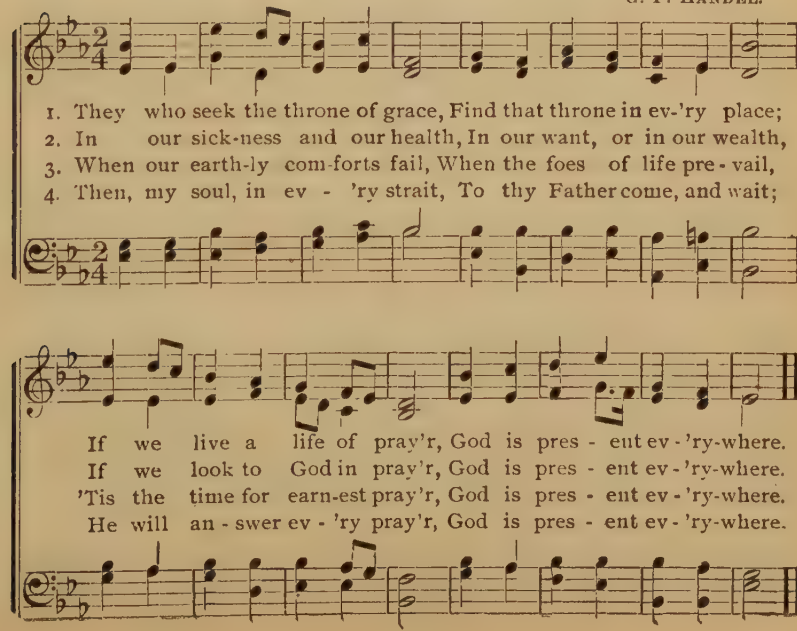

1. Farm-er boy, farmer boy, tick, tick, tack, Gold-en treas-ure
2. Farm-er boy, farmer boy, tick, tick, tack, May you ne'er good
3. Pray, come in and eat your fill, Peck-ing here and
sack on sack Lies up-on your threshing-floor, Wheat and oats a
harv-est lack. Let me in, for corn and wheat I've been told are
there at will. (*Omit. Go to last ending.*)
good - ly store, Farmer boy, farmer boy, tick, tick, tack,
won - drous sweet, Farm - er laughs, "Now, have a care,
Let me fol - low in your track, Much I love you, love to see
Flails are fall - ing ev - 'ry-where, Pray come in, but wa - ry be,
rit.
Last ending.
Flails a-threshing mer - ri-ly.
Lest some harm should come to thee." Hunger still'd and threshing done,

Farmer and Finch.



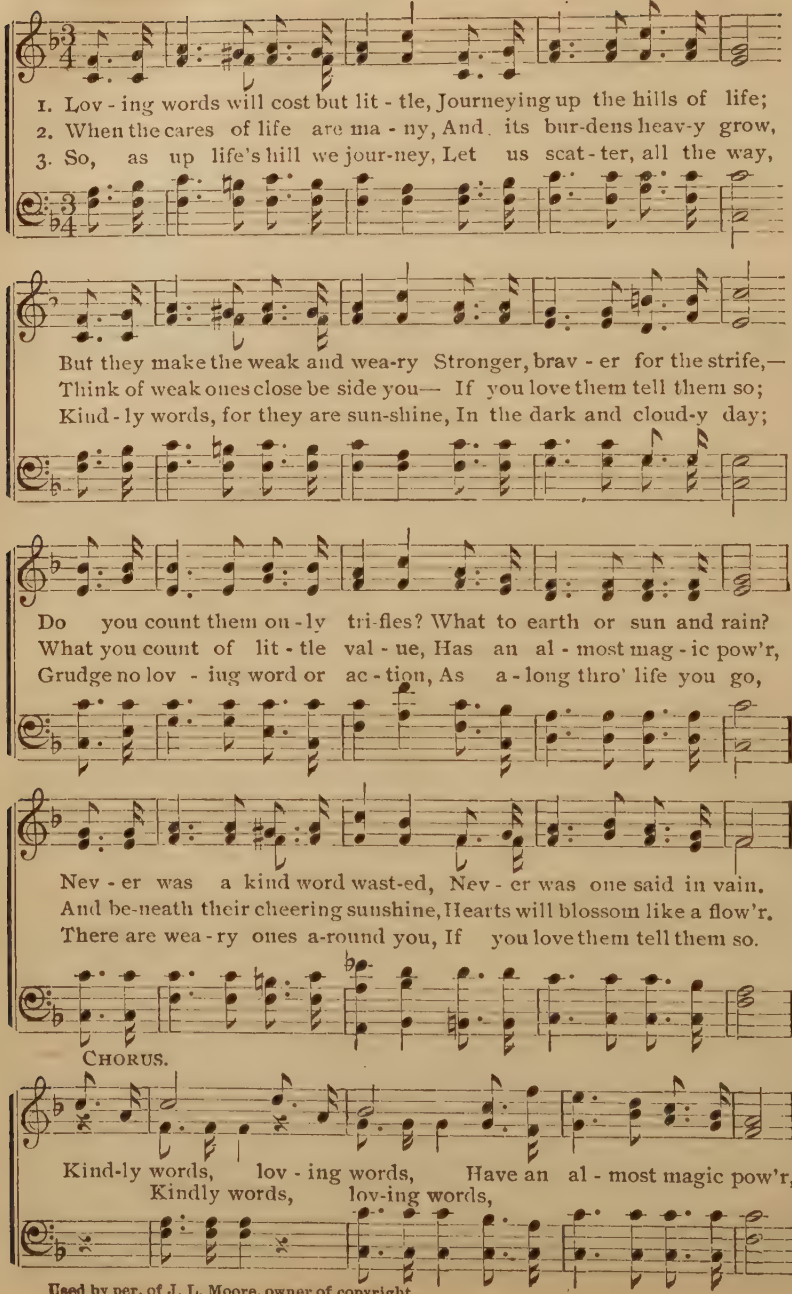
296 God Is Present Everywhere.

G. F. HANDEL.


1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev-'ry place;
2. In our sick-ness and our health, In our want, or in our wealth,
3. When our earth-ly com-forts fail, When the foes of life pre-vail,
4. Then, my soul, in ev - 'ry strait, To thy Father come, and wait;
If we live a life of pray'r, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.
If we look to God in pray'r, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.
'Tis the time for earn-est pray'r, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.
He will an - swer ev - 'ry pray'r, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.

Loving Words.

J. L. MOORE.


1. Lov - ing words will cost but lit - tle, Journeying up the hills of life;
2. When the cares of life are ma - ny, And its bur-dens heav-y grow,
3. So, as up life's hill we jour-ney, Let us scat - ter, all the way,
But they make the weak and wea-ry Stronger, brav - er for the strife,—
Think of weak ones close be side you— If you love them tell them so;
Kind - ly words, for they are sun-shine, In the dark and cloud-y day;
Do you count them on - ly tri-fles? What to earth or sun and rain?
What you count of lit - tle val - ue, Has an al - most mag - ic pow'r,
Grudge no lov - ing word or ac - tion, As a - long thro' life you go,
Nev - er was a kind word wast-ed, Nev - er was one said in vain.
And be-neath their cheering sunshine, Hearts will blossom like a flow'r.
There are wea - ry ones a-round you, If you love them tell them so.
CHORUS.
Kind-ly words, lov - ing words, Have an al - most magic pow'r,
Kindly words, lov-ing words,

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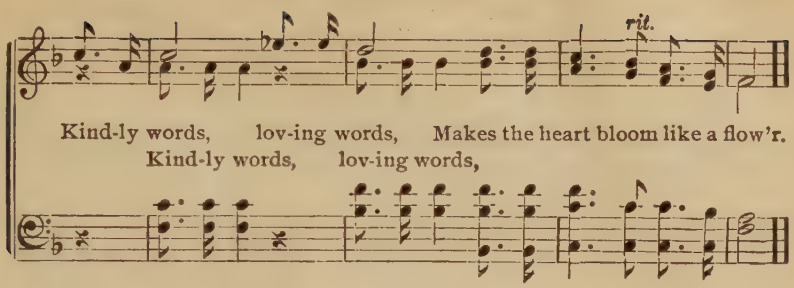
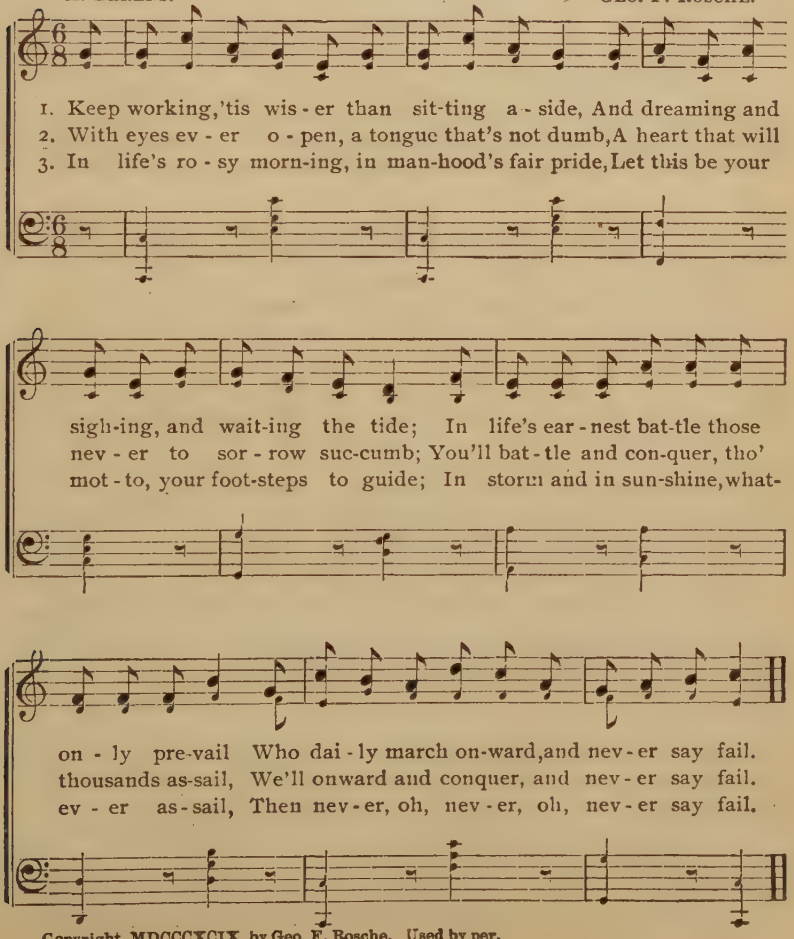
Loving Words.



298 Never Say Fail.

A. BERENS. GEO. F. ROSCHE.


1. Keep working,'tis wis-er than sit-ting a-side, And dreaming and
2. With eyes ev-er o-pen, a tongue that's not dumb,A heart that will
3. In life's ro-sy morn-ing, in man-hood's fair pride,Let this be your
sigh-ing, and wait-ing the tide; In life's ear-nest bat-tle those
nev-er to sor-row suc-cumb; You'll bat-tle and con-quer, tho'
mot-to, your foot-steps to guide; In storm and in sun-shine,what-
on-ly pre-vail Who dai-ly march on-ward,and nev-er say fail.
thousands as-sail, We'll onward and conquer, and nev-er say fail.
ev-er as-sail, Then nev-er, oh, nev-er, oh, nev-er say fail.

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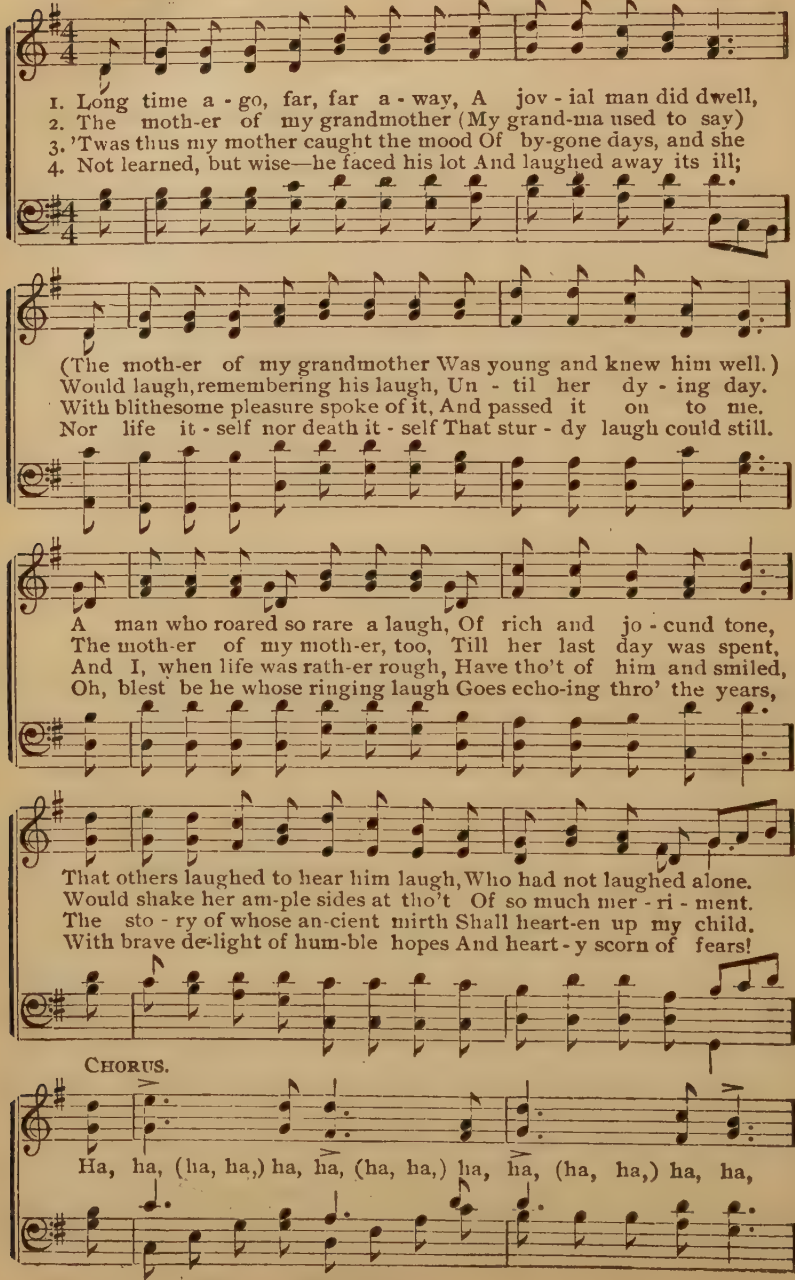
299 The Hearty Laugh.

Mrs. George Archibald. T. Martin Towne.


1. Long time a - go, far, far a - way, A jov - ial man did dwell,
2. The moth-er of my grandmother (My grand-ma used to say)
3. 'Twas thus my mother caught the mood Of by-gone days, and she
4. Not learned, but wise—he faced his lot And laughed away its ill;
(The moth-er of my grandmother Was young and knew him well.)
Would laugh, remembering his laugh, Un - til her dy - ing day.
With blithesome pleasure spoke of it, And passed it on to me.
Nor life it - self nor death it - self That stur - dy laugh could still.
A man who roared so rare a laugh, Of rich and jo - cund tone,
The moth-er of my moth-er, too, Till her last day was spent,
And I, when life was rath-er rough, Have tho't of him and smiled,
Oh, blest be he whose ringing laugh Goes echo-ing thro' the years,
That others laughed to hear him laugh, Who had not laughed alone.
Would shake her am-ple sides at tho't Of so much mer - ri - ment.
The sto - ry of whose an-cient mirth Shall heart-en up my child.
With brave de-light of hum-ble hopes And heart - y scorn of fears!
Chorus.
Ha, ha, (ha, ha,) ha, ha, (ha, ha,) ha, ha, (ha, ha,) ha, ha,

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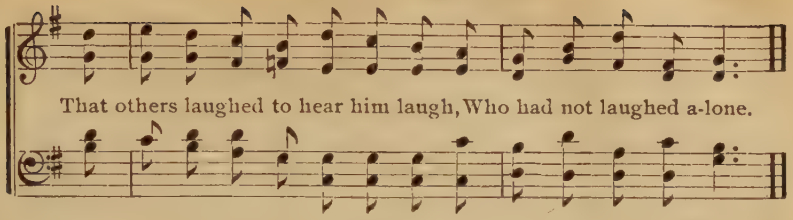
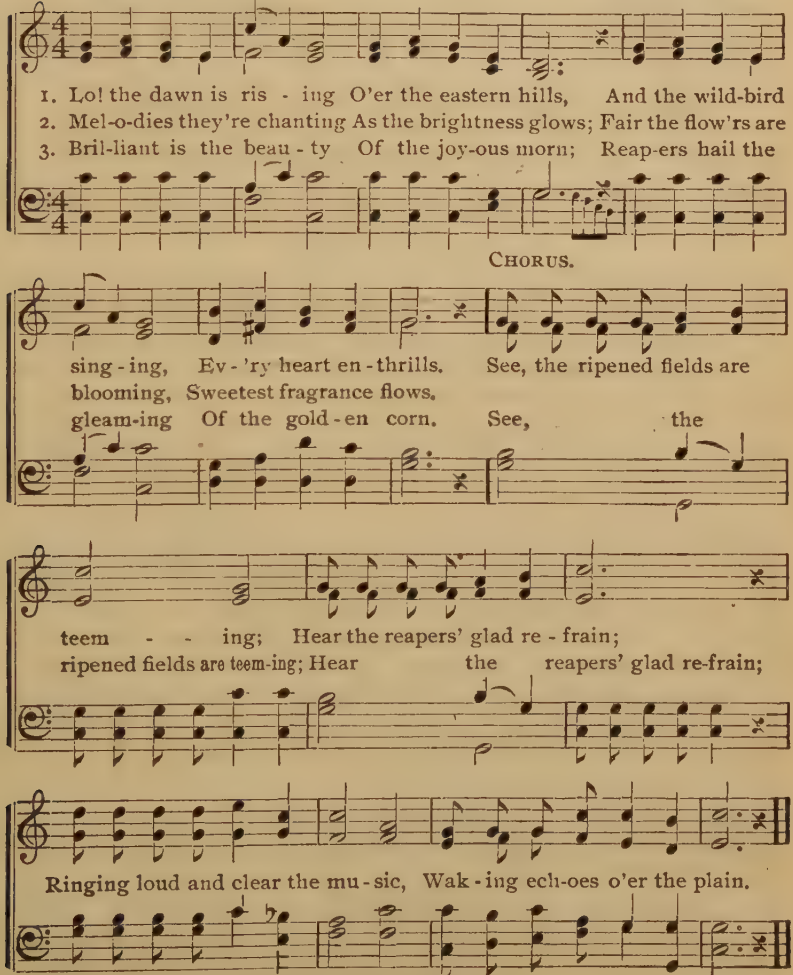
A Hearty Laugh.



300 Harvest.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Frank M. Davis.


1. Lo! the dawn is ris - ing O'er the eastern hills, And the wild-bird
2. Mel-o-dies they're chanting As the brightness glows; Fair the flow'rs are
3. Bril-liant is the beau - ty Of the joy-ous morn; Reap-ers hail the
Chorus.
sing - ing, Ev - 'ry heart en - thrills. See, the ripened fields are
blooming, Sweetest fragrance flows.
gleam-ing Of the gold - en corn. See, the
teem - - ing; Hear the reapers' glad re - frain;
ripened fields are teem-ing; Hear the reapers' glad re-frain;
Ringing loud and clear the mu - sic, Wak - ing ech-oes o'er the plain.

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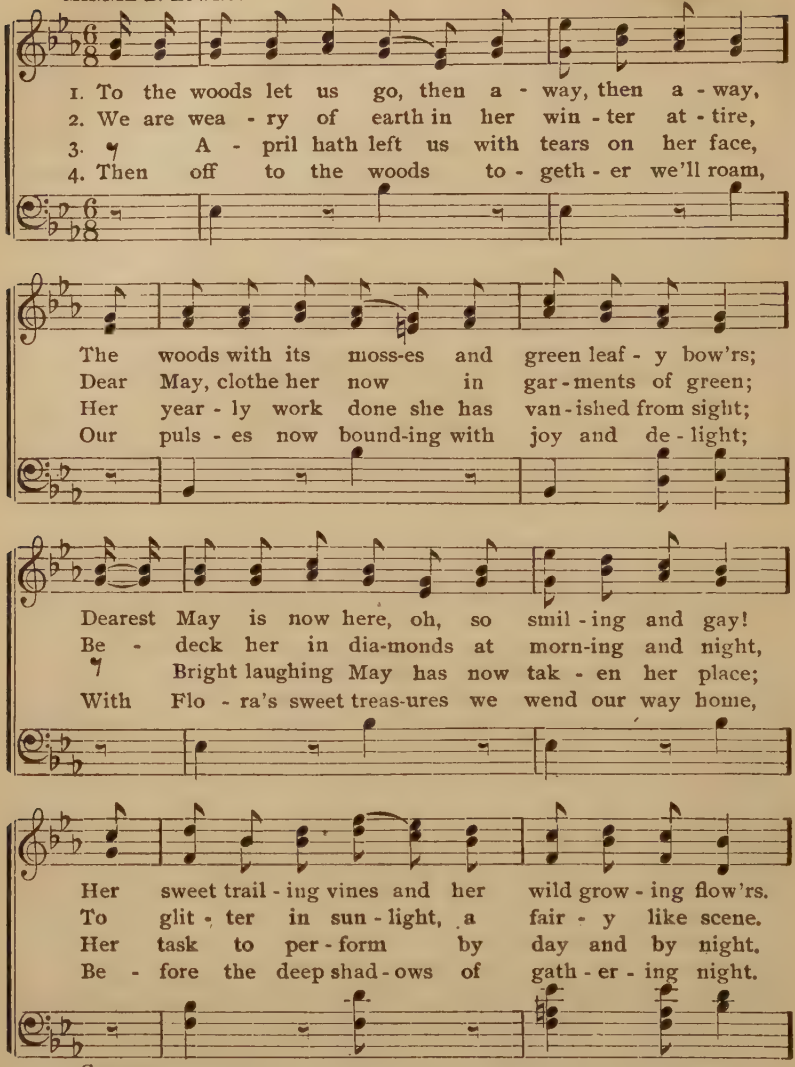
301 To the Woods Let Us Go.

MINNIE B. LOWRY. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. To the woods let us go, then a - way, then a - way,
2. We are wea - ry of earth in her win - ter at - tire,
3. A - pril hath left us with tears on her face,
4. Then off to the woods to - geth - er we'll roam,
The woods with its moss-es and green leaf - y bow'rs;
Dear May, clothe her now in gar - ments of green;
Her year - ly work done she has van - ished from sight;
Our puls - es now bound-ing with joy and de - light;
Dearest May is now here, oh, so smil - ing and gay!
Be - deck her in dia-monds at morn-ing and night,
Bright laughing May has now tak - en her place;
With Flo - ra's sweet treas-ures we wend our way home,
Her sweet trail - ing vines and her wild grow - ing flow'rs.
To glit - ter in sun - light, a fair - y like scene.
Her task to per - form by day and by night.
Be - fore the deep shad - ows of gath - er - ing night.
CHORUS.
Then a - way to the woods we will go, we will go; To the

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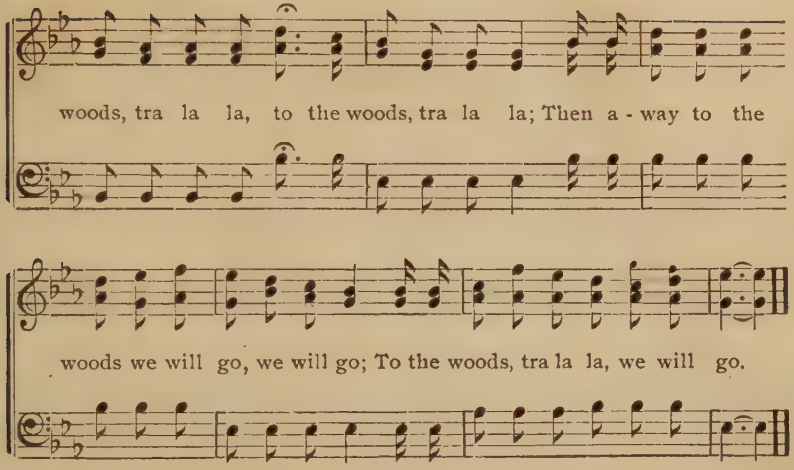
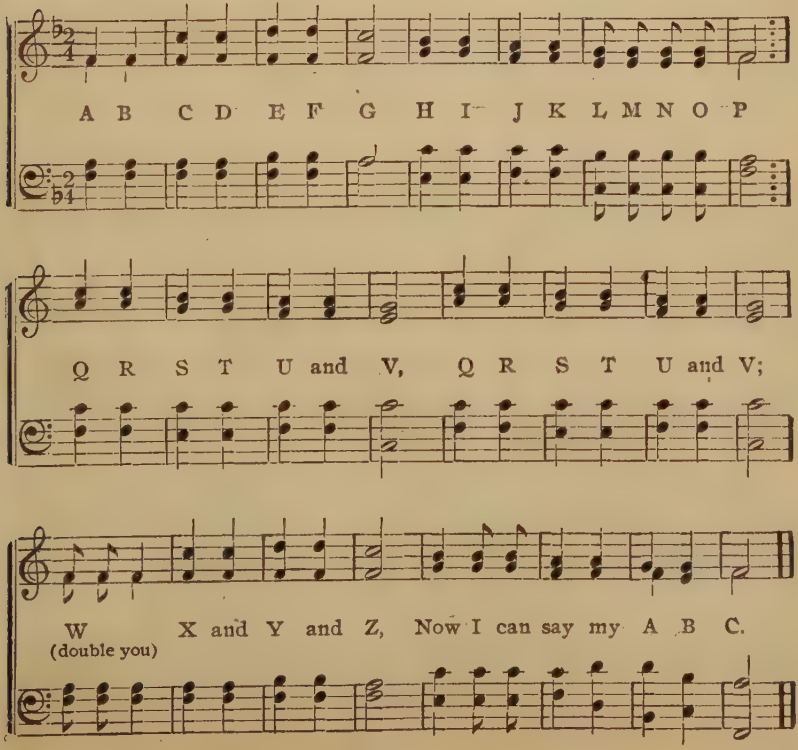
To the Woods Let Us Go.

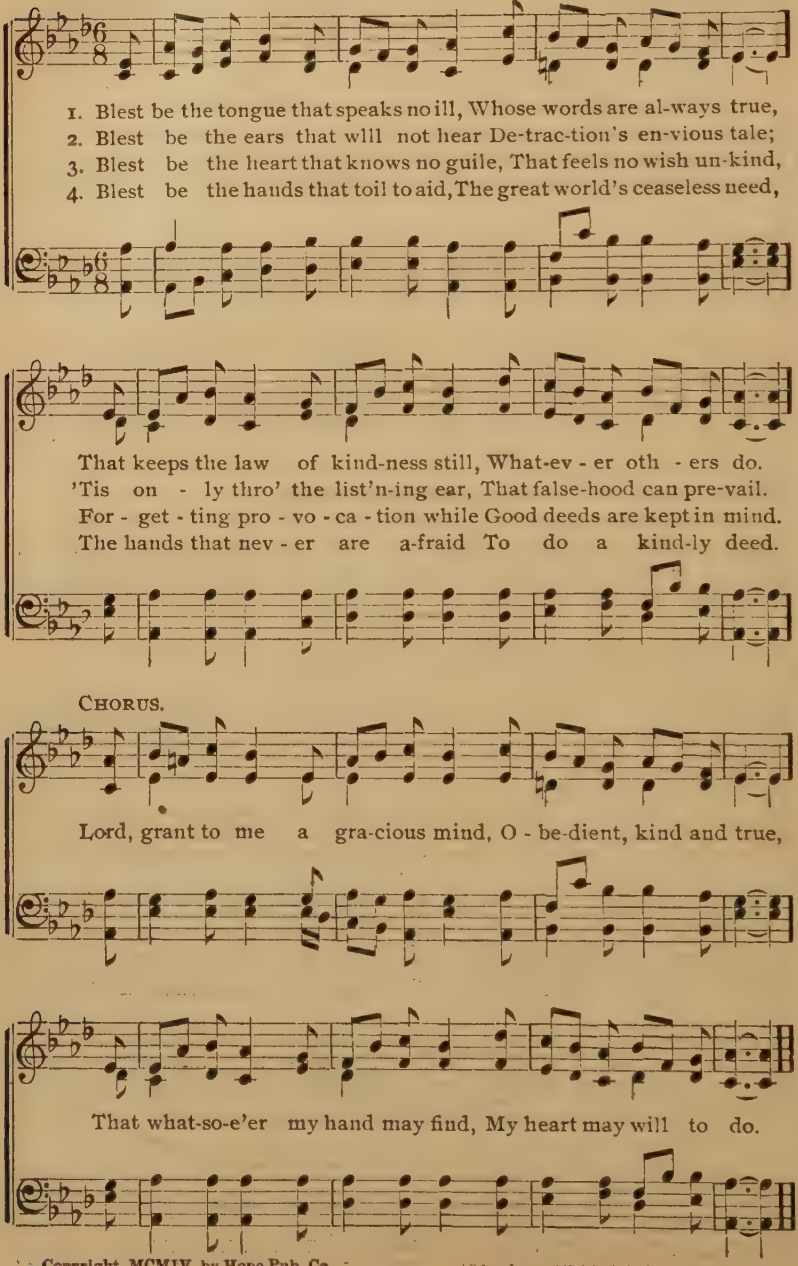


302 Alphabet Song.



Grace and Blessing.

MARIAN BERNSTEIN. J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill, Whose words are al-ways true,
2. Blest be the ears that will not hear De-trac-tion's en-vious tale;
3. Blest be the heart that knows no guile, That feels no wish un-kind,
4. Blest be the hands that toil to aid, The great world's ceaseless need,
That keeps the law of kind-ness still, What-ev - er oth - ers do.
'Tis on - ly thro' the list'n-ing ear, That false-hood can pre-vail.
For - get - ting pro - vo - ca - tion while Good deeds are kept in mind.
The hands that nev - er are a-fraid To do a kind-ly deed.
CHORUS.
Lord, grant to me a gra-cious mind, O - be-dient, kind and true,
That what-so-e'er my hand may find, My heart may will to do.

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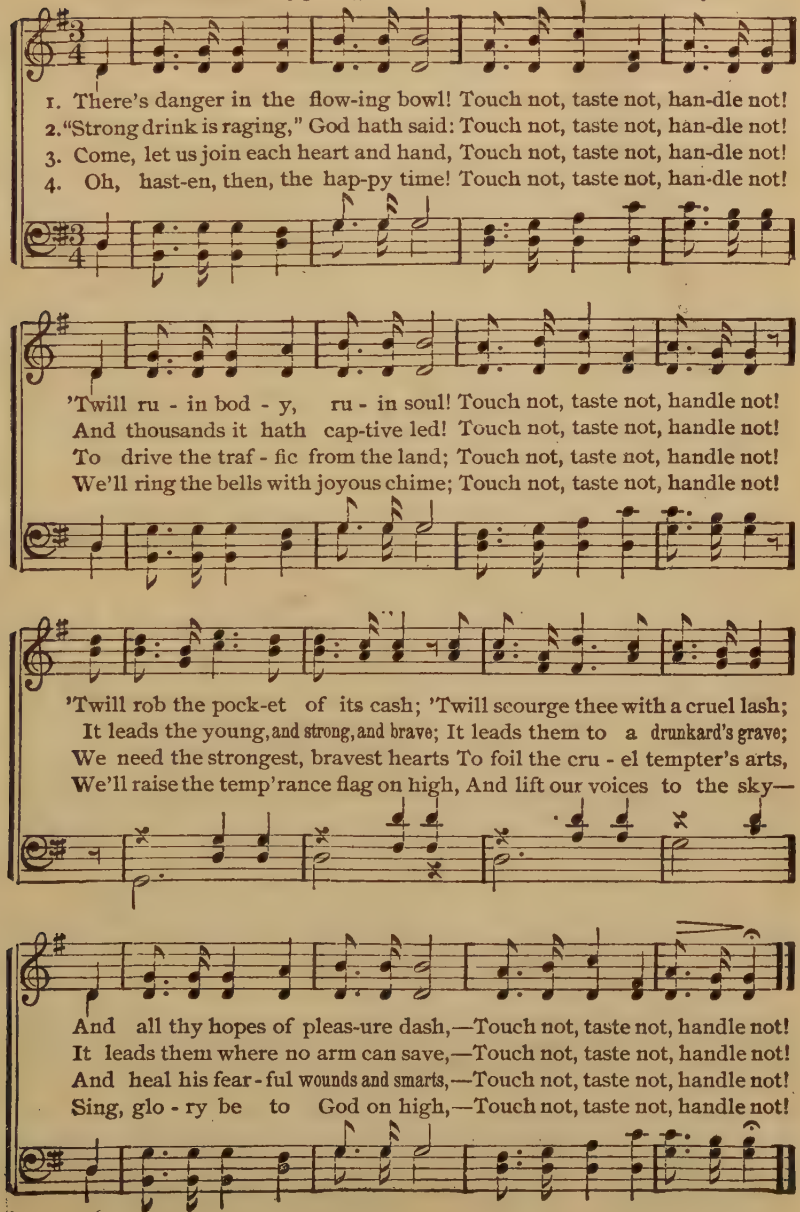
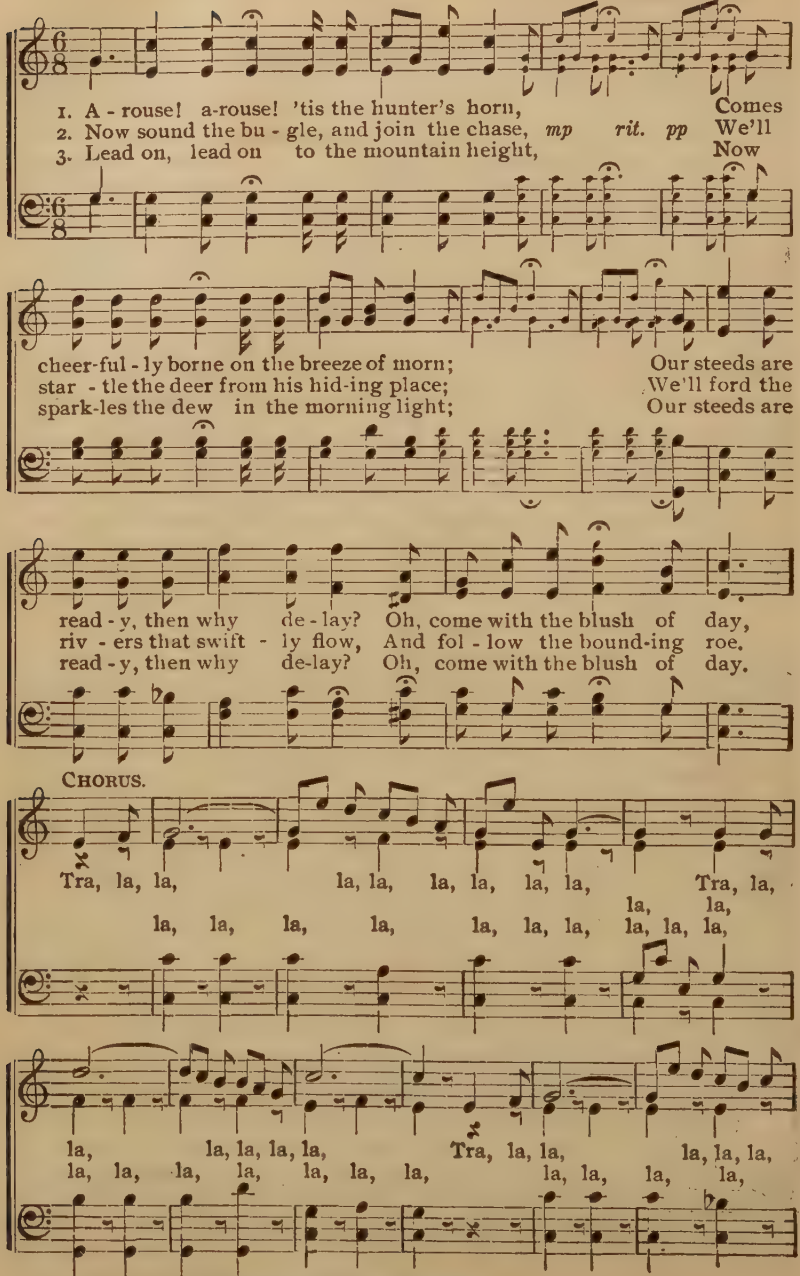
304 Touch Not, Taste Not, Handle Not.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS. By per. "Maryland."


1. There's danger in the flow-ing bowl! Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
2. "Strong drink is raging," God hath said: Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
3. Come, let us join each heart and hand, Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
4. Oh, hast-en, then, the hap-py time! Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
'Twill ru - in bod - y, ru - in soul! Touch not, taste not, handle not!
And thousands it hath cap-tive led! Touch not, taste not, handle not!
To drive the traf - fic from the land; Touch not, taste not, handle not!
We'll ring the bells with joyous chime; Touch not, taste not, handle not!
'Twill rob the pock-et of its cash; 'Twill scourge thee with a cruel lash;
It leads the young, and strong, and brave; It leads them to a drunkard's grave;
We need the strongest, bravest hearts To foil the cru - el tempter's arts,
We'll raise the temp'rance flag on high, And lift our voices to the sky—
And all thy hopes of pleas-ure dash,—Touch not, taste not, handle not!
It leads them where no arm can save,—Touch not, taste not, handle not!
And heal his fear - ful wounds and smarts,—Touch not, taste not, handle not!
Sing, glo - ry be to God on high,—Touch not, taste not, handle not!

305 The Huntsman's Song.

H. J. KURZENKNABE.

1. A - rouse! a-rouse! 'tis the hunter's horn, Comes
2. Now sound the bu - gle, and join the chase, mp rit. pp We'll
3. Lead on, lead on to the mountain height, Now
cheer-ful - ly borne on the breeze of morn; Our steeds are
star - tle the deer from his hid-ing place; We'll ford the
spark-les the dew in the morning light; Our steeds are
read - y, then why de - lay? Oh, come with the blush of day,
riv - ers that swift - ly flow, And fol - low the bound-ing roe.
read - y, then why de-lay? Oh, come with the blush of day.
CHORUS.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la,
la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

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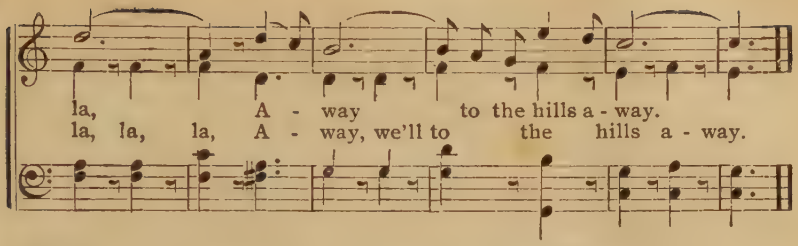
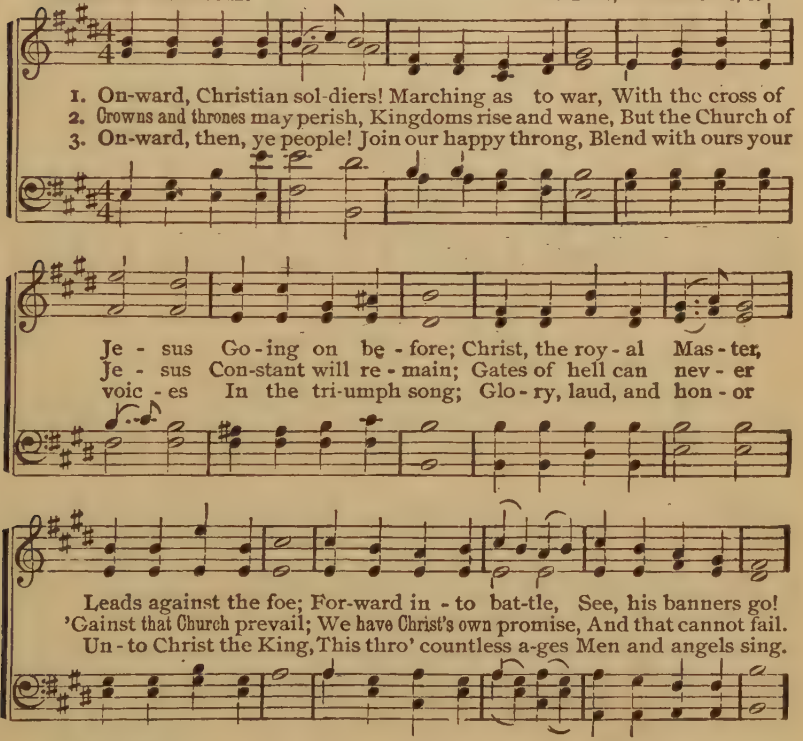
The Huntsman's Song.

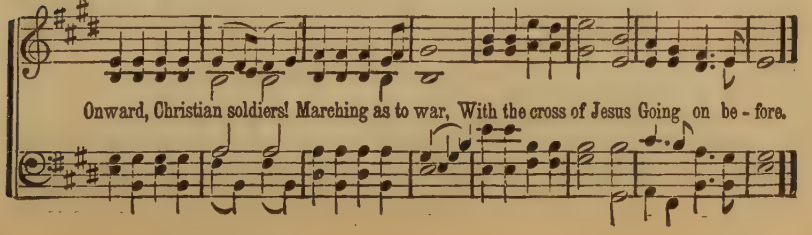


306 Onward Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. Tune, "Onward." 6, 5.

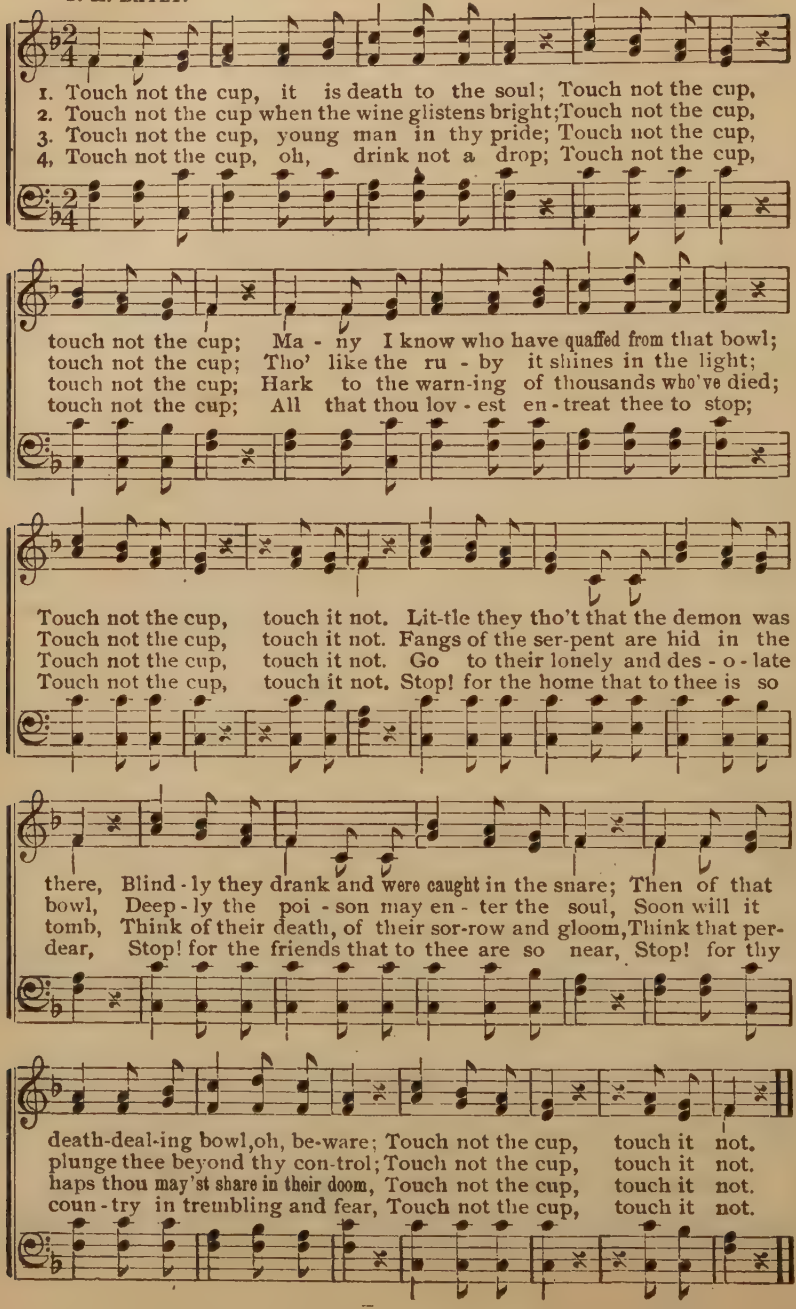

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
3. On-ward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or
Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat-tle, See, his banners go!
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a-ges Men and angels sing.

CHORUS.



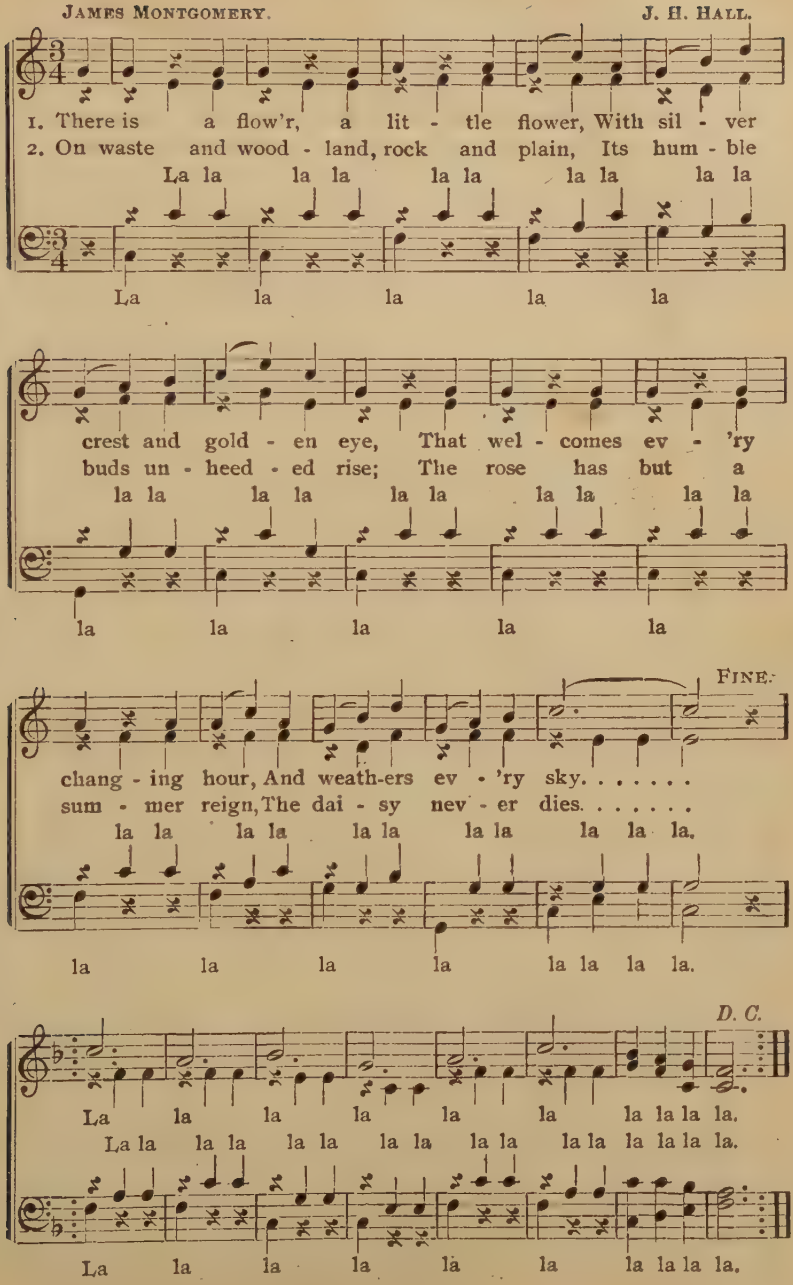
307 Touch Not the Cup.

T. H. BAYLY. JAMES H. AIKMAN.


1. Touch not the cup, it is death to the soul; Touch not the cup,
2. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright; Touch not the cup,
3. Touch not the cup, young man in thy pride; Touch not the cup,
4. Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop; Touch not the cup,
touch not the cup; Ma - ny I know who have quaffed from that bowl;
touch not the cup; Tho' like the ru - by it shines in the light;
touch not the cup; Hark to the warn-ing of thousands who've died;
touch not the cup; All that thou lov - est en - treat thee to stop;
Touch not the cup, touch it not. Lit-tle they tho't that the demon was
Touch not the cup, touch it not. Fangs of the ser-pent are hid in the
Touch not the cup, touch it not. Go to their lonely and des - o - late
Touch not the cup, touch it not. Stop! for the home that to thee is so
there, Blind - ly they drank and were caught in the snare; Then of that
bowl, Deep - ly the poi - son may en - ter the soul, Soon will it
tomb, Think of their death, of their sor-row and gloom, Think that per-
dear, Stop! for the friends that to thee are so near, Stop! for thy
death-deal-ing bowl, oh, be-ware; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
plunge thee beyond thy con-trol; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
haps thou may'st share in their doom, Touch not the cup, touch it not.
coun - try in trembling and fear, Touch not the cup, touch it not.

The Daisy.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. J. H. HALL.


1. There is a flow'r, a lit - tle flower, With sil - ver
2. On waste and wood - land, rock and plain, Its hum - ble
La la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la
crest and gold - en eye, That wel - comes ev - 'ry
buds un - heed - ed rise; The rose has but a
la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la
FINE.
chang - ing hour, And weath-ers ev - 'ry sky. . . . . .
sum - mer reign, The dai - sy nev - er dies. . . . . .
la la la la la la la la la la, la.
la la la la la la la la.
D. C.
La la la la la la la la la la.
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
La la la la la la la la la la.

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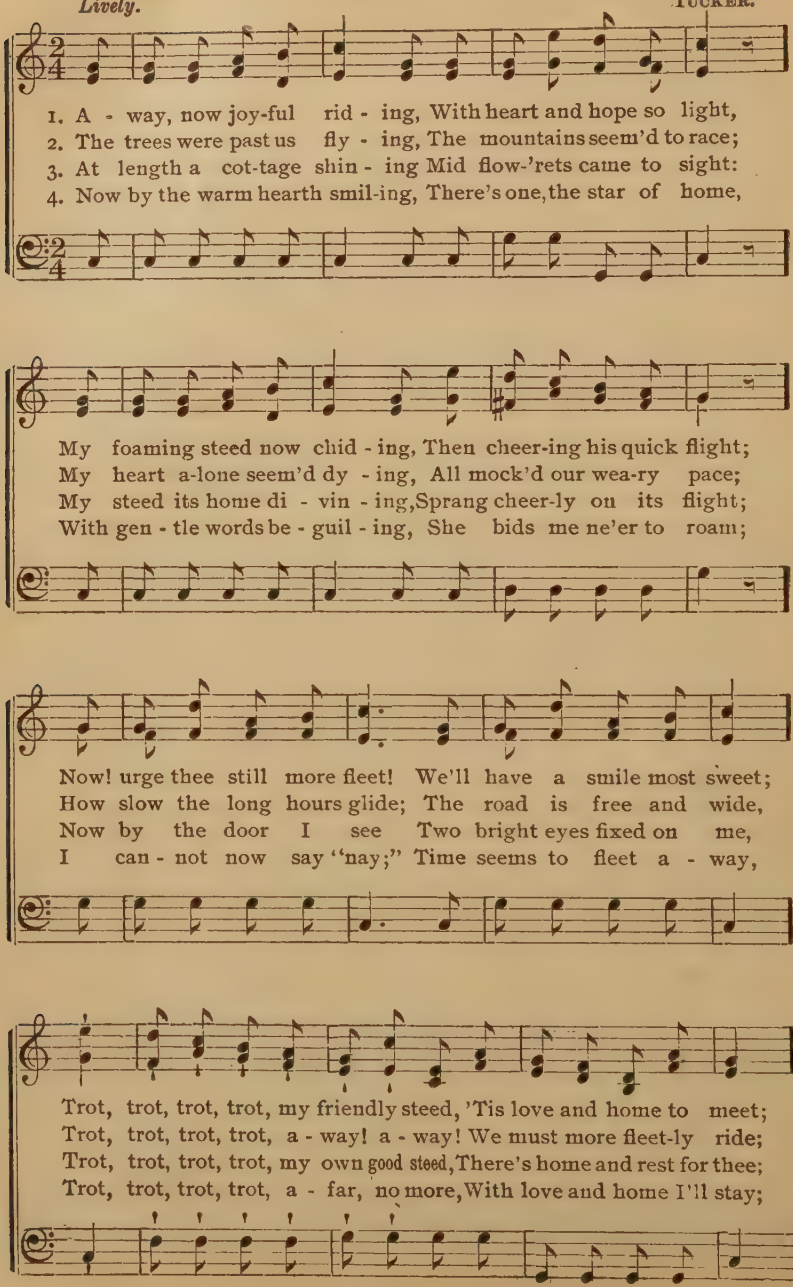
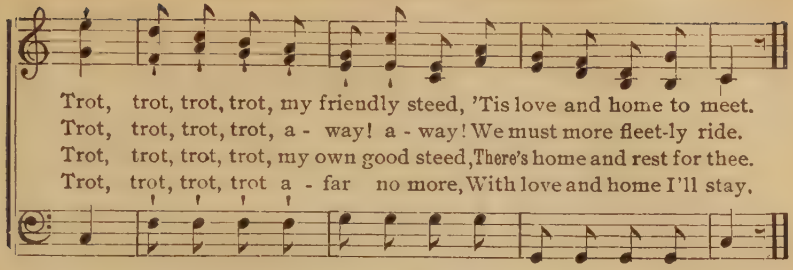
309 Away, Now Joyful Riding.

Lively. TUCKER.

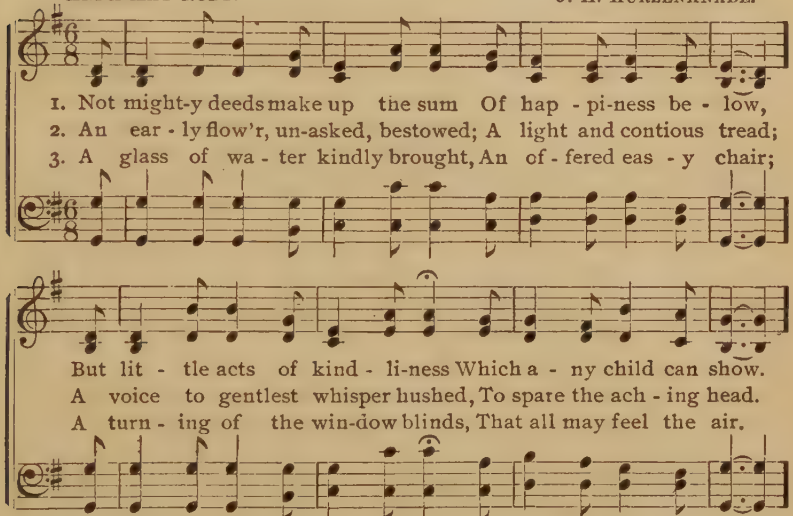

1. A - way, now joy-ful rid - ing, With heart and hope so light,
2. The trees were past us fly - ing, The mountains seem'd to race;
3. At length a cot-tage shin - ing Mid flow-'rets came to sight:
4. Now by the warm hearth smil-ing, There's one, the star of home,
My foaming steed now chid - ing, Then cheer-ing his quick flight;
My heart a-lone seem'd dy - ing, All mock'd our wea-ry pace;
My steed its home di - vin - ing, Sprang cheer-ly on its flight;
With gen - tle words be - guil - ing, She bids me ne'er to roam;
Now! urge thee still more fleet! We'll have a smile most sweet;
How slow the long hours glide; The road is free and wide,
Now by the door I see Two bright eyes fixed on me,
I can - not now say "nay;" Time seems to fleet a - way,
Trot, trot, trot, trot, my friendly steed, 'Tis love and home to meet;
Trot, trot, trot, trot, a - way! a - way! We must more fleet-ly ride;
Trot, trot, trot, trot, my own good steed, There's home and rest for thee;
Trot, trot, trot, trot, a - far, no more, With love and home I'll stay;

Away, Now Joyful Riding.

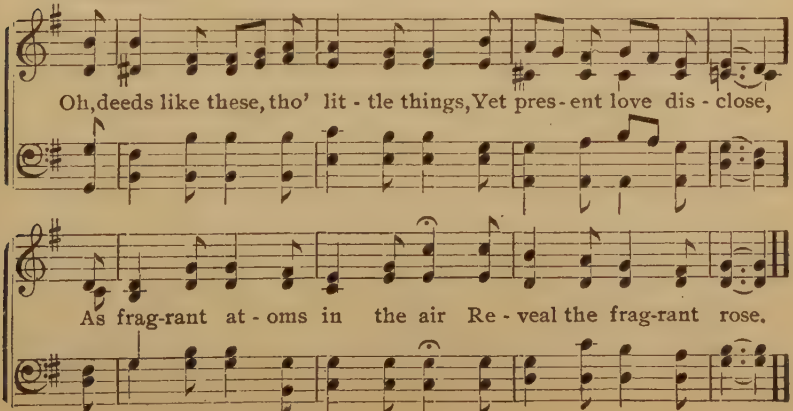

Trot, trot, trot, trot, my friendly steed, 'Tis love and home to meet.
Trot, trot, trot, trot, a - way! a - way! We must more fleet-ly ride.
Trot, trot, trot, trot, my own good steed, There's home and rest for thee.
Trot, trot, trot, trot a - far no more, With love and home I'll stay.

310 Little Acts of Love.

ANNA MAY RUBY. J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. Not might-y deeds make up the sum Of hap - pi-ness be - low,
2. An ear - ly flow'r, un-asked, bestowed; A light and contious tread;
3. A glass of wa - ter kindly brought, An of - fered eas - y chair;
But lit - tle acts of kind - li-ness Which a - ny child can show.
A voice to gentlest whisper hushed, To spare the ach - ing head.
A turn - ing of the win-dow blinds, That all may feel the air.

CHORUS.



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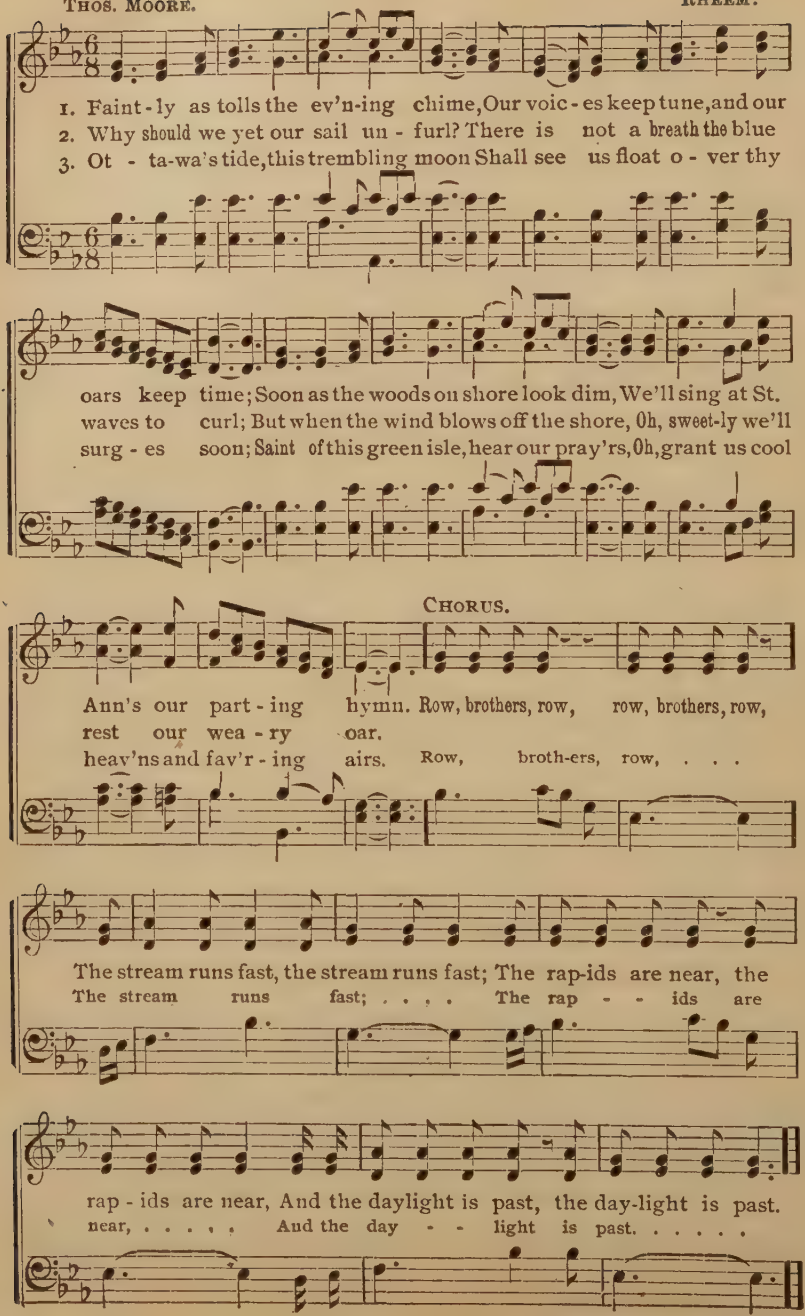
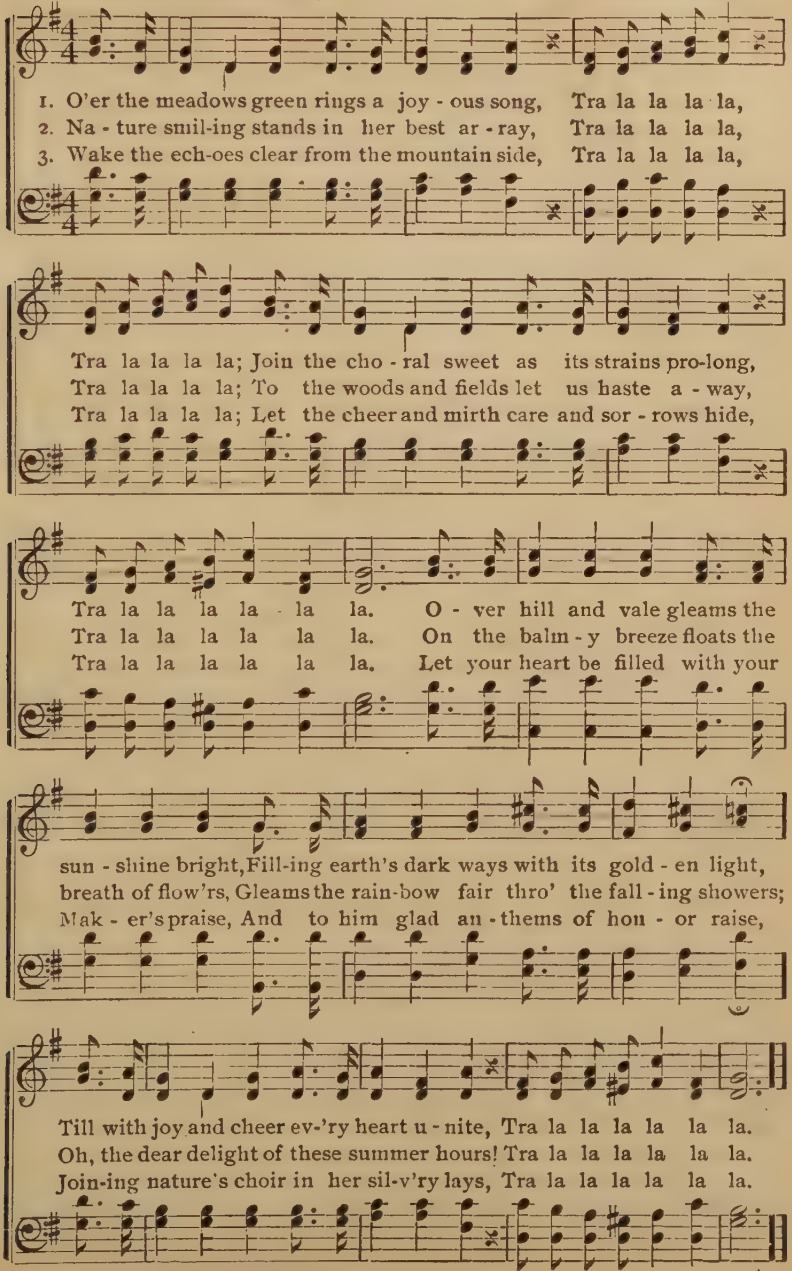
311 Boat Song.

THOS. MOORE. RHEEM.


1. Faint-ly as tolls the ev'n-ing chime, Our voic-es keep tune, and our
2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue
3. Ot-ta-wa's tide, this trembling moon Shall see us float o-ver thy
oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St.
waves to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh, sweet-ly we'll
surg-es soon; Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'rs, Oh, grant us cool
CHORUS.
Ann's our part-ing hymn. Row, brothers, row, row, brothers, row,
rest our wea-ry oar.
heav'ns and fav'r-ing airs. Row, broth-ers, row, . . .
The stream runs fast, the stream runs fast; The rap-ids are near, the
The stream runs fast; . . . . The rap - - ids are
rap-ids are near, And the daylight is past, the day-light is past.
near, ... And the day - - light is past. . . . . .

312 O'er the Meadows Green.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND, 3d stanza by J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. O'er the meadows green rings a joy - ous song, Tra la la la la,
2. Na - ture smil-ing stands in her best ar - ray, Tra la la la la,
3. Wake the ech-oes clear from the mountain side, Tra la la la la,
Tra la la la la; Join the cho - ral sweet as its strains pro-long,
Tra la la la la; To the woods and fields let us haste a - way,
Tra la la la la; Let the cheer and mirth care and sor - rows hide,
Tra la la la la la la. O - ver hill and vale gleams the
Tra la la la la la la. On the balm - y breeze floats the
Tra la la la la la la. Let your heart be filled with your
sun - shine bright, Fill-ing earth's dark ways with its gold - en light,
breath of flow'rs, Gleams the rain-bow fair thro' the fall - ing showers;
Mak - er's praise, And to him glad an - thems of hon - or raise,
Till with joy and cheer ev-'ry heart u - nite, Tra la la la la la la.
Oh, the dear delight of these summer hours! Tra la la la la la la.
Join-ing nature's choir in her sil-v'ry lays, Tra la la la la la la.

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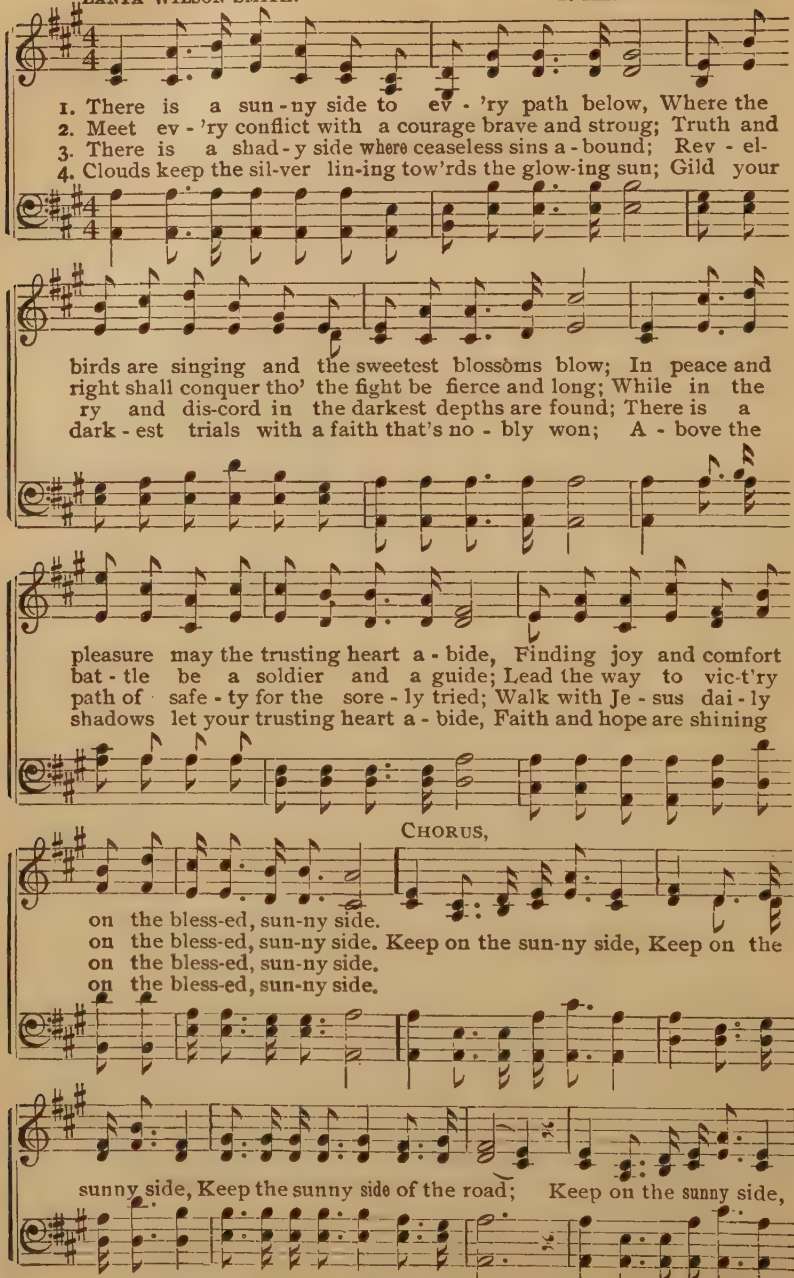
313 Keep On the Sunny Side.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. T. MARTIN TOWNE.


1. There is a sun-ny side to ev-'ry path below, Where the
2. Meet ev-'ry conflict with a courage brave and strong; Truth and
3. There is a shad-y side where ceaseless sins a-bound; Rev-el-
4. Clouds keep the sil-ver lin-ing tow'rds the glow-ing sun; Gild your
birds are singing and the sweetest blossoms blow; In peace and
right shall conquer tho' the fight be fierce and long; While in the
ry and dis-cord in the darkest depths are found; There is a
dark-est trials with a faith that's no-bly won; A-bove the
pleasure may the trusting heart a-bide, Finding joy and comfort
bat-tle be a soldier and a guide; Lead the way to vic-t'ry
path of safe-ty for the sore-ly tried; Walk with Je-sus dai-ly
shadows let your trusting heart a-bide, Faith and hope are shining
CHORUS,
on the bless-ed, sun-ny side.
on the bless-ed, sun-ny side. Keep on the sun-ny side, Keep on the
on the bless-ed, sun-ny side.
on the bless-ed, sun-ny side.
sunny side, Keep the sunny side of the road; Keep on the sunny side,

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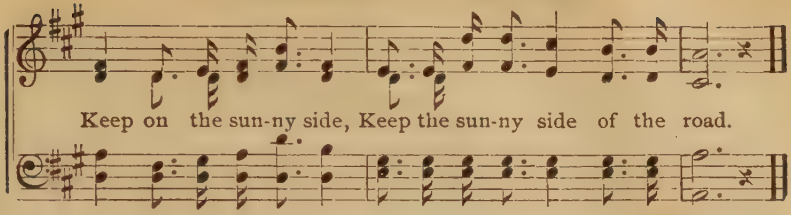
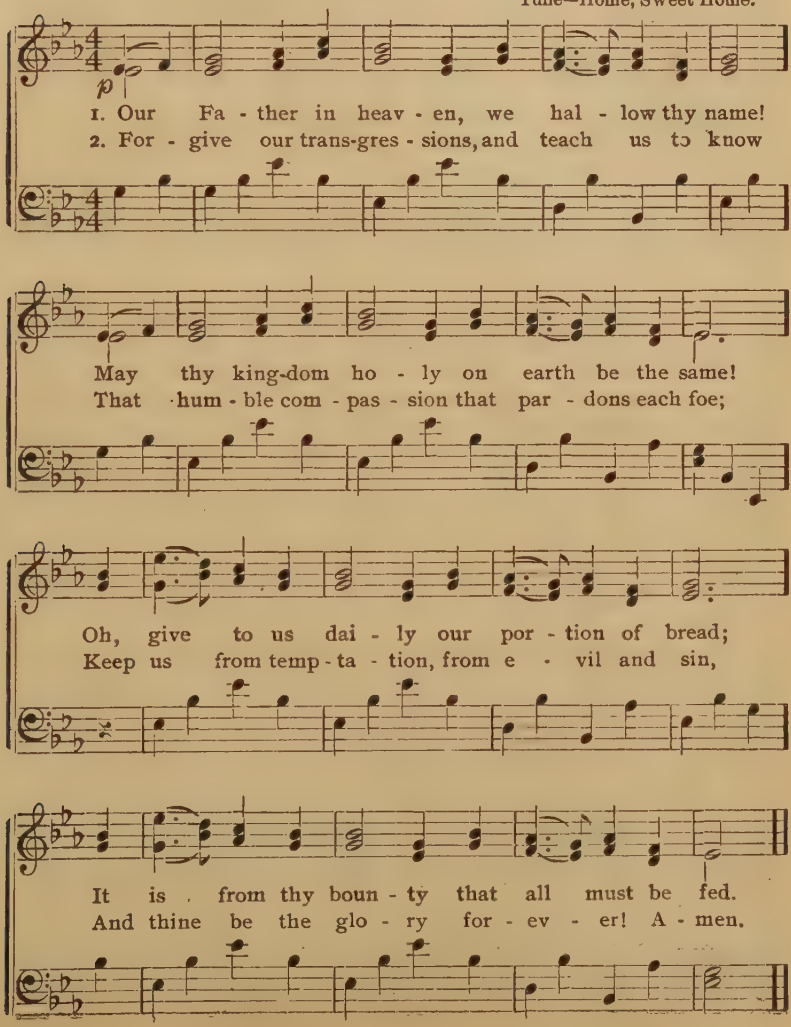
Keep On the Sunny Side.



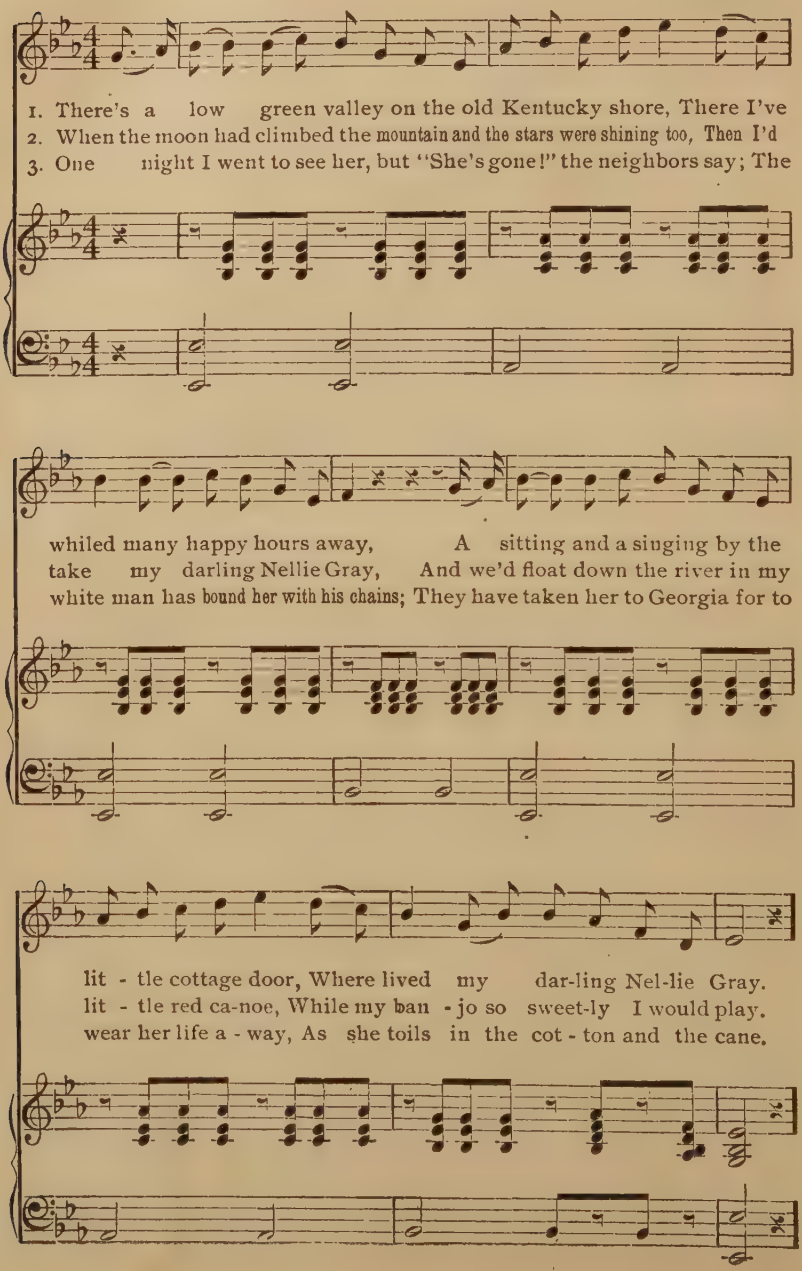
314 The Lord's Prayer.

Tune—Home, Sweet Home.

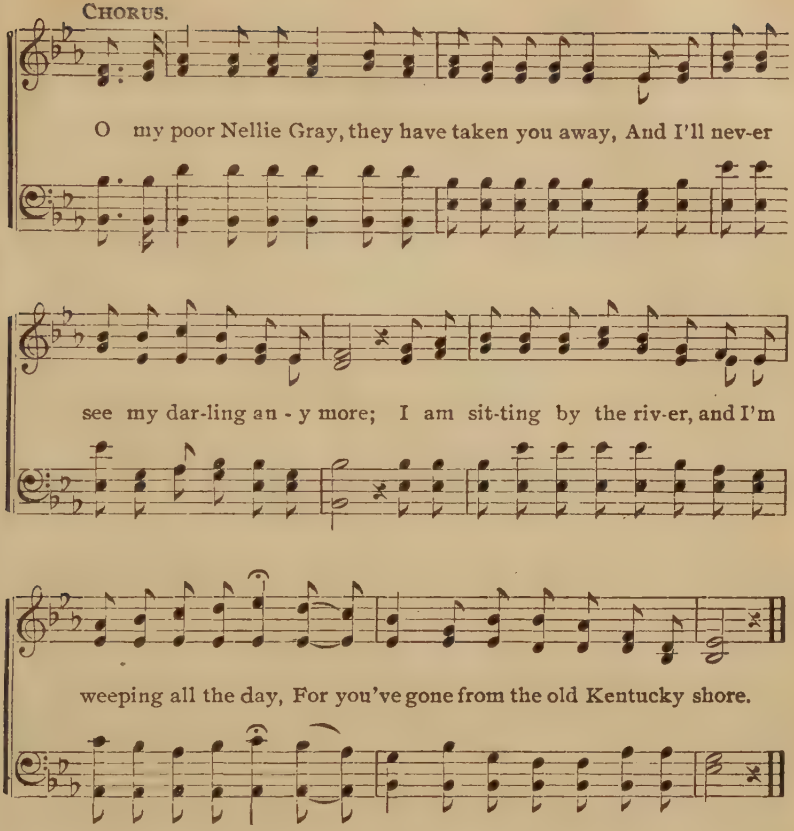

1. Our Fa - ther in heav - en, we hal - low thy name!
2. For - give our trans-gres - sions, and teach us to know
May thy king-dom ho - ly on earth be the same!
That hum - ble com - pas - sion that par - dons each foe;
Oh, give to us dai - ly our por - tion of bread;
Keep us from temp - ta - tion, from e - vil and sin,
It is from thy boun - ty that all must be fed.
And thine be the glo - ry for - ev - er! A - men.

Darling Nellie Gray.

B. R. H. B. R. HANBY.


1. There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore, There I've whiled many happy hours away, A sitting and a singing by the lit - tle cottage door, Where lived my dar-ling Nel-lie Gray.
2. When the moon had climbed the mountain and the stars were shining too, Then I'd take my darling Nellie Gray, And we'd float down the river in my lit - tle red ca-noe, While my ban - jo so sweet-ly I would play.
3. One night I went to see her, but "She's gone!" the neighbors say; The white man has bound her with his chains; They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life a - way, As she toils in the cot - ton and the cane.

Darling Nellie Gray.


CHORUS.
O my poor Nellie Gray, they have taken you away, And I'll nev-er
see my dar-ling an - y more; I am sit-ting by the riv-er, and I'm
weeping all the day, For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

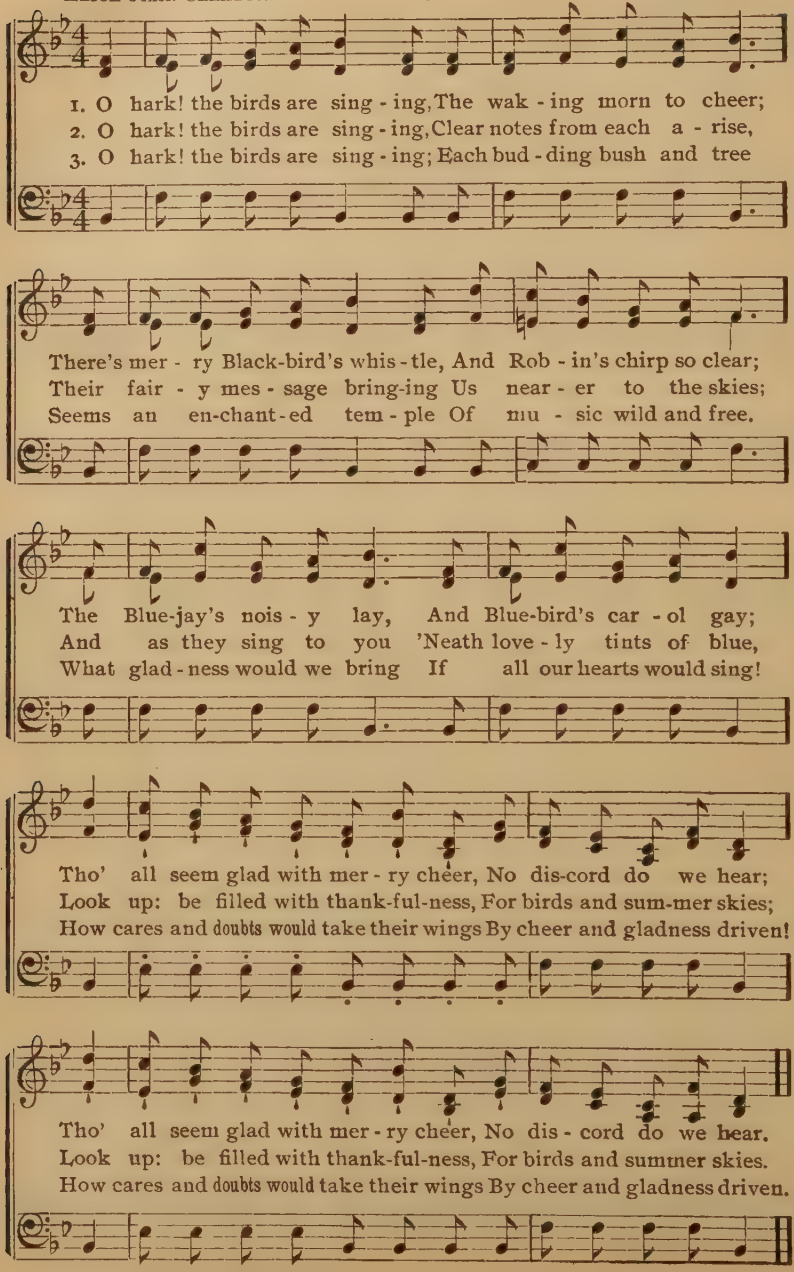
4 My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung,
I'm tired of living any more;
My eyes shall look downward, and my song shall be unsung,
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

5 My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way;
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door—
Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nellie Gray,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Chorus to last verse.

O my darling Nellie Gray, up in heaven there they say,
That they'll never take you from me any more;
I'm a coming—coming—coming, as the angels clear the way,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

316 O Hark! The Birds are Singing.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. Arr. by J. H. K.

1. O hark! the birds are sing - ing, The wak - ing morn to cheer;
2. O hark! the birds are sing - ing, Clear notes from each a - rise,
3. O hark! the birds are sing - ing; Each bud - ding bush and tree
There's mer - ry Black-bird's whis - tle, And Rob - in's chirp so clear;
Their fair - y mes - sage bring-ing Us near - er to the skies;
Seems an en-chant-ed tem - ple Of mu - sic wild and free.
The Blue-jay's nois - y lay, And Blue-bird's car - ol gay;
And as they sing to you 'Neath love - ly tints of blue,
What glad - ness would we bring If all our hearts would sing!
Tho' all seem glad with mer - ry cheer, No dis-cord do we hear;
Look up: be filled with thank-ful-ness, For birds and sum-mer skies;
How cares and doubts would take their wings By cheer and gladness driven!
Tho' all seem glad with mer - ry cheer, No dis - cord do we hear.
Look up: be filled with thank-ful-ness, For birds and summer skies.
How cares and doubts would take their wings By cheer and gladness driven.

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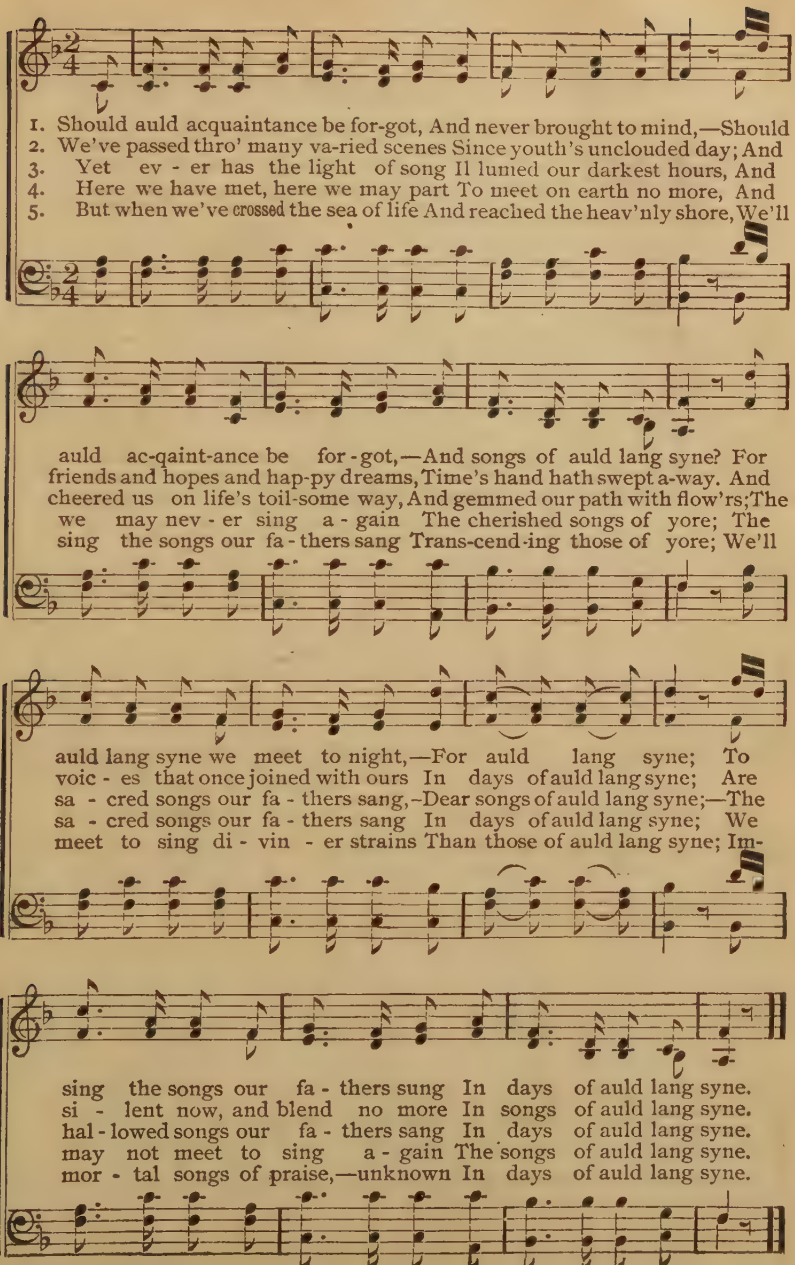
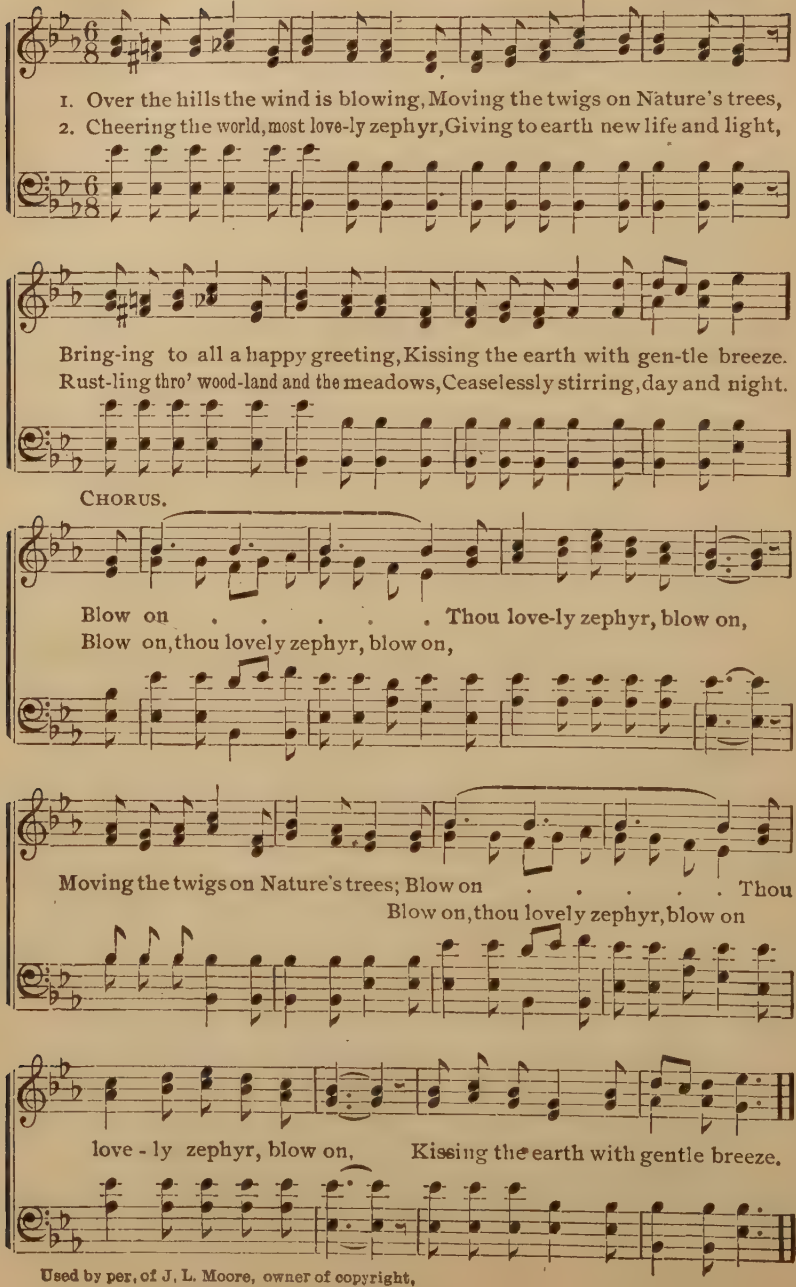
Auld Lang Syne


1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And never brought to mind,—Should
2. We've passed thro' many va-ried scenes Since youth's unclouded day; And
3. Yet ev - er has the light of song Il lumed our darkest hours, And
4. Here we have met, here we may part To meet on earth no more, And
5. But when we've crossed the sea of life And reached the heav'nly shore, We'll
auld ac-qaint-ance be for - got,—And songs of auld lang syne? For
friends and hopes and hap-py dreams, Time's hand hath swept a-way. And
cheered us on life's toil-some way, And gemmed our path with flow'rs; The
we may nev - er sing a - gain The cherished songs of yore; The
sing the songs our fa - thers sang Trans-cend-ing those of yore; We'll
auld lang syne we meet to night,—For auld lang syne; To
voic - es that once joined with ours In days of auld lang syne; Are
sa - cred songs our fa - thers sang,—Dear songs of auld lang syne;—The
sa - cred songs our fa - thers sang In days of auld lang syne; We
meet to sing di - vin - er strains Than those of auld lang syne; Im-
sing the songs our fa - thers sung In days of auld lang syne.
si - lent now, and blend no more In songs of auld lang syne.
hal - lowed songs our fa - thers sang In days of auld lang syne.
may not meet to sing a - gain The songs of auld lang syne.
mor - tal songs of praise,—unknown In days of auld lang syne.

318 Blow on, Lovely Zephyr.

J. L. M. J. L. MOORE.


1. Over the hills the wind is blowing, Moving the twigs on Nature's trees,
2. Cheering the world, most love-ly zephyr, Giving to earth new life and light,
Bring-ing to all a happy greeting, Kissing the earth with gen-tle breeze.
Rust-ling thro' wood-land and the meadows, Ceaselessly stirring, day and night.
CHORUS.
Blow on . . . . . Thou love-ly zephyr, blow on,
Blow on, thou lovely zephyr, blow on,
Moving the twigs on Nature's trees; Blow on . . . . . Thou
Blow on, thou lovely zephyr, blow on
love - ly zephyr, blow on, Kissing the earth with gentle breeze.

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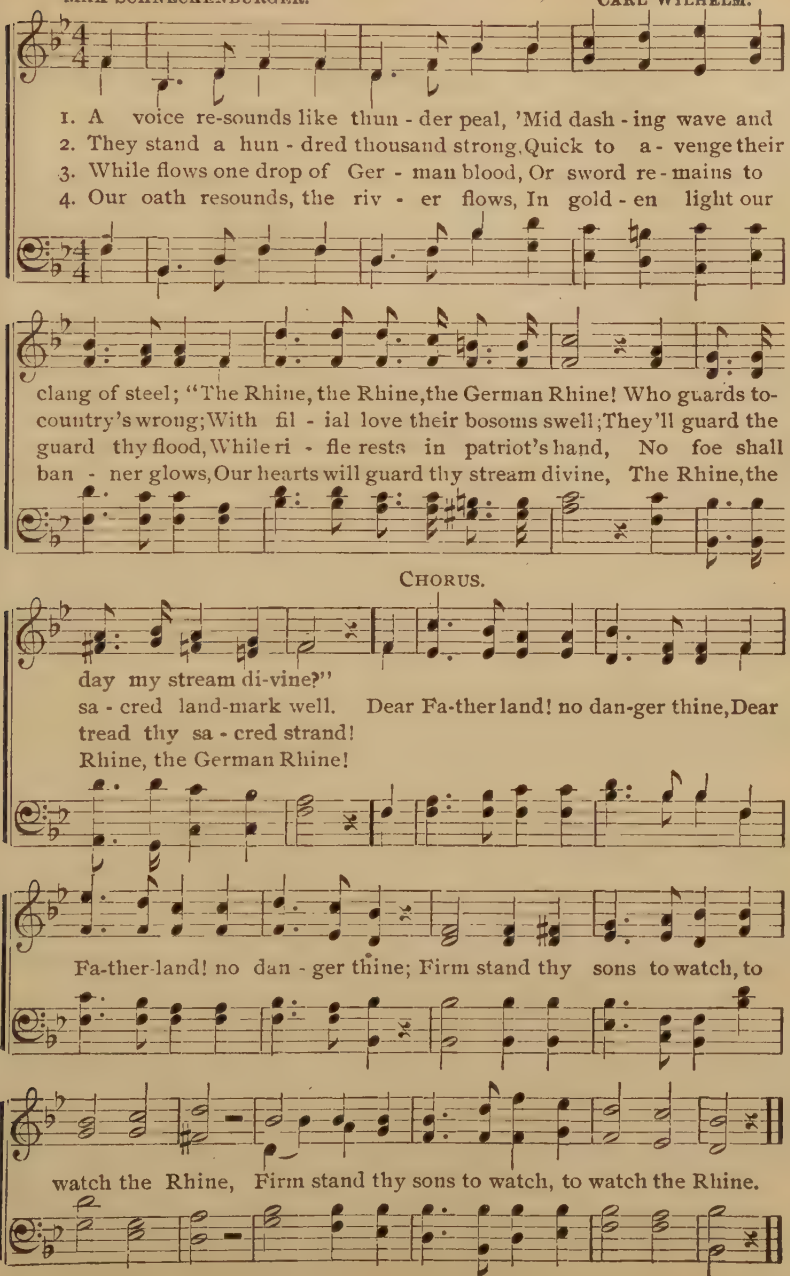
319 The Watch on the Rhine.

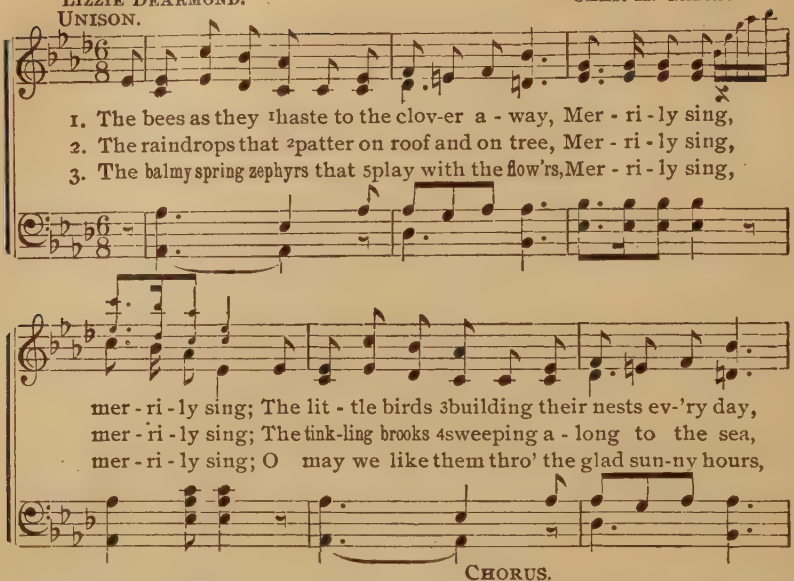
MAX SCHNECKENBURGER. CARL WILHELM.


1. A voice re-sounds like thun - der peal, 'Mid dash - ing wave and
2. They stand a hun - dred thousand strong, Quick to a - venge their
3. While flows one drop of Ger - man blood, Or sword re - mains to
4. Our oath resounds, the riv - er flows, In gold - en light our
clang of steel; "The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine! Who guards to-
country's wrong; With fil - ial love their bosoms swell; They'll guard the
guard thy flood, While ri - fle rests in patriot's hand, No foe shall
ban - ner glows, Our hearts will guard thy stream divine, The Rhine, the
CHORUS.
day my stream di-vine?"
sa - cred land-mark well. Dear Fa-ther land! no dan-ger thine, Dear
tread thy sa - cred strand!
Rhine, the German Rhine!
Fa-ther-land! no dan - ger thine; Firm stand thy sons to watch, to
watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

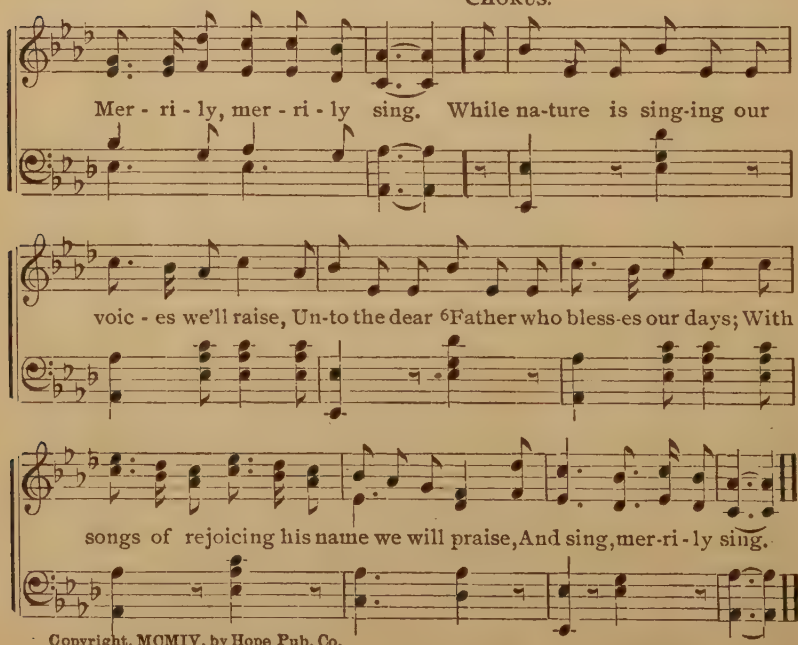
Merrily Sing.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

UNISON.


1. The bees as they 1haste to the clov-er a - way, Mer - ri - ly sing,
2. The raindrops that 2patter on roof and on tree, Mer - ri - ly sing,
3. The balmy spring zephyrs that 5play with the flow'rs, Mer - ri - ly sing,
mer - ri - ly sing; The lit - tle birds 3building their nests ev-'ry day,
mer - ri - ly sing; The tink-ling brooks 4sweeping a - long to the sea,
mer - ri - ly sing; O may we like them thro' the glad sun-ny hours,

CHORUS.


Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing. While na-ture is sing-ing our
voic - es we'll raise, Un-to the dear 6Father who bless-es our days; With
songs of rejoicing his name we will praise, And sing, mer-ri - ly sing.

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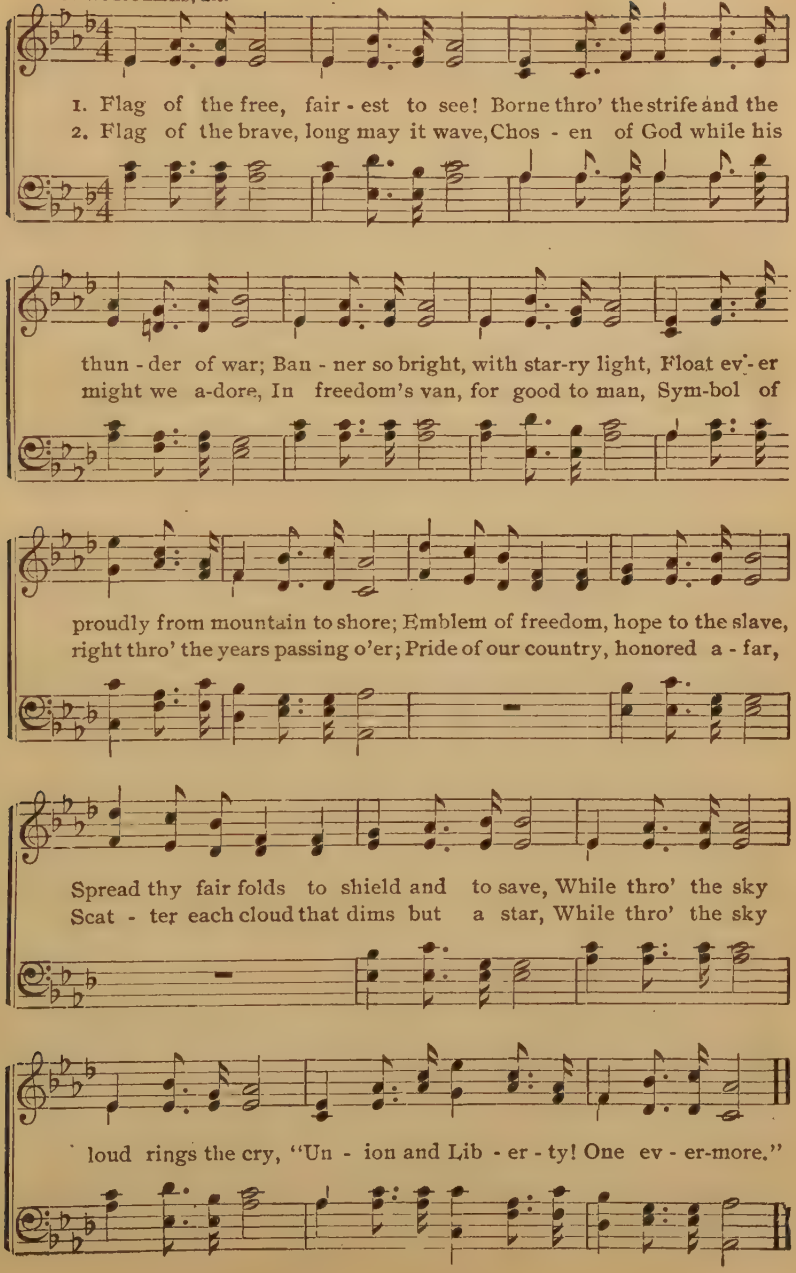
1 Move fingers of right hand while moving hand from right to left. 2 Bring hands together to form a nest. 3 Make pattering motion, tapping fingers of right hand on palm of left until the end of the line. 4 Make sweeping motion from left to right with right hand. 5 Make hands dance along. 6 Point up. 7 Fold hands across breast and look up.

321 Flag of the Free.

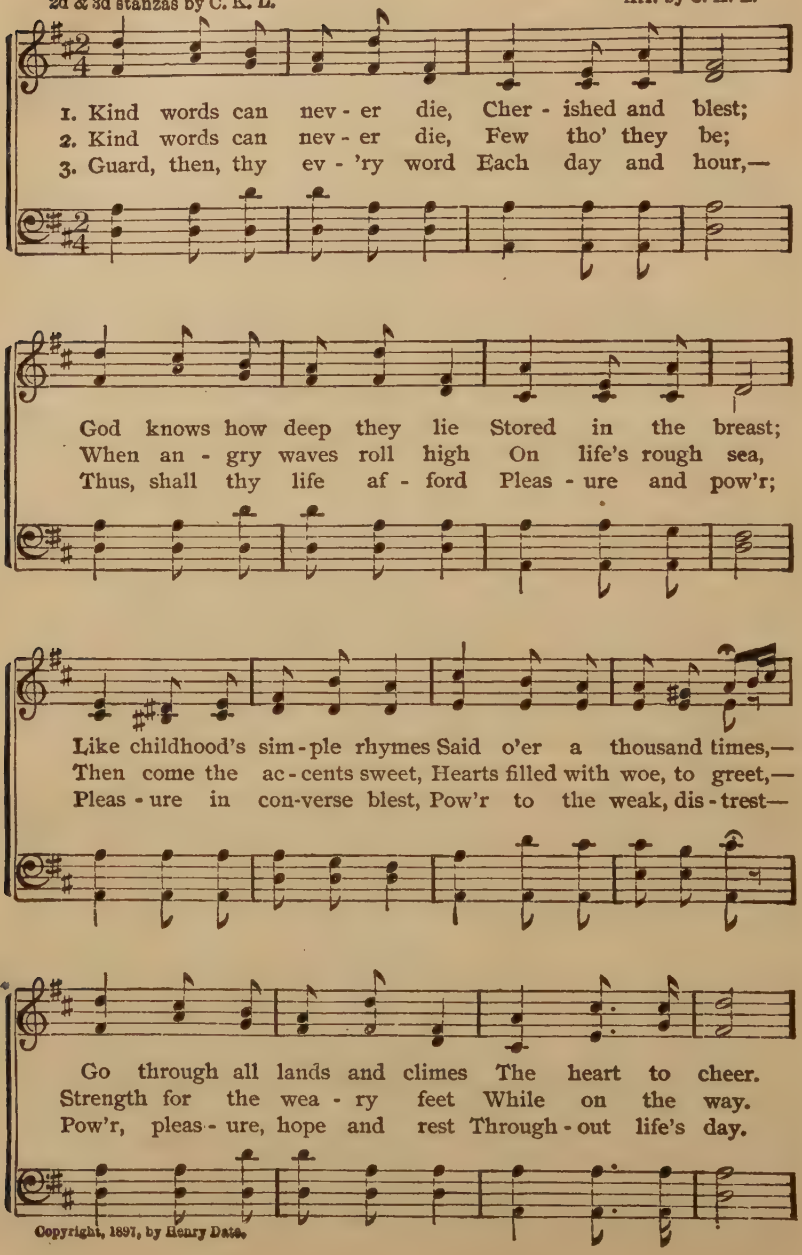
O. W. HOLMES, alt. WAGNER, arr.


1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Chos - en of God while his
thun - der of war; Ban - ner so bright, with star-ry light, Float ev'- er
might we a-dore, In freedom's van, for good to man, Sym-bol of
proudly from mountain to shore; Emblem of freedom, hope to the slave,
right thro' the years passing o'er; Pride of our country, honored a - far,
Spread thy fair folds to shield and to save, While thro' the sky
Scat - ter each cloud that dims but a star, While thro' the sky
loud rings the cry, "Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! One ev - er-more."

Kind Words.

2d & 3d stanzas by C. K. L.

ABBY HUTCHINSON.
Arr. by C. K. L.


1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cher - ished and blest;
2. Kind words can nev - er die, Few tho' they be;
3. Guard, then, thy ev - 'ry word Each day and hour,—
God knows how deep they lie Stored in the breast;
When an - gry waves roll high On life's rough sea,
Thus, shall thy life af - ford Pleas - ure and pow'r;
Like childhood's sim - ple rhymes Said o'er a thousand times,—
Then come the ac - cents sweet, Hearts filled with woe, to greet,—
Pleas - ure in con-verse blest, Pow'r to the weak, dis - trest—
Go through all lands and climes The heart to cheer.
Strength for the wea - ry feet While on the way.
Pow'r, pleas - ure, hope and rest Through - out life's day.

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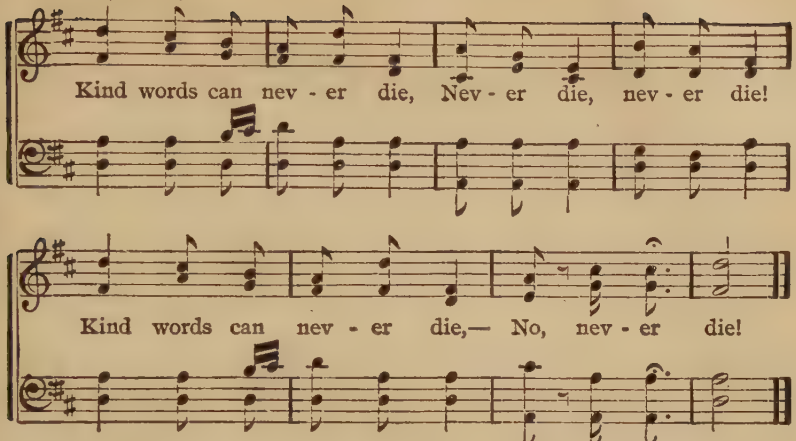
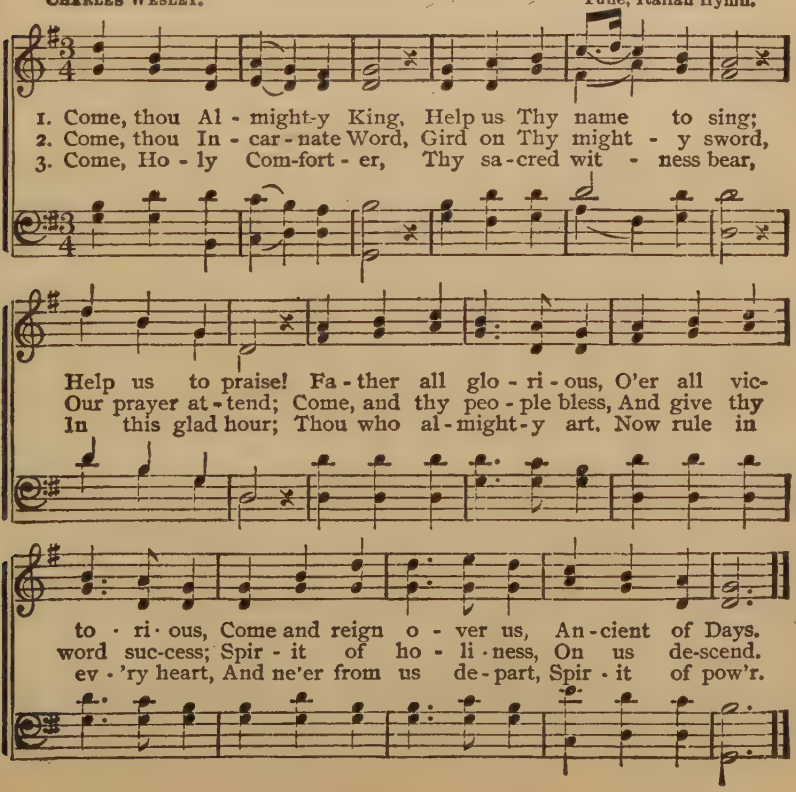
Kind Words.

REFRAIN.



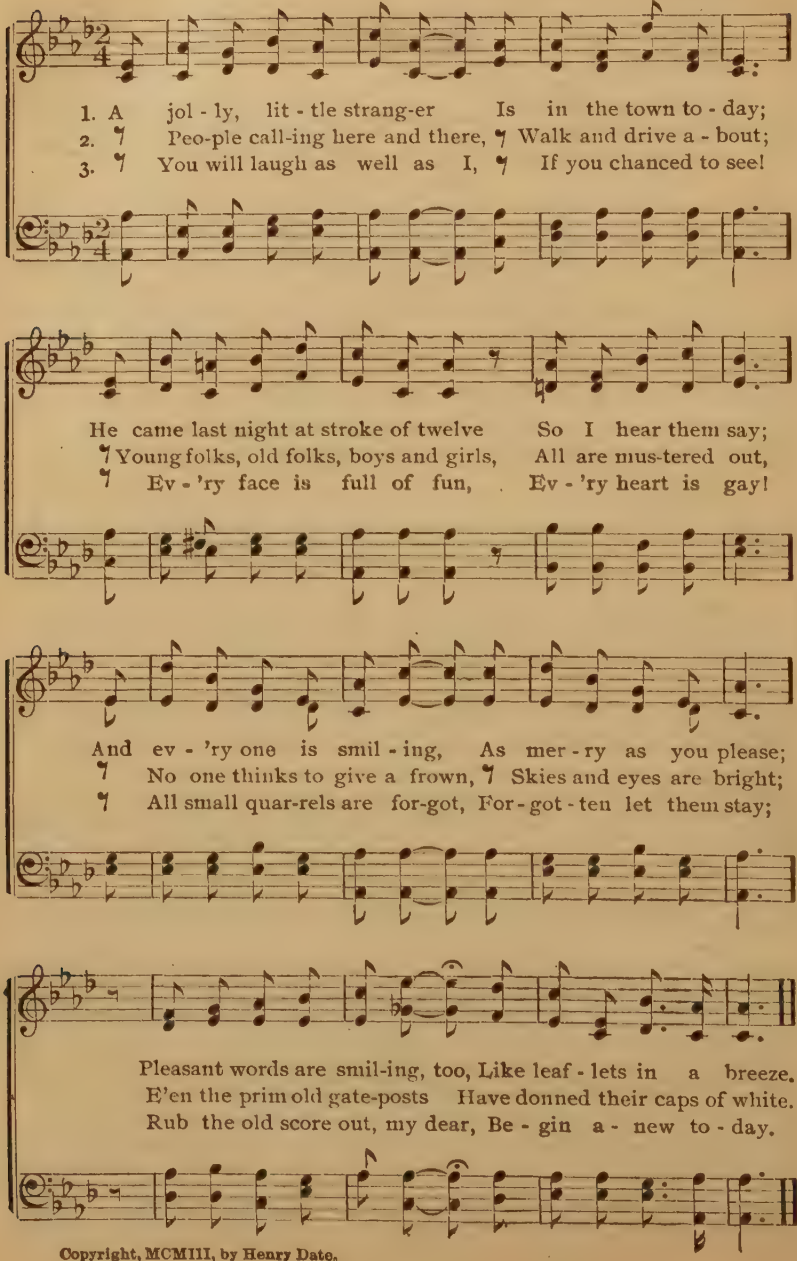
323 Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune, Italian Hymn.


1. Come, thou Al - might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing;
2. Come, thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com-fort - er, Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear,
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Our prayer at - tend; Come, and thy peo - ple bless, And give thy
In this glad hour; Thou who al - might - y art. Now rule in
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
word suc-cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de-scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.

The Little Stranger.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS.


1. A jol - ly, lit - tle strang-er Is in the town to - day;
2. Peo-ple call-ing here and there, Walk and drive a - bout;
3. You will laugh as well as I, If you chanced to see!
He came last night at stroke of twelve So I hear them say;
Young folks, old folks, boys and girls, All are mus-tered out,
Ev - 'ry face is full of fun, Ev - 'ry heart is gay!
And ev - 'ry one is smil - ing, As mer - ry as you please;
No one thinks to give a frown, Skies and eyes are bright;
All small quar-rels are for-got, For - got - ten let them stay;
Pleasant words are smil-ing, too, Like leaf - lets in a breeze.
E'en the prim old gate-posts Have donned their caps of white.
Rub the old score out, my dear, Be - gin a - new to - day.

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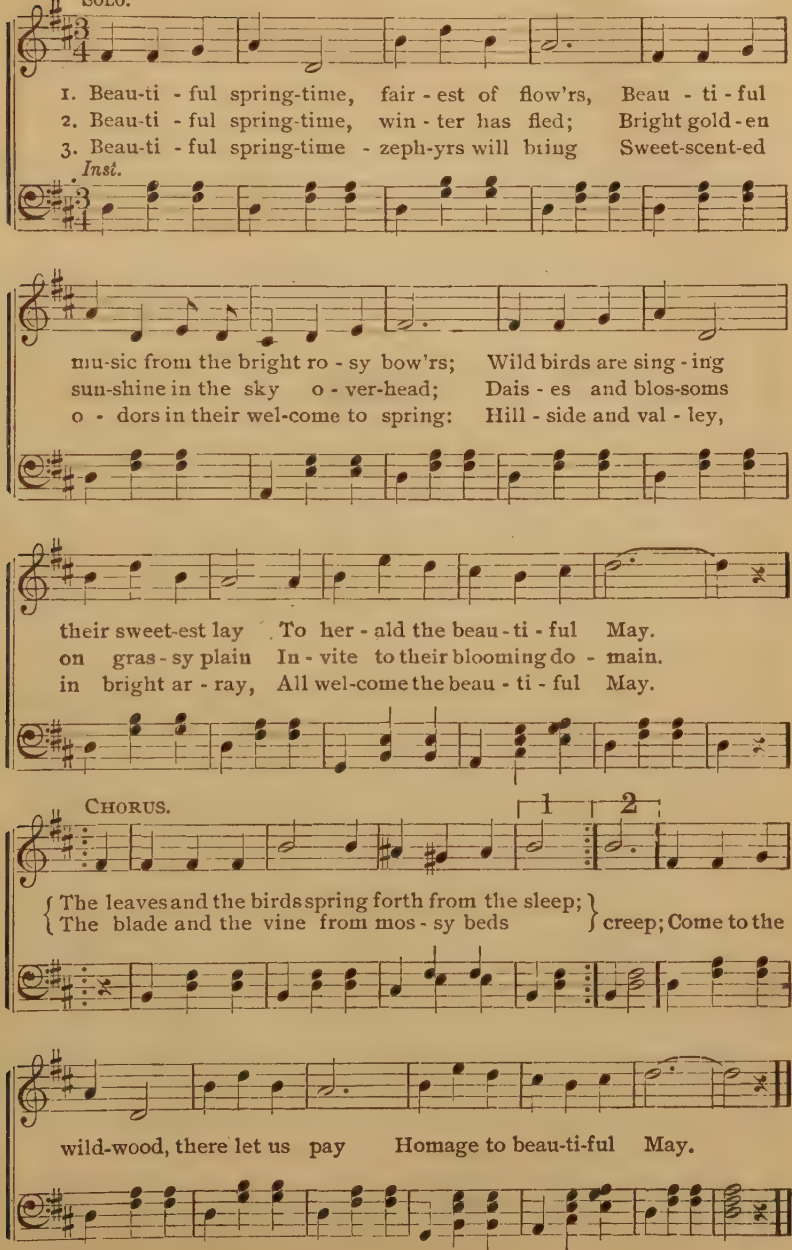
325 Beautiful Spring-Time.

J. H. K. NORMAN B. KURZENKNABE.

Solo.


1. Beau-ti - ful spring-time, fair - est of flow'rs, Beau - ti - ful
2. Beau-ti - ful spring-time, win - ter has fled; Bright gold - en
3. Beau-ti - ful spring-time - zeph-yrs will bring Sweet-scent-ed
Inst.
mu-sic from the bright ro - sy bow'rs; Wild birds are sing - ing
sun-shine in the sky o - ver-head; Dais - es and blos-soms
o - dors in their wel-come to spring: Hill - side and val - ley,
their sweet-est lay To her - ald the beau - ti - ful May.
on gras - sy plain In - vite to their blooming do - main.
in bright ar - ray, All wel-come the beau - ti - ful May.
Chorus.
1
2
{ The leaves and the birds spring forth from the sleep;
{ The blade and the vine from mos - sy beds } creep; Come to the
wild-wood, there let us pay Homage to beau-ti-ful May.

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Sing, Joyous Bird.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

ff *pp*

1. Hark! hark! hark! Hark! hark! hark! Hear the merry
2. Hark! hark! hark! Hark! hark! hark! Echoes clear and
3. Hark! hark! hark! Hark! hark! hark! Full of joy it

song as it floats a - long, By the balm - y breez-es stirr'd, Wak - ing
sweet, swift the strains repeat From each dew-y nook and dell; Thro' the
sings, while on shining wings It soars to heights a - bove; Hear the

sleep - y flow'rs in their fragrant bow'rs, Sweetest notes that e'er were heard.
mist - y blue, ringing glad and true, Loud and long the cho-rals swell.
notes sub-lime, like a sil - v'ry chime, Breathing mel-o - dies of love.

DUET OR SOP. SOLO.

All the earth in si - lence lies,
Like the bil - lows of the sea,
Smil - ing pleas-ure crowns the morn,

While the mu-sic fills the skies; Sing, hap-py
Rolls the thrilling har-mo-ny;
Gold - en hopes again are born; Sing, ye hap-py

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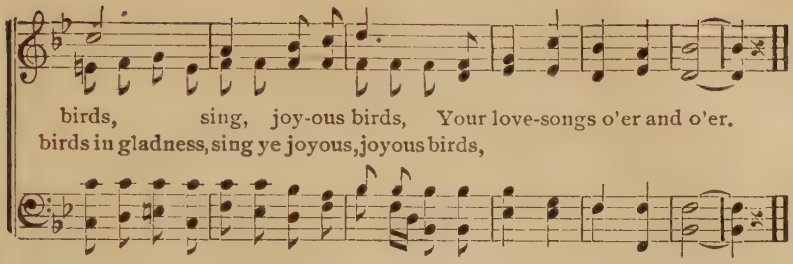
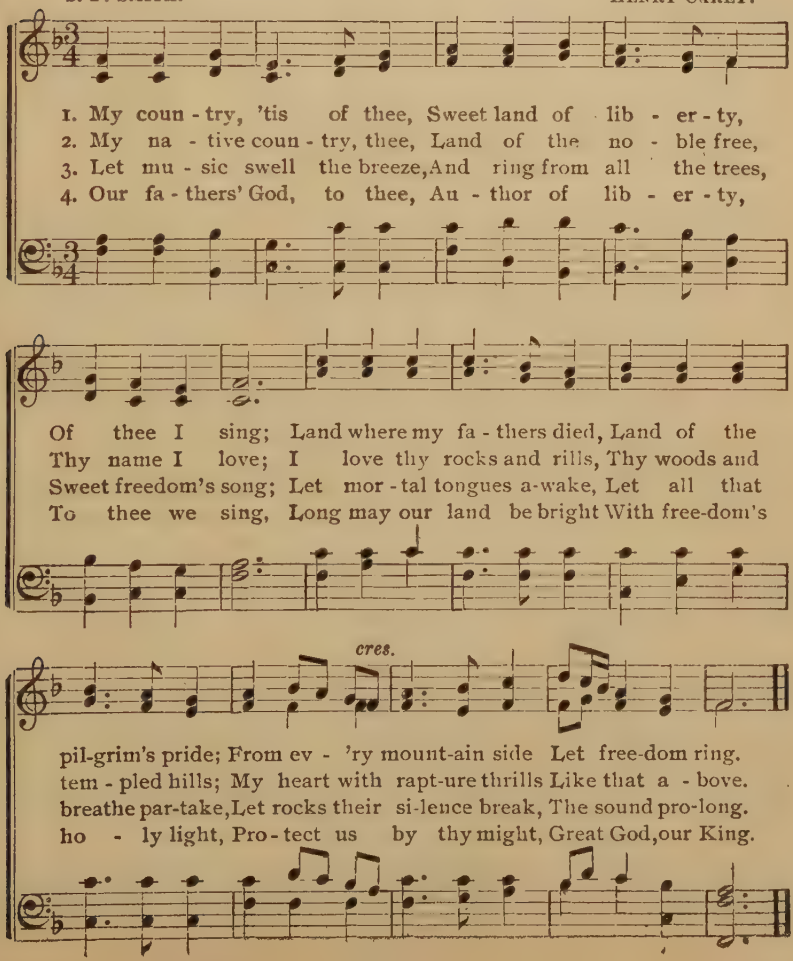
Sing, Joyous Bird.

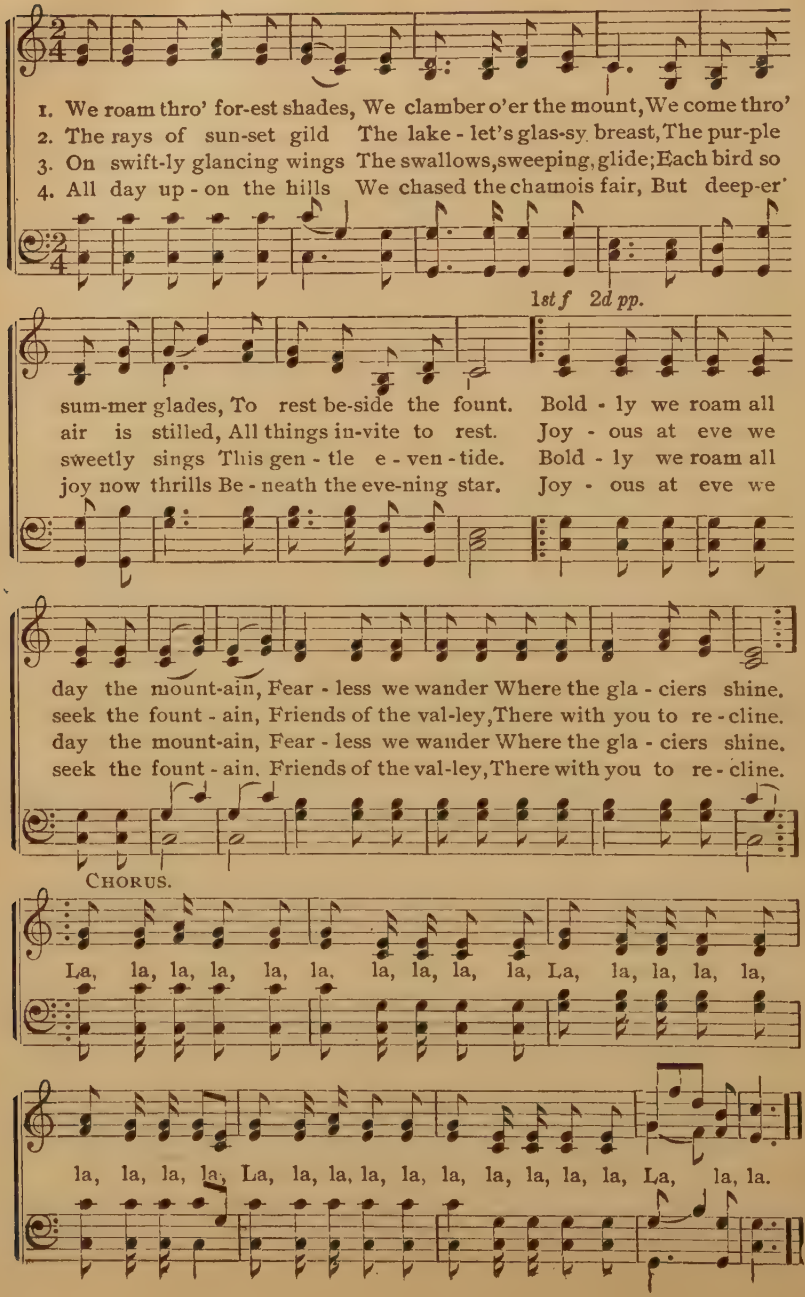


327 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.

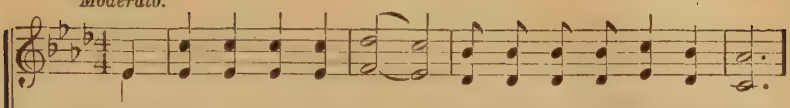

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
4. Our fa - thers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To thee we sing, Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
cres.
pil-grim's pride; From ev - 'ry mount-ain side Let free-dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rapt-ure thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

328 We Roam Through Forest Shades,

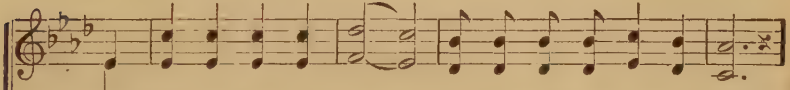
German Melody.

1. We roam thro' for-est shades, We clamber o'er the mount, We come thro'
2. The rays of sun-set gild The lake - let's glas-sy breast, The pur-ple
3. On swift-ly glancing wings The swallows, sweeping, glide; Each bird so
4. All day up - on the hills We chased the chamois fair, But deep-er'
1st f 2d pp.
sum-mer glades, To rest be-side the fount. Bold - ly we roam all
air is stilled, All things in-vite to rest. Joy - ous at eve we
sweetly sings This gen - tle e - ven - tide. Bold - ly we roam all
joy now thrills Be - neath the eve-ning star. Joy - ous at eve we
day the mount-ain, Fear - less we wander Where the gla - ciers shine.
seek the fount - ain, Friends of the val-ley, There with you to re - cline.
day the mount-ain, Fear - less we wander Where the gla - ciers shine.
seek the fount - ain, Friends of the val-ley, There with you to re - cline.
CHORUS.
La, la, la, la, la, la. la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la.

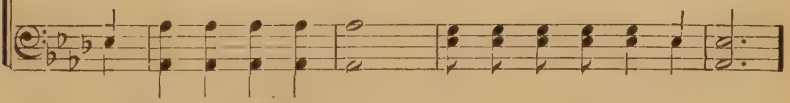
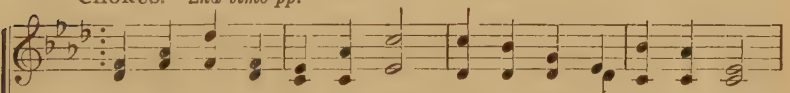
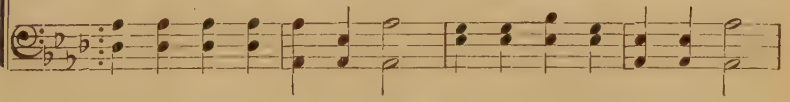
329 There's Music in the Air.

Moderato.



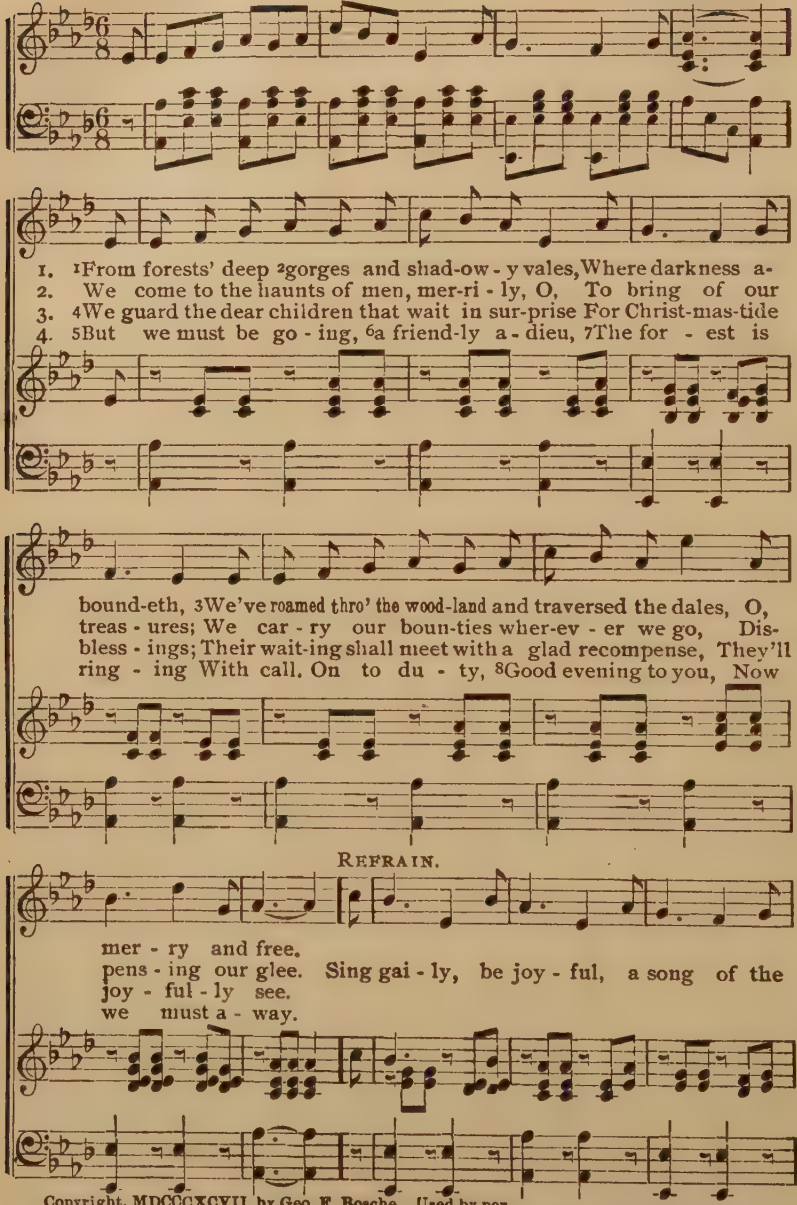
1. There's mu - sic in the air When the in-fant morn is nigh,
2. There's mu - sic in the air When the noon-tide's sultry beam
3. There's mu - sic in the air When the twi-light's gentle sigh



And faint its blush is seen On the bright and laughing sky.
Re - flects a gold - en light On the distant mountain stream.
Is lost on eve - ning's breast, As its pen - sive beauties die.

CHORUS. *2nd time pp.*

Many a harp's ec-stat - ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro-found,
When be-neath some grateful shade, Sor-row's ach-ing head is laid,
Then, oh, then, the loved ones gone, Wake the pure, ce - les - tial song,

While we list en - chant ed there, To the mu - sic in the air.
Sweet - ly to the spir - it there, Comes the music in the air.
An - gel voic-es greet us there, In the mu - sic of the air.

Merry and Free.

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. F. ROSCHE.


1. 1From forests' deep 2gorges and shad-ow - y vales, Where darkness a-
2. We come to the haunts of men, mer-ri - ly, O, To bring of our
3. 4We guard the dear children that wait in sur-prise For Christ-mas-tide
4. 5But we must be go - ing, 6a friend-ly a - dieu, 7The for - est is
bound-eth, 3We've roamed thro' the wood-land and traversed the dales, O,
treas - ures; We car - ry our boun-ties wher-ev - er we go, Dis-
bless - ings; Their wait-ing shall meet with a glad recompense, They'll
ring - ing With call. On to du - ty, 8Good evening to you, Now
REFRAIN.
mer - ry and free.
pens - ing our glee. Sing gai - ly, be joy - ful, a song of the
joy - ful - ly see.
we must a - way.

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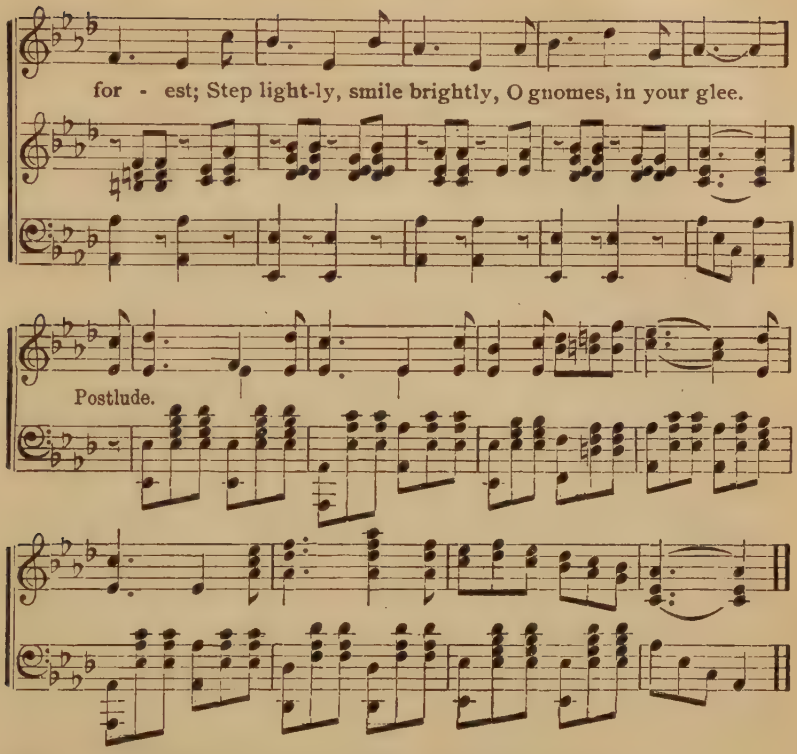
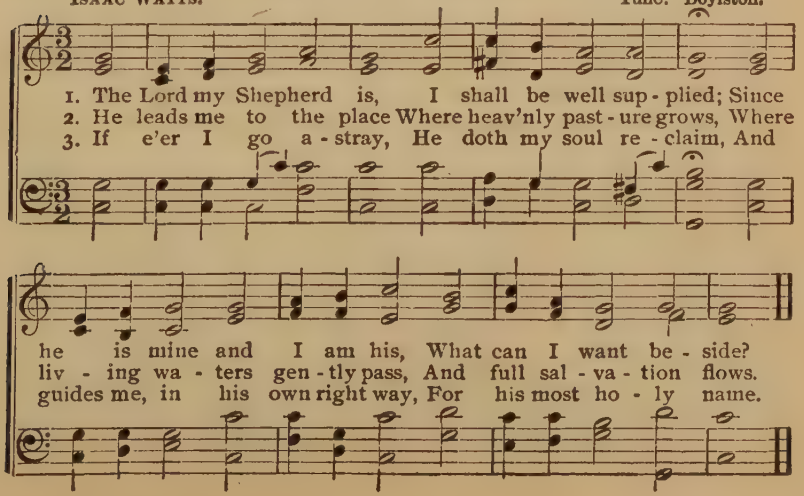
Motions: 1. Point to the right. 2. Point to the left. 3. Point forward and backward. 4. Look backward over the right shoulder. 5. Salute the audience with a bow. 6. Wave right hand toward audience. 7. Look up steadily, as if listening. 8. Kiss hands to audience right and left and bow.

Merry and Free.



331 The Lord My Shepherd Is.

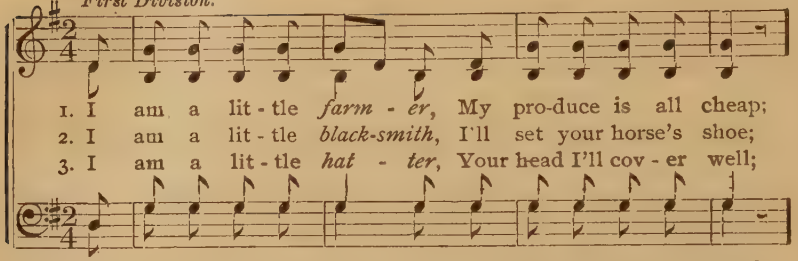
ISAAC WATTS. Tune: Boylston.


1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well sup - plied; Since
2. He leads me to the place Where heav'nly past - ure grows, Where
3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim, And
he is mine and I am his, What can I want be - side?
liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.
guides me, in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.

The Workers. (Boys.)

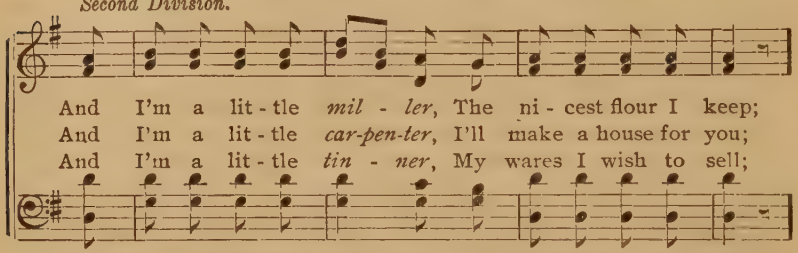
From "Silver Lute." Arr.

First Division.


1. I am a lit - tle farm - er, My pro-duce is all cheap;
2. I am a lit - tle black-smith, I'll set your horse's shoe;
3. I am a lit - tle hat - ter, Your head I'll cov - er well;

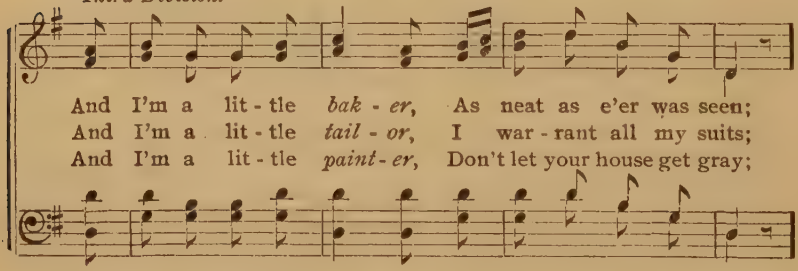
CHO.—*We all are mer - ry Work - ers, We'll keep in pleas-ant mood;*

Second Division.


And I'm a lit - tle mil - ler, The ni - cest flour I keep;
And I'm a lit - tle car-pen-ter, I'll make a house for you;
And I'm a lit - tle tin - ner, My wares I wish to sell;

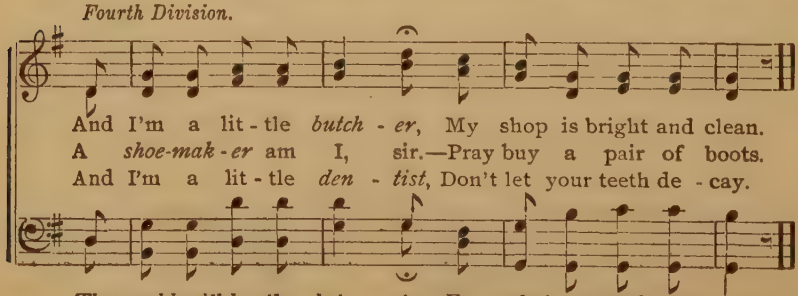
No mat - ter what our trade is, If we're but do - ing good;

Third Division.


And I'm a lit - tle bak - er, As neat as e'er was seen;
And I'm a lit - tle tail - or, I war - rant all my suits;
And I'm a lit - tle paint - er, Don't let your house get gray;

The world is wide and need - y, And if we all are true,

Fourth Division.


And I'm a lit - tle butch - er, My shop is bright and clean.
A shoe-mak - er am I, sir.—Pray buy a pair of boots.
And I'm a lit - tle den - tist, Don't let your teeth de - cay.

The world will be the bet - ter, For what we work - ers do.

333 The Workers. (Girls.)

First Division.
1. I make up ladies' *dresses*
In fashionable style;

Second Division.
The ladies' *caps* and *bonnets*
I'm trimming all the while;

Third Division.
And I keep knitting *stockings*
For gents and ladies too;

Fourth Division.
And I the yarn am *spinning*—
I work as hard as you.

First Division.
2. I 'tend the *loom* and *shuttle*,
To make the cloth you wear;

Second Division.
I make sweet yellow *butter*,
And *cheese* that's rich and rare;

Third Division.
In making pretty *straw-braid*
I make my fingers fly;

Fourth Division.
I sell nice *tapes* and *muslins*
To all who choose to buy.

First Division.
3. I *teach* the little children
To read, and write and spell,

Second Division.
The sick I go a *nursing*,
To help them all get well.

Third Division.
I visit all the *poor* folks,
And give them bread to eat;

Fourth Division.
And I my *house* keep *keeping*,
A housewife trim and neat.

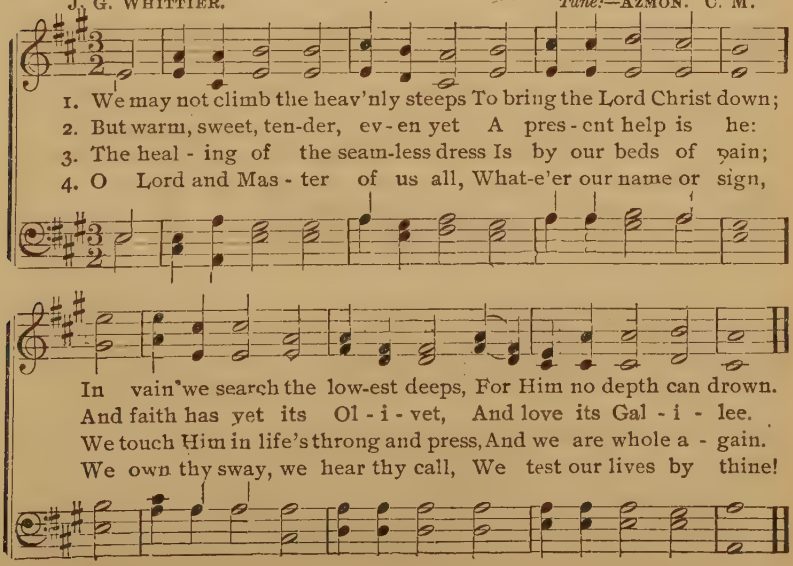
Chorus. We all are merry, etc.

NOTE.—While singing the Chorus to the first "WORKERS," let each work according to his trade. Thus: 1, the farmer sows; 2, the miller grinds; 3, the baker kneads; 4, the butcher cuts. Again, 1, the blacksmith strikes. 2, the carpenter saws; 3, the tailor sews; 4, the shoemaker sews. Again: 1, the hatter crushes; 2, the tinner hammers; 3, the painter brushes; 4, the dentist files.

In the second "WORKERS" the Chorus is exactly the same. The dress makers sew; the milliners arrange ribbons; the knitters knit; and the spinners whirl the spinning wheel with the right hand. The weavers throw the shuttle from right to left; the dairy folks churn; the braiders braid; and the shop-keepers measure with a yard-stick.

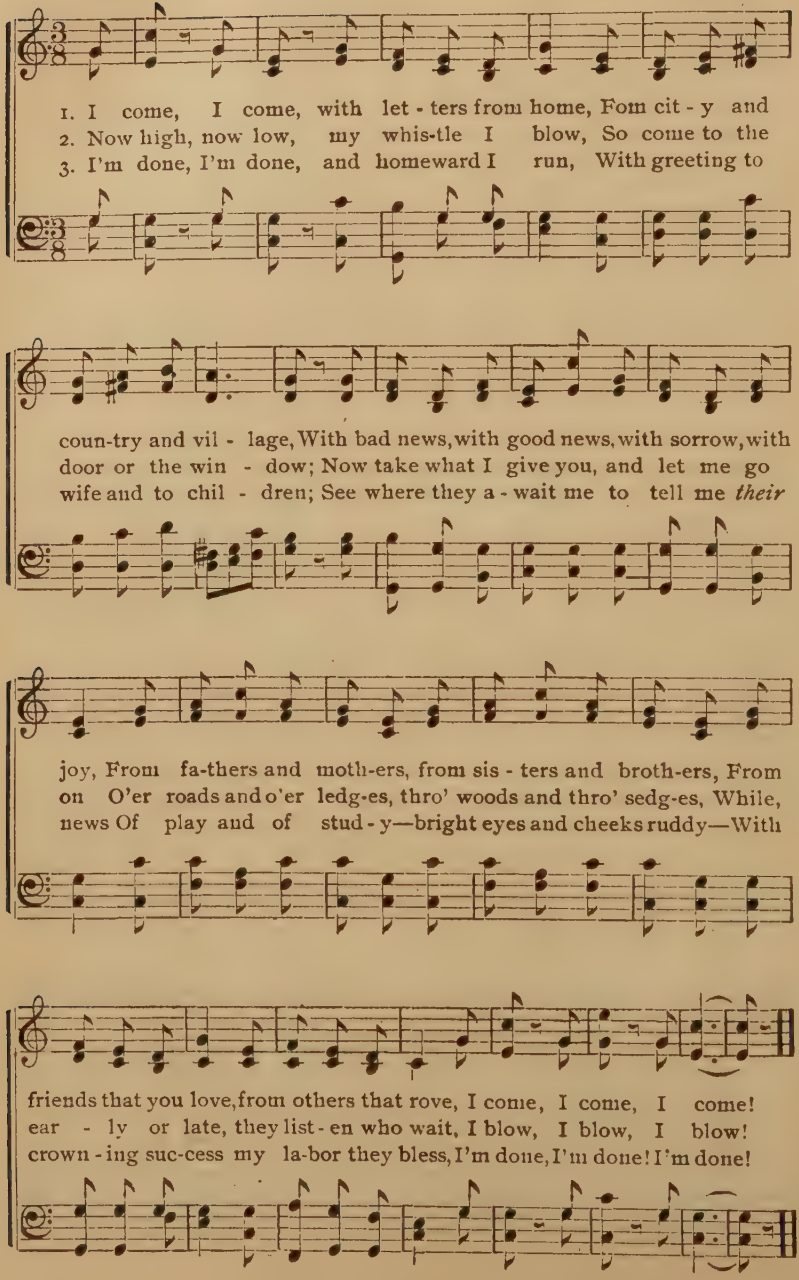
334 The Heavenly Steeps.

J. G. WHITTIER. *Tune:*—AZMON. C. M.


1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, ten-der, ev-en yet A pres-ent help is he:
3. The heal-ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. O Lord and Mas-ter of us all, What-e'er our name or sign,
In vain we search the low-est deeps, For Him no depth can drown.
And faith has yet its Ol-i-vet, And love its Gal-i-lee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a-gain.
We own thy sway, we hear thy call, We test our lives by thine!

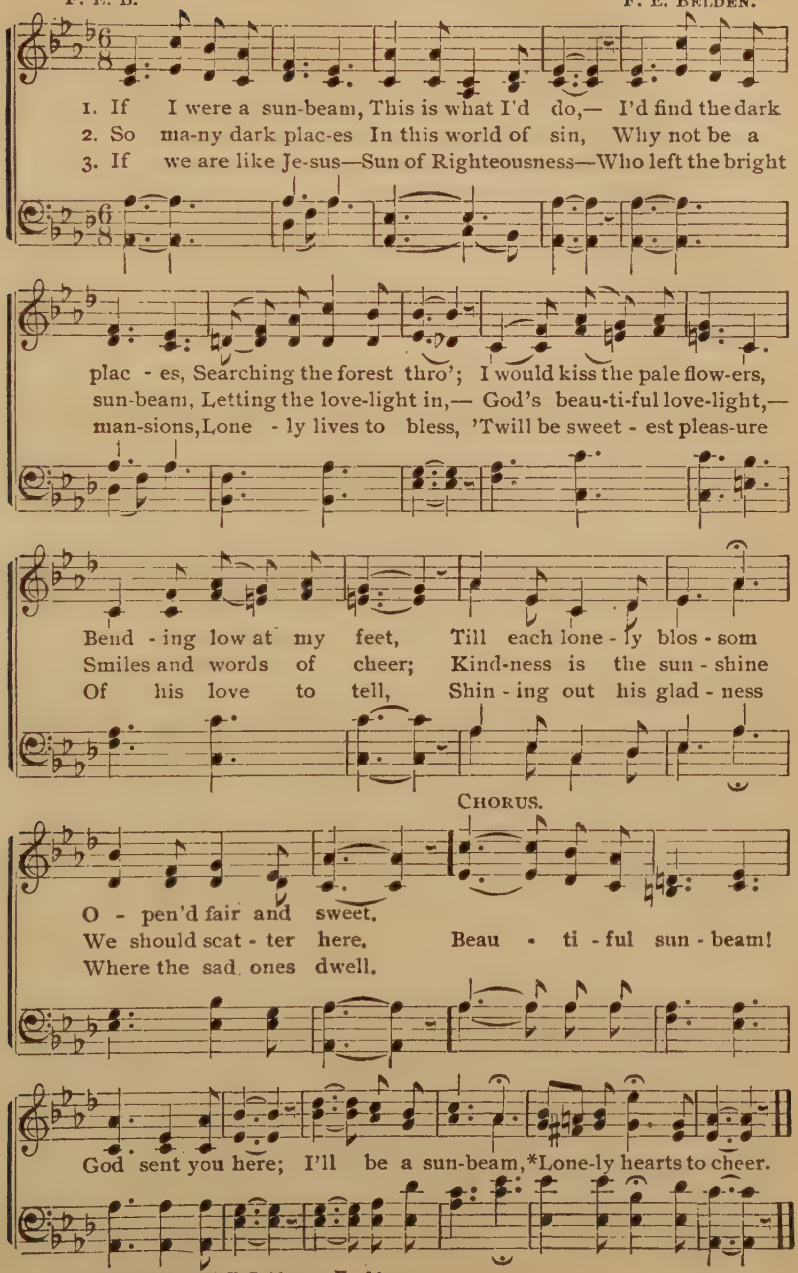
The Postman.

Arr. from the German.


1. I come, I come, with let - ters from home, From cit - y and
2. Now high, now low, my whis-tle I blow, So come to the
3. I'm done, I'm done, and homeward I run, With greeting to
coun-try and vil - lage, With bad news, with good news, with sorrow, with
door or the win - dow; Now take what I give you, and let me go
wife and to chil - dren; See where they a - wait me to tell me *their*
joy, From fa-thers and moth-ers, from sis - ters and broth-ers, From
on O'er roads and o'er ledg-es, thro' woods and thro' sedg-es, While,
news Of play and of stud - y—bright eyes and cheeks ruddy—With
friends that you love, from others that rove, I come, I come, I come!
ear - ly or late, they list - en who wait, I blow, I blow, I blow!
crown - ing suc-cess my la-bor they bless, I'm done, I'm done! I'm done!

336 I'll Be a Sunbeam.

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.


1. If I were a sun-beam, This is what I'd do,— I'd find the dark
2. So ma-ny dark plac-es In this world of sin, Why not be a
3. If we are like Je-sus—Sun of Righteousness—Who left the bright
plac - es, Searching the forest thro'; I would kiss the pale flow-ers,
sun-beam, Letting the love-light in,— God's beau-ti-ful love-light,—
man-sions, Lone - ly lives to bless, 'Twill be sweet - est pleas-ure
Bend - ing low at my feet, Till each lone - ly blos - som
Smiles and words of cheer; Kind-ness is the sun - shine
Of his love to tell, Shin - ing out his glad - ness
Chorus.
O - pen'd fair and sweet.
We should scat - ter here. Beau - ti - ful sun - beam!
Where the sad ones dwell.
God sent you here; I'll be a sun-beam, *Lone-ly hearts to cheer.

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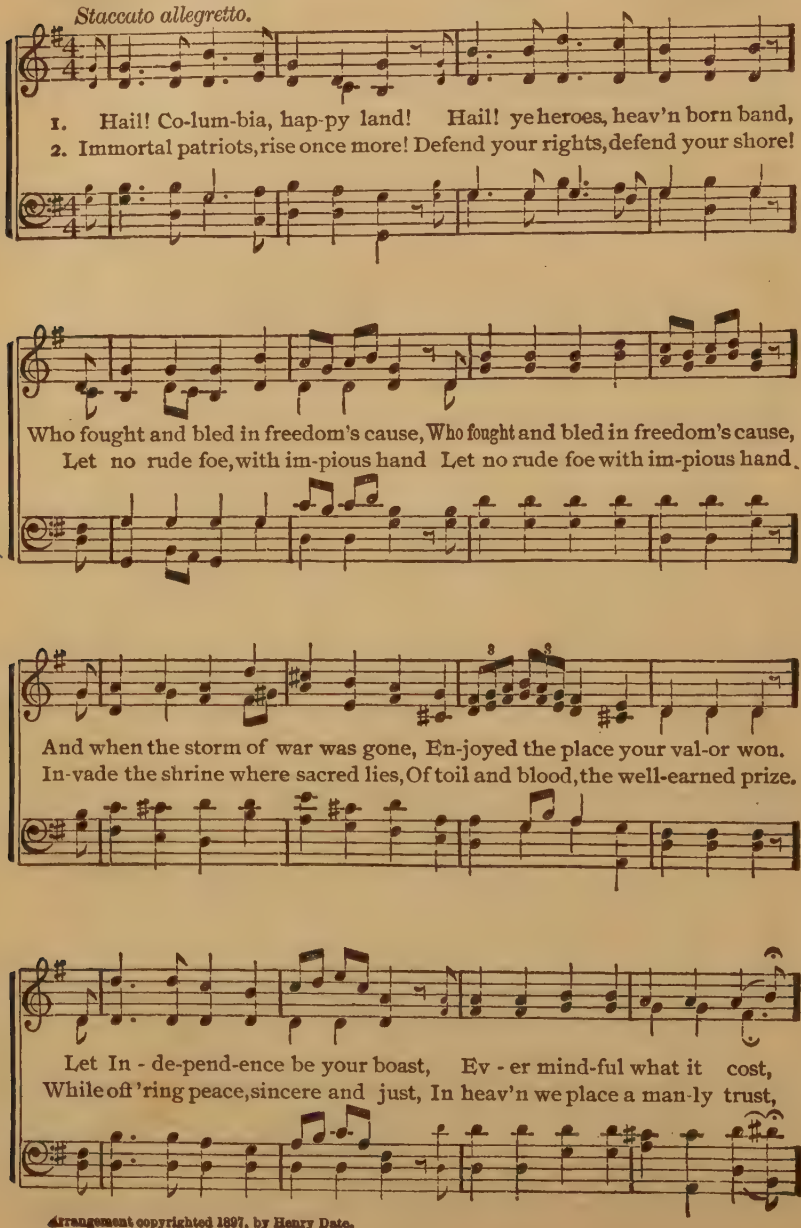
*Mother's heart; Baby's heart; Brother's heart, etc.

Hail! Columbia.

(Sung for the first time in public at Washington's inauguration in New York in 1789.)

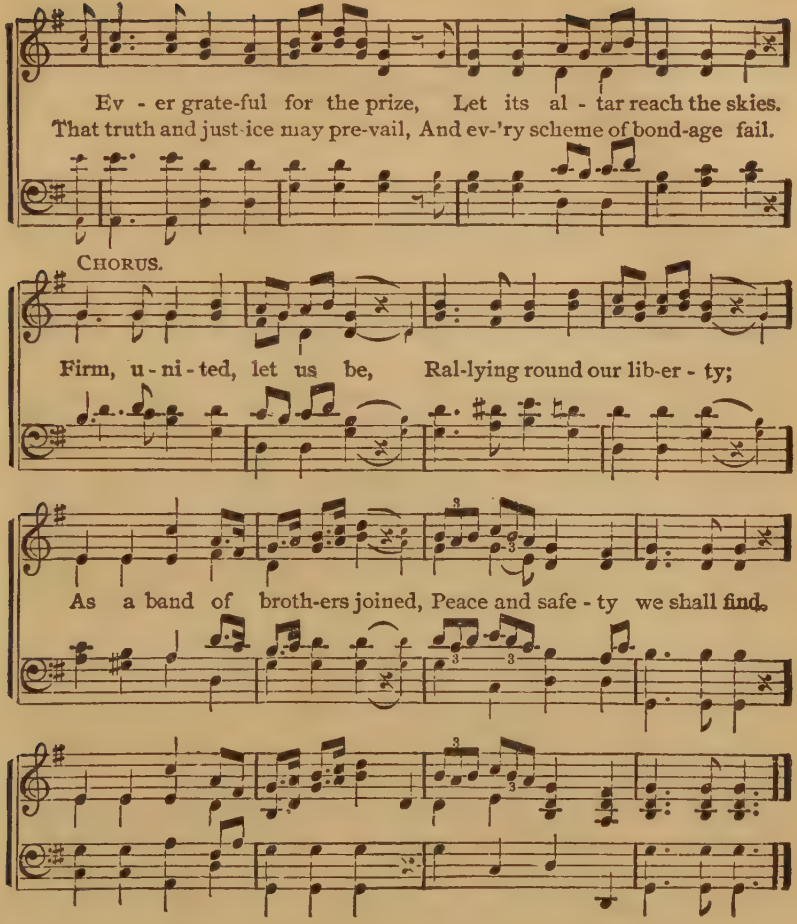
JOSEPH HOPKINSON, 1798. PHYLO. Arr. by F. E. BELDEN.

Staccato allegretto.

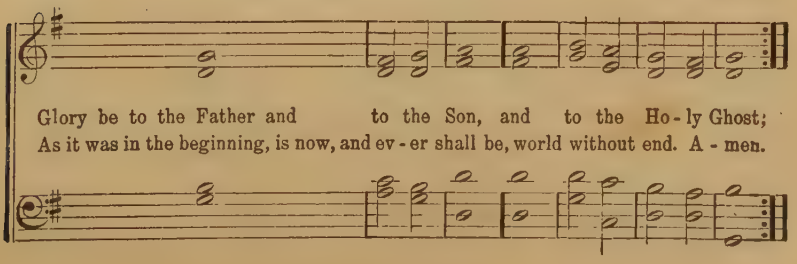

1. Hail! Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail! ye heroes, heav'n born band,
2. Immortal patriots, rise once more! Defend your rights, defend your shore!
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Let no rude foe, with im-pious hand Let no rude foe with im-pious hand.
And when the storm of war was gone, En-joyed the place your val-or won.
In-vade the shrine where sacred lies, Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize.
Let In - de-pend-ence be your boast, Ev - er mind-ful what it cost,
While oft 'ring peace, sincere and just, In heav'n we place a man-ly trust,

Arrangement copyrighted 1897, by Henry Date.

Hail! Columbia.


Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
That truth and just-ice may pre-vail, And ev-'ry scheme of bond-age fail.
CHORUS.
Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Ral-lying round our lib-er - ty;
As a band of broth-ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

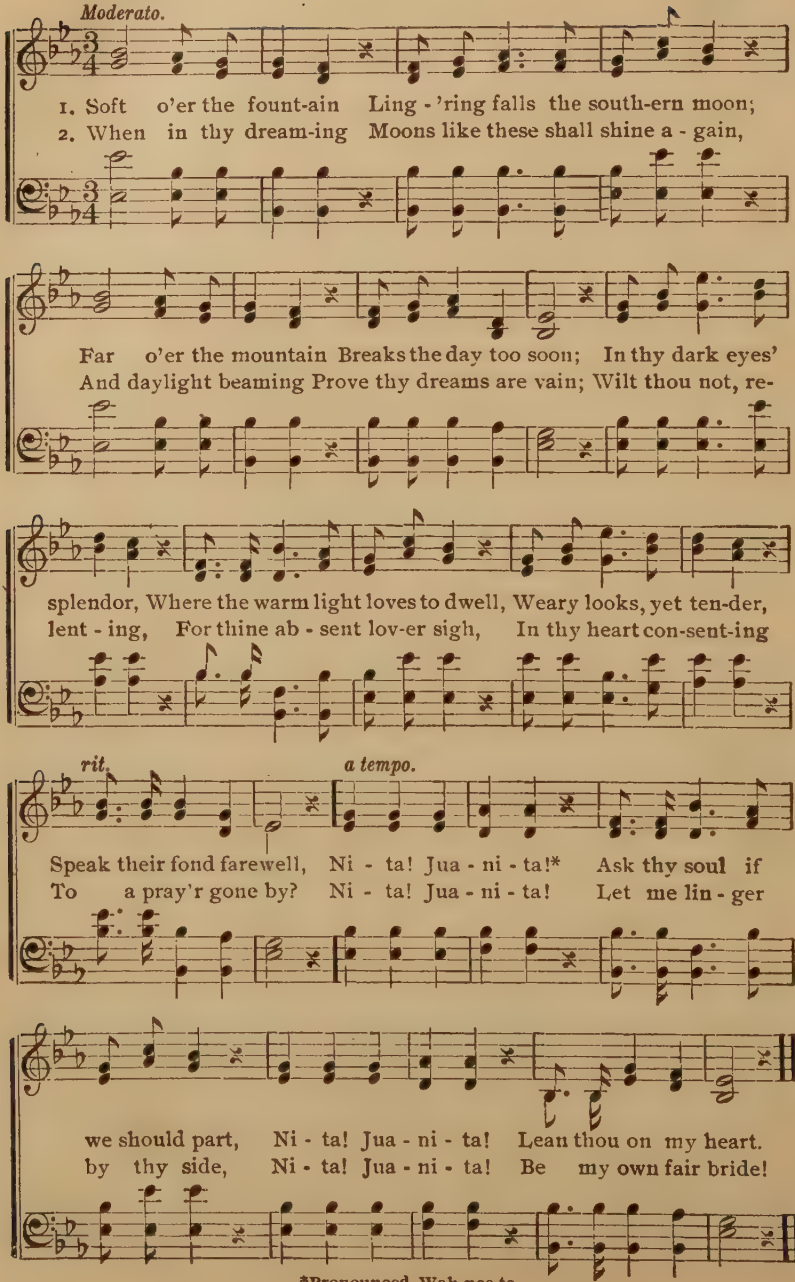
338 Gloria Patri.


Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men.

Nita! Juanita!

Mrs. JORDAN. Spanish.

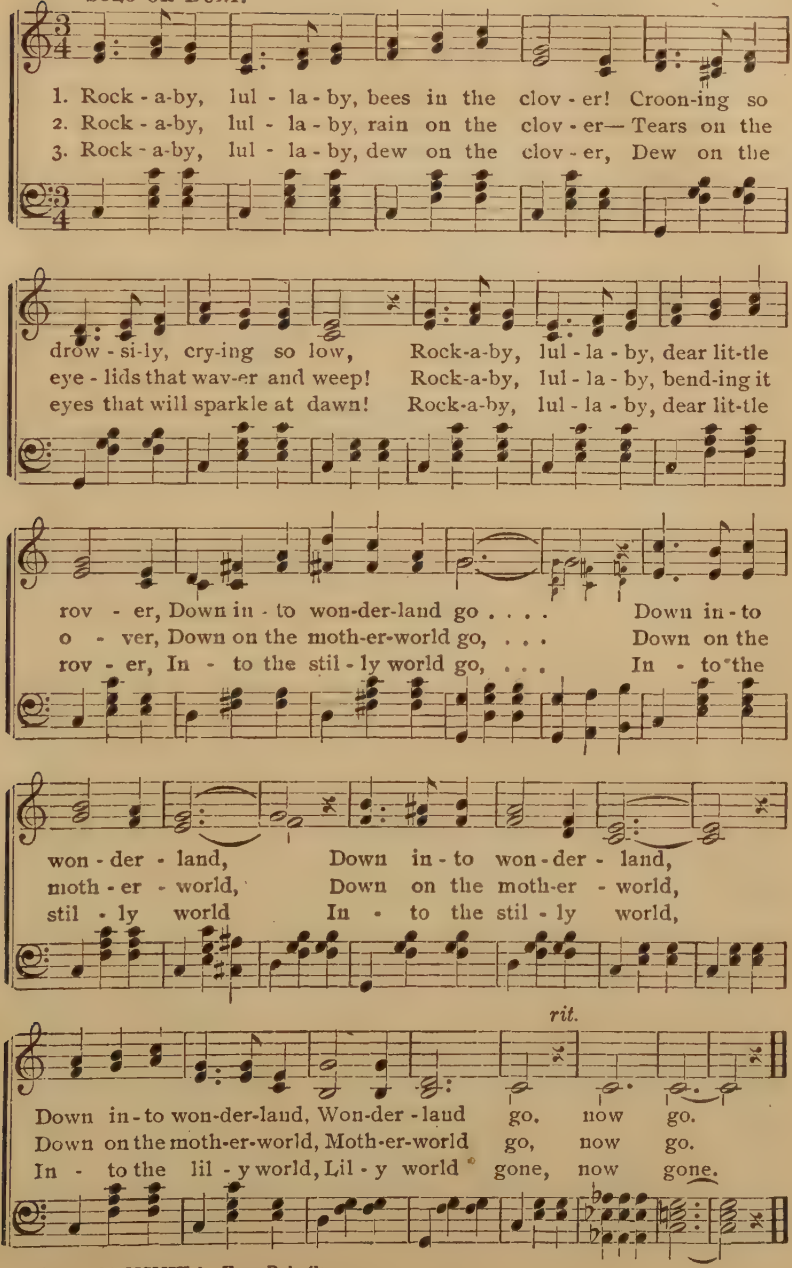
Moderato.


1. Soft o'er the fount-ain Ling-'ring falls the south-ern moon;
2. When in thy dream-ing Moons like these shall shine a-gain,
Far o'er the mountain Breaks the day too soon; In thy dark eyes'
And daylight beaming Prove thy dreams are vain; Wilt thou not, re-
splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Weary looks, yet ten-der,
lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh, In thy heart con-sent-ing
rit.
a tempo.
Speak their fond farewell, Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!* Ask thy soul if
To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Let me lin-ger
we should part, Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
by thy side, Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

*Pronounced Wah-nee-ta.

340 Lullaby.

J. G. Holland.
Solo or Duet.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Rock - a-by, lul - la - by, bees in the clov - er! Croon-ing so
2. Rock - a-by, lul - la - by, rain on the clov - er— Tears on the
3. Rock - a-by, lul - la - by, dew on the clov - er, Dew on the
drow - si-ly, cry-ing so low, Rock-a-by, lul - la - by, dear lit-tle
eye - lids that wav-er and weep! Rock-a-by, lul - la - by, bend-ing it
eyes that will sparkle at dawn! Rock-a-by, lul - la - by, dear lit-tle
rov - er, Down in - to won-der-land go . . . . Down in - to
o - ver, Down on the moth-er-world go, . . . Down on the
rov - er, In - to the stil - ly world go, . . . In - to the
won - der - land, Down in - to won - der - land,
moth - er - world, Down on the moth-er - world,
stil - ly world In - to the stil - ly world,
rit.
Down in - to won-der-land, Won-der - land go, now go.
Down on the moth-er-world, Moth-er-world go, now go.
In - to the lil - y world, Lil - y world gone, now gone.

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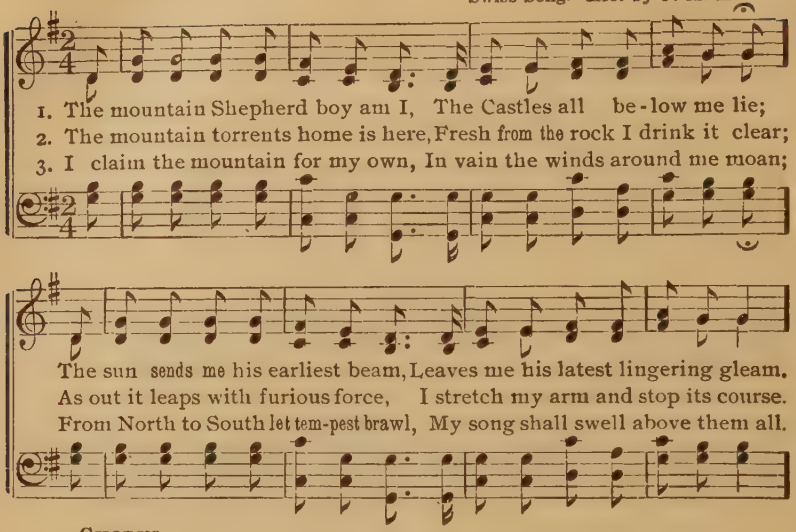
341 The Mountain Boy.

Swiss Song. Arr. by J. H. K.


1. The mountain Shepherd boy am I, The Castles all be-low me lie;
2. The mountain torrents home is here, Fresh from the rock I drink it clear;
3. I claim the mountain for my own, In vain the winds around me moan;
The sun sends me his earliest beam, Leaves me his latest lingering gleam.
As out it leaps with furious force, I stretch my arm and stop its course.
From North to South let tem-pest brawl, My song shall swell above them all.
CHORUS.
I am the boy of the mountain, I am the boy of the mountain,
1
2
I am the boy of the moun-tain; moun-tain.

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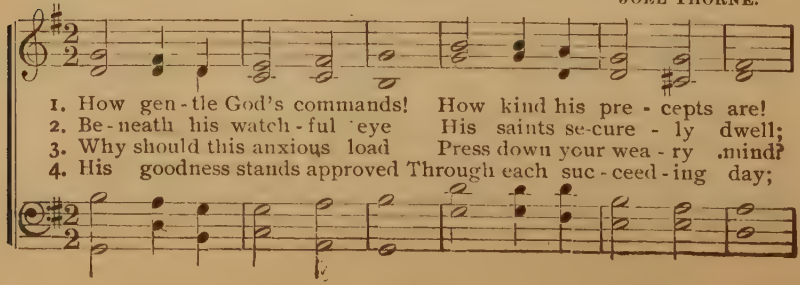
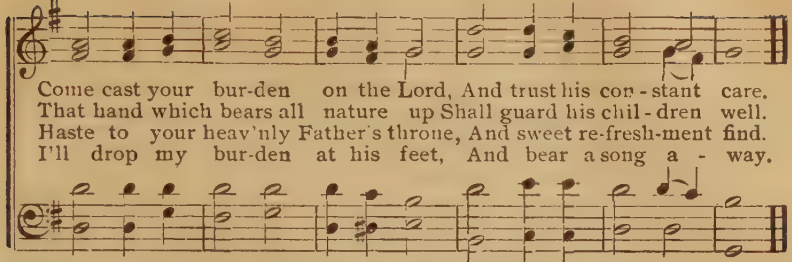
342 How Gentle God's Commands!

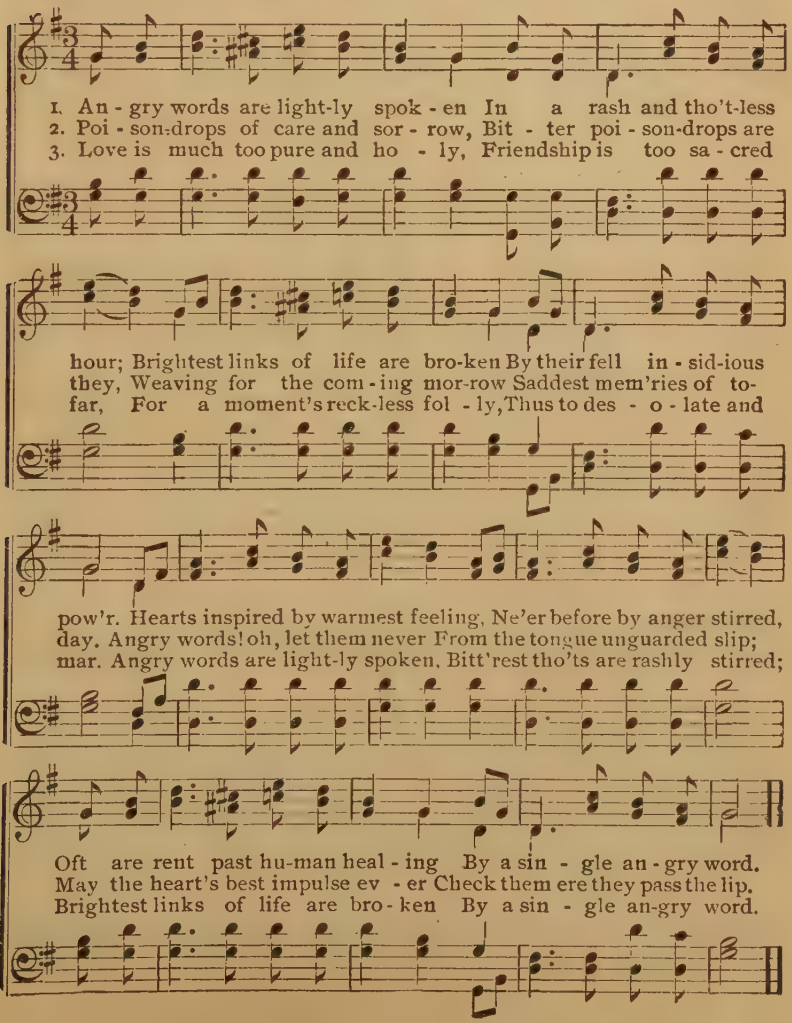
JOEL THORNE.


1. How gen-tle God's commands! How kind his pre-cepts are!
2. Be-neath his watch-ful eye His saints se-cure-ly dwell;
3. Why should this anxious load Press down your wea-ry mind?
4. His goodness stands approved Through each suc-ceed-ing day;

How Gentle God's Commands!

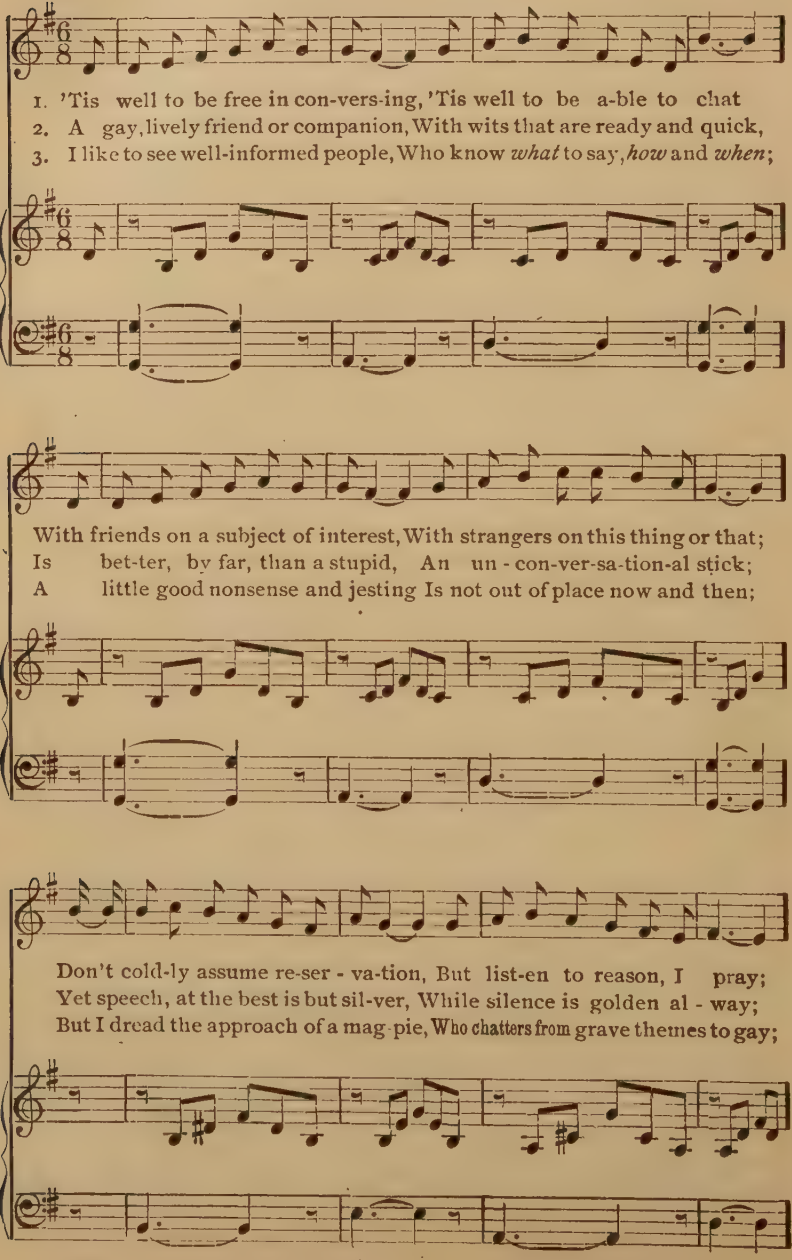

Come cast your bur-den on the Lord, And trust his con-stant care.
That hand which bears all nature up Shall guard his chil-dren well.
Haste to your heav'nly Father's throne, And sweet re-fresh-ment find.
I'll drop my bur-den at his feet, And bear a song a-way.

343 Angry Words.


1. An-gry words are light-ly spok-en In a rash and tho't-less
2. Poi-son-drops of care and sor-row, Bit-ter poi-son-drops are
3. Love is much too pure and ho-ly, Friendship is too sa-cred
hour; Brightest links of life are bro-ken By their fell in-sid-ious
they, Weaving for the com-ing mor-row Saddest mem'ries of to-
far, For a moment's reck-less fol-ly, Thus to des-o-late and
pow'r. Hearts inspired by warmest feeling, Ne'er before by anger stirred,
day. Angry words! oh, let them never From the tongue unguarded slip;
mar. Angry words are light-ly spoken, Bitt'rest tho'ts are rashly stirred;
Oft are rent past hu-man heal-ing By a sin-gle an-gry word.
May the heart's best impulse ev-er Check them ere they pass the lip.
Brightest links of life are bro-ken By a sin-gle an-gry word.

344 Don't Talk When You've Nothing to Say.

J. H. FILLMORE.


1. 'Tis well to be free in con-vers-ing, 'Tis well to be a-ble to chat
2. A gay, lively friend or companion, With wits that are ready and quick,
3. I like to see well-informed people, Who know *what* to say, *how* and *when*;
With friends on a subject of interest, With strangers on this thing or that;
Is bet-ter, by far, than a stupid, An un - con-ver-sa-tion-al stick;
A little good nonsense and jesting Is not out of place now and then;
Don't cold-ly assume re-ser - va-tion, But list-en to reason, I pray;
Yet speech, at the best is but sil-ver, While silence is golden al - way;
But I dread the approach of a mag-pie, Who chatters from grave themes to gay;

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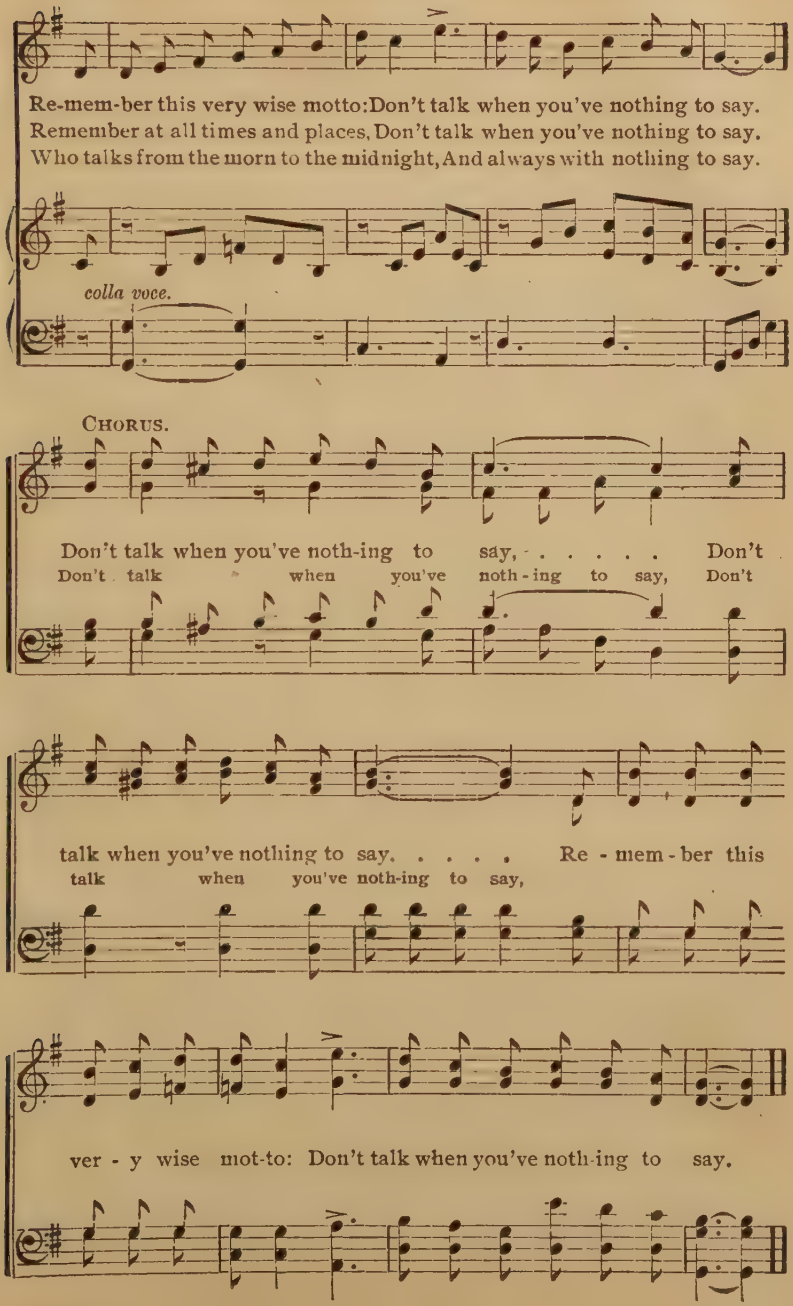
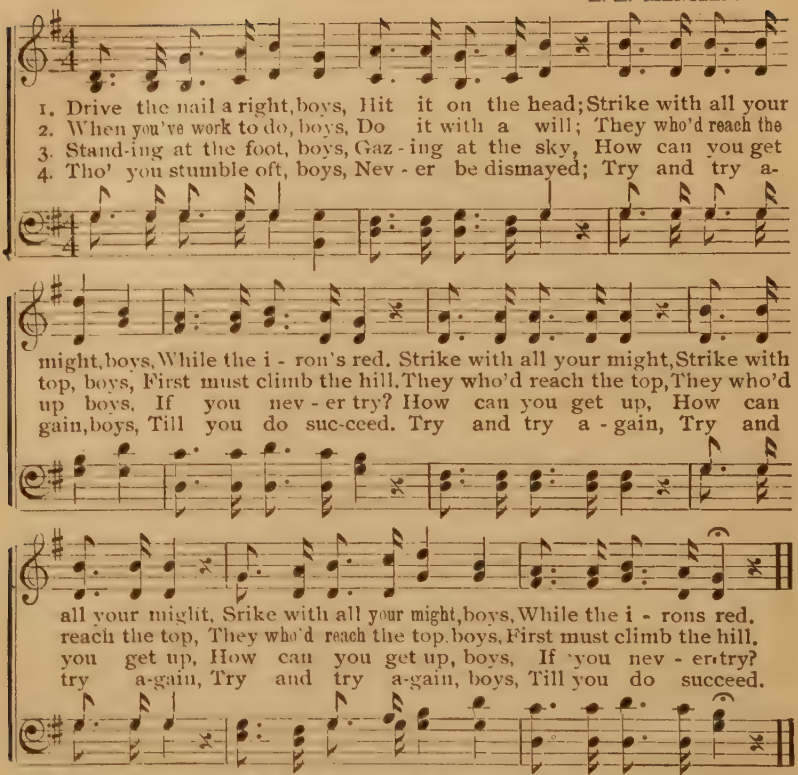
Don't Talk When You've Nothing to Say.


Re-mem-ber this very wise motto: Don't talk when you've nothing to say.
Remember at all times and places, Don't talk when you've nothing to say.
Who talks from the morn to the midnight, And always with nothing to say.
colla voce.
CHORUS.
Don't talk when you've noth-ing to say, ... Don't
Don't talk when you've noth-ing to say, Don't
talk when you've nothing to say. . . . . Re - mem - ber this
talk when you've noth-ing to say,
ver - y wise mot-to: Don't talk when you've noth-ing to say.

345 Do it with a Will.

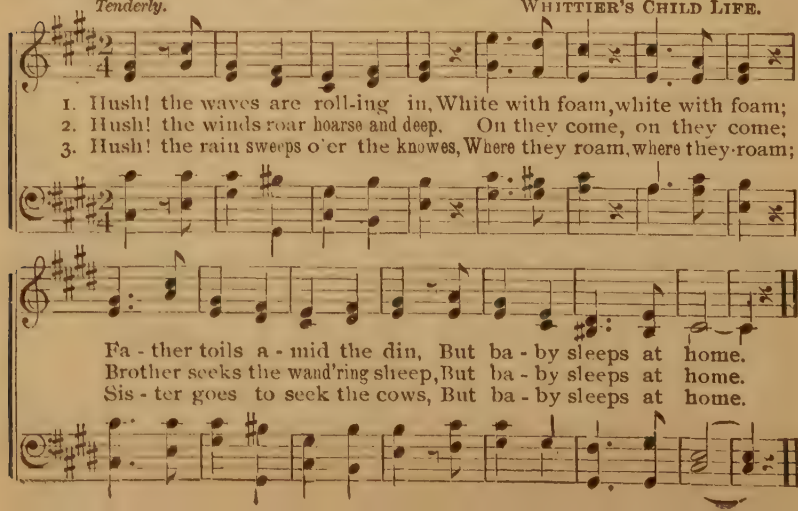
L. L. MENTZEN.


1. Drive the nail a right, boys, Hit it on the head; Strike with all your
2. When you've work to do, boys, Do it with a will; They who'd reach the
3. Stand-ing at the foot, boys, Gaz-ing at the sky, How can you get
4. Tho' you stumble oft, boys, Nev-er be dismayed; Try and try a-
might, boys, While the i-ron's red. Strike with all your might, Strike with
top, boys, First must climb the hill. They who'd reach the top, They who'd
up boys. If you nev-er try? How can you get up, How can
gain, boys, Till you do suc-ceed. Try and try a-gain, Try and
all your might, Srike with all your might, boys, While the i-rons red.
reach the top, They who'd reach the top, boys, First must climb the hill.
you get up, How can you get up, boys, If you nev-er try?
try a-gain, Try and try a-gain, boys, Till you do succeed.

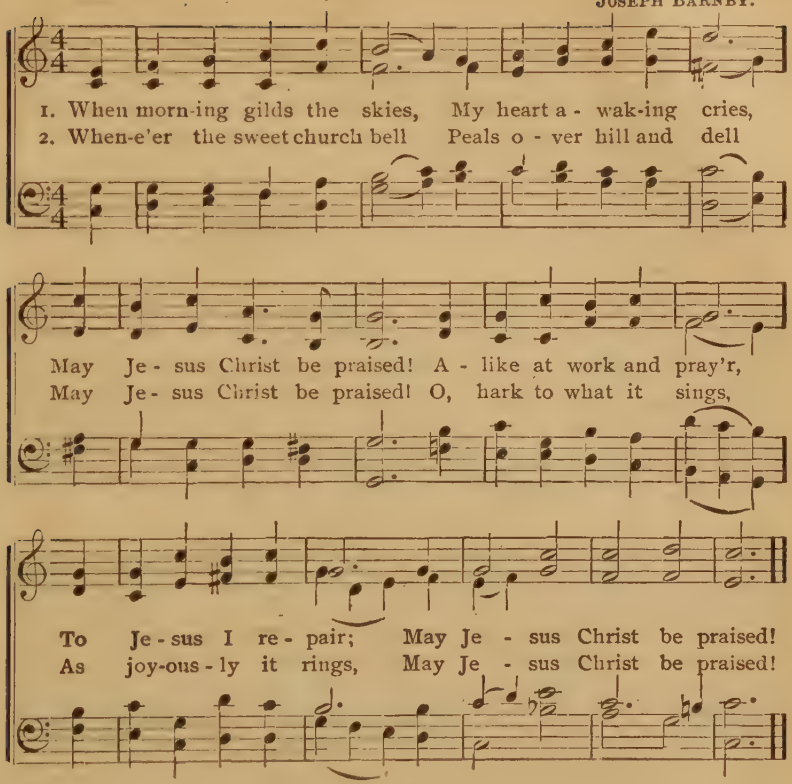
346 Old Gaelic Lullaby.

Tenderly.

WHITTIER'S CHILD LIFE.

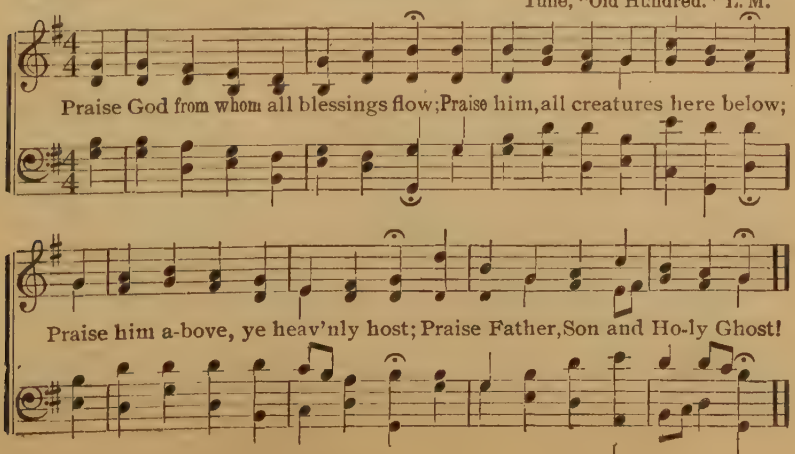

1. Hush! the waves are roll-ing in, White with foam, white with foam;
2. Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep. On they come, on they come;
3. Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes, Where they roam, where they roam;
Fa-ther toils a-mid the din, But ba-by sleeps at home.
Brother seeks the wand'ring sheep, But ba-by sleeps at home.
Sis-ter goes to seek the cows, But ba-by sleeps at home.

347 Morning.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak-ing cries,
2. When-e'er the sweet church bell Peals o - ver hill and dell
May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r,
May Je - sus Christ be praised! O, hark to what it sings,
To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!
As joy-ous - ly it rings, May Je - sus Christ be praised!

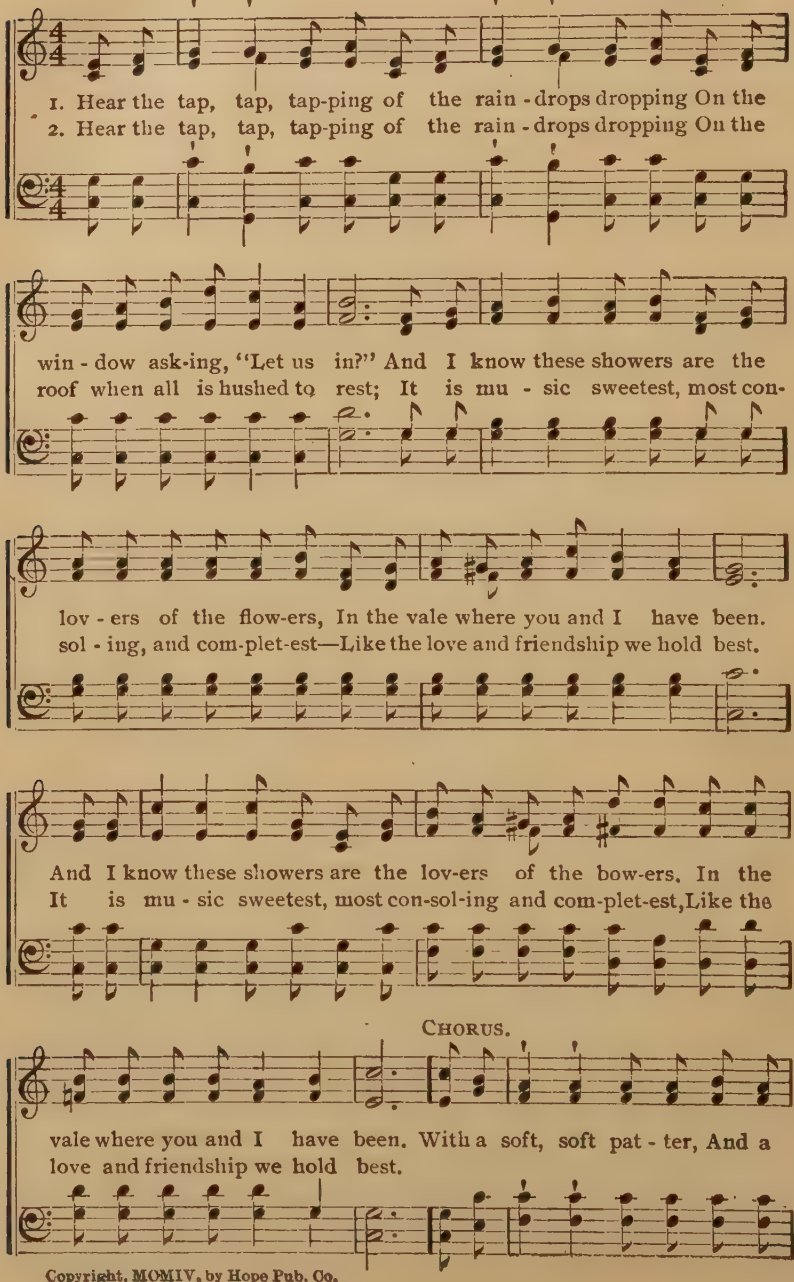
348 Doxology.

Tune, "Old Hundred." L. M.


Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son and Ho-ly Ghost!

349 Hear the Rain-drops Falling.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Hear the tap, tap, tap-ping of the rain - drops dropping On the
2. Hear the tap, tap, tap-ping of the rain - drops dropping On the
win - dow ask-ing, "Let us in?" And I know these showers are the
roof when all is hushed to rest; It is mu - sic sweetest, most con-
lov - ers of the flow-ers, In the vale where you and I have been.
sol - ing, and com-plet-est—Like the love and friendship we hold best.
And I know these showers are the lov-ers of the bow-ers. In the
It is mu - sic sweetest, most con-sol-ing and com-plet-est, Like the
CHORUS.
vale where you and I have been. With a soft, soft pat - ter, And a
love and friendship we hold best.

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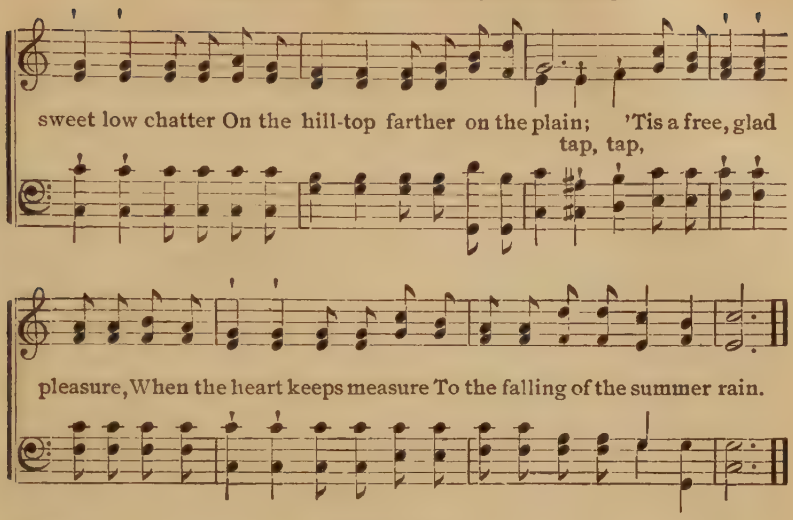
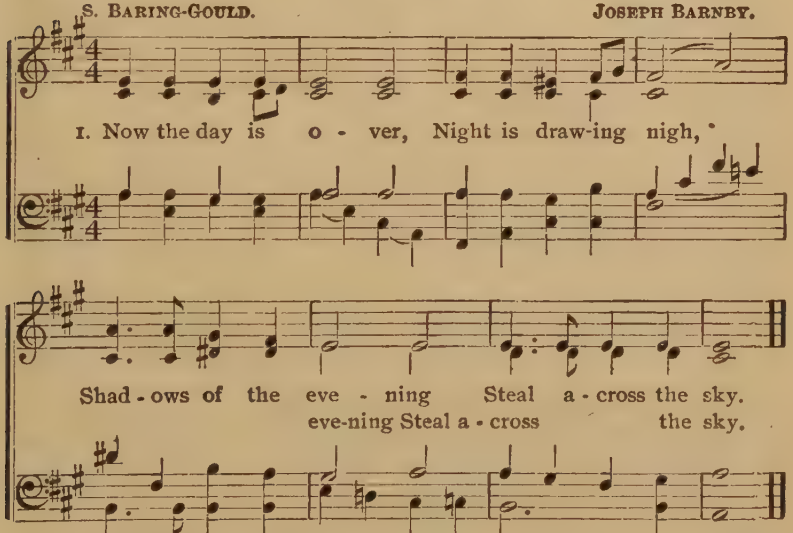
Hear the Rain-drops Falling.


sweet low chatter On the hill-top farther on the plain; 'Tis a free, glad
tap, tap,
pleasure, When the heart keeps measure To the falling of the summer rain.

350 Evening.

S. BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.



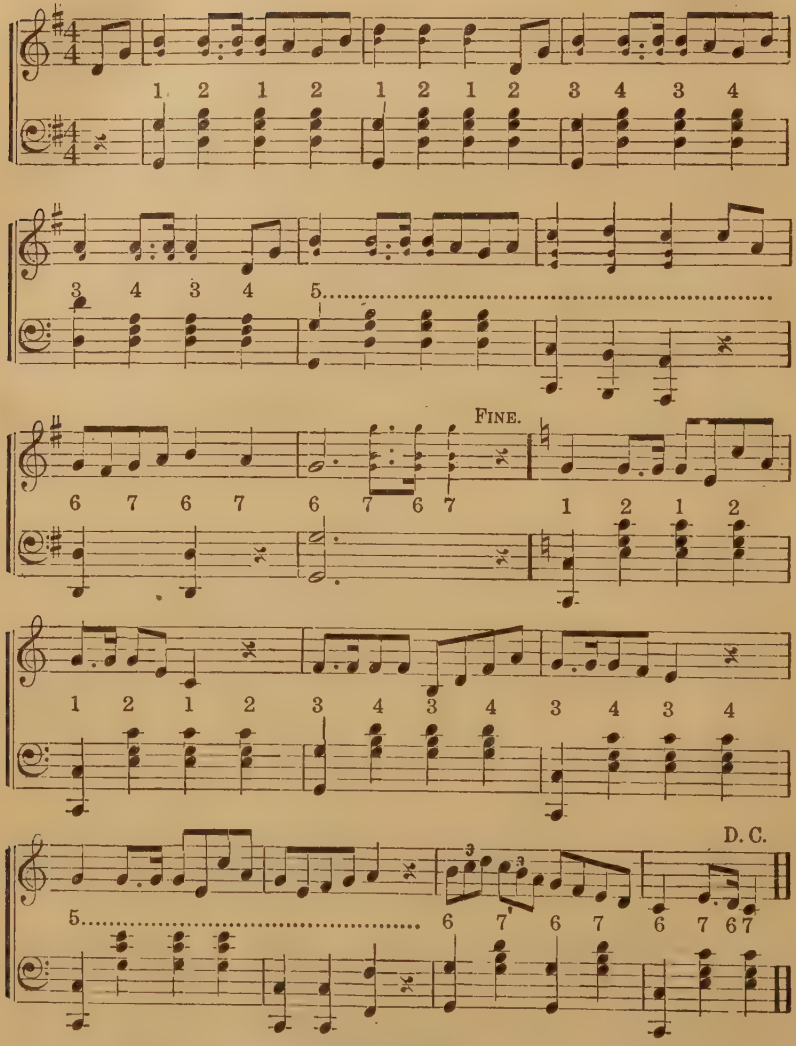
2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me.
Watching 'round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

Bunker Hill March.

S. C. HANSON.

DIRECTIONS.

POSITION. Hands closed and held on the upper part of breasts.

1. Right hand thrust forward horizontally.
2. Right hand drawn back to breast but not striking it.
3. Left hand thrust forward horizontally.
4. Left hand drawn back as 2.
5. Right hand as in 1 on the first count of the measure. On the second count the right hand is drawn back and the left is thrust forward. On last count of next measure, hold the left hand in position, while the right is being drawn back.
6. Both hands thrust forward.
7. Both hands drawn back.

NOTE: In the part written in key of C the motions may be as they are in the part written in key of G, or they may be made to the right and left. If the motions should be made to the right and left, the pupils should not stand so close together as to hit each other.

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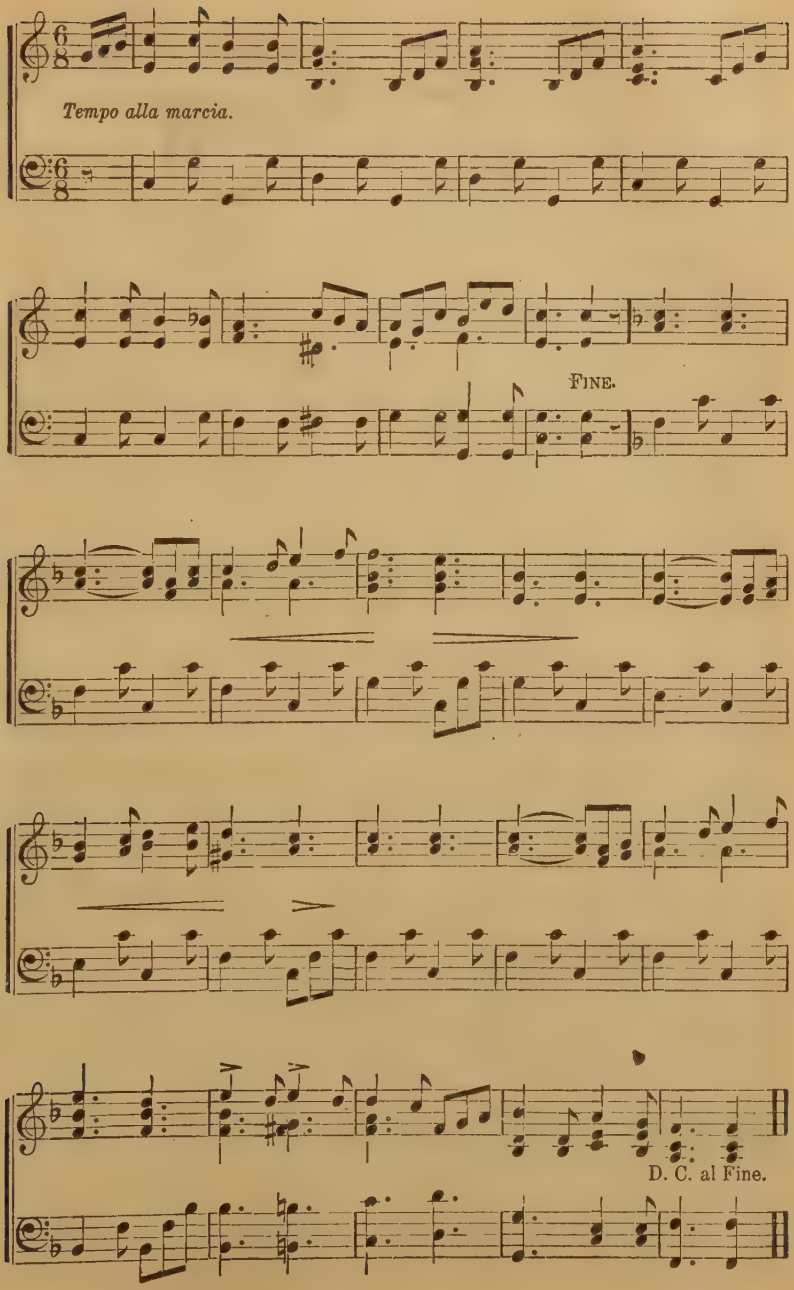
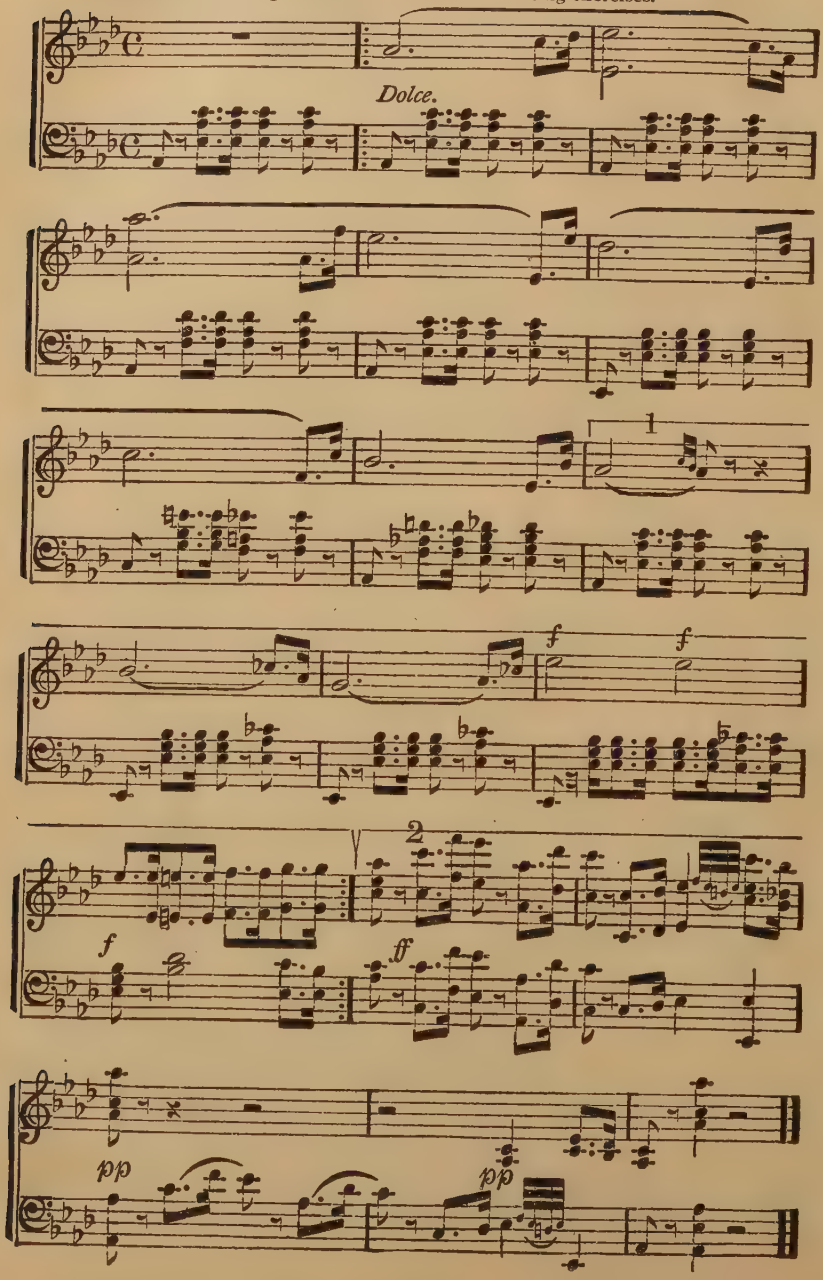

Tempo alla marcia.
FINE.
D. C. al Fine.

Cujus Animam.

ROSSINI.

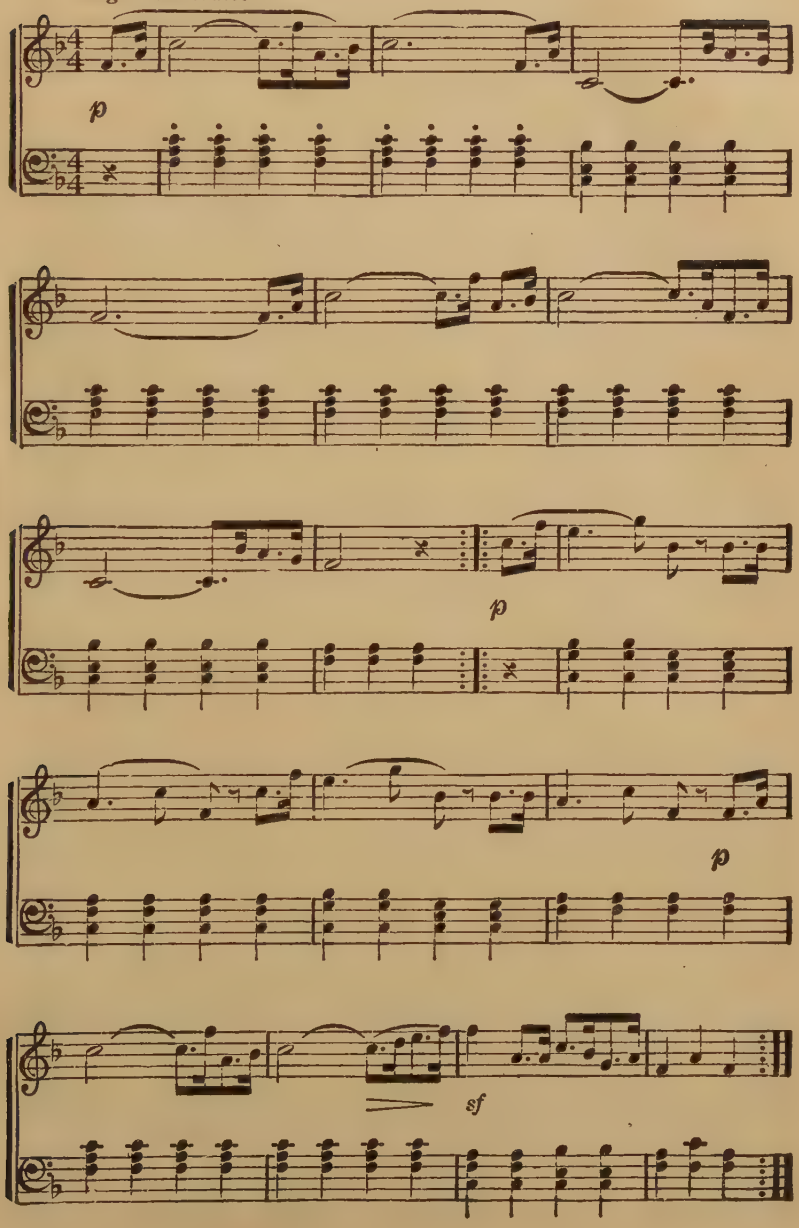
Suitable for marching, calisthenics and concert-writing exercises.



The Meyerbeer March.

Suitable for marching, calisthenics and concert-writing exercises.

Allegro moderato.



355

Leader. Bless the Lord, all His works, in all places of His dominion. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

Response. It is He that has made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.

L. Let us now fear the Lord our God; that giveth rain, both the former and the latter, in his season; He reserveth unto us the appointed works of the harvest.

R. The Lord said in His heart, . . . while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth.

That our garners may be full, affording all manner of store.

O give thanks unto the God of Heaven: for His mercy endureth forever.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?

I will take up the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

356

Leader. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart. The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever. The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

Response. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

L. Moreover by them is Thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

R. Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe: and I will have respect unto Thy statutes continually.

Swear not at all, but let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.

Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Which is the great commandment in the law?

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

357

Leader. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging;

Response. And whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

L. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red; when it giveth its color in the cup; when it moveth itself aright.

R. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

Be not drunken with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.

He that loveth pleasure shall be poor; he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.

Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? who hath

wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight! Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also.

358

Leader. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

Response. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

L. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

R. Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee.

359

Leader. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

Response. But his delight is in the law of the Lord: and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

L. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

R. The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

360

Leader. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in His commandments.

Response. His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the generation of the upright shall be blessed.

L. Wealth and riches shall be in his house: and his righteousness endureth forever.

R. Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: he is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

A good man sheweth favor, and lendeth: he will guide his affairs with discretion.

Surely he shall not be moved forever: the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed trusting in the Lord.

His heart is established, he shall not be afraid, until he see his desire upon his enemies.

He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor, his righteousness endureth forever; his horn shall be exalted with honor.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which can not be removed, but abideth forever.

361

Leader. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

Response. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

L. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

R. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in

the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will abide in the house of the Lord forever.

362

Leader. By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth.

Response. He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap: He layeth up the depth in storehouses.

L. Let all the earth fear the Lord: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of Him.

R. For he spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast.

The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: He maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

The counsel of the Lord standeth forever, the thoughts of His heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom He hath chosen for is own inheritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven; He beholdeth all the sons of men.

From the place of His habitation He looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him, upon them that hope in His mercy.

363

Leader O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Response. Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

L. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

R. In His hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is His also.

The sea is His, and He made it: and His hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For He is our God; and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless His name; show forth His salvation from day to day.

Declare His glory among the heathen, His wonders among all people.

For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: He is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

364

Leader. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Response. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

L. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

R. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

365

Leader. Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Response. Saying, where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.

L. When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

R. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea; for thus it is written by the prophet.

And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found Him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship Him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary His mother, and fell down, and worshiped Him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts: gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

366

Leader. And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them,

Response. And said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

L. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

R. And whoso shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me.

And they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them: And His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it He was much displeased.

And said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.

367

Leader. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity; I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

Response. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

L. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

R. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophecy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

THEORY OF MUSIC

BY

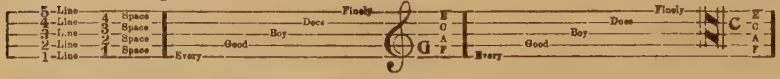
L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. A sound is anything audible.

2. A tone is a musical sound, or one in which pitch is perceptible.

3. The properties of a tone are pitch (highness or lowness;) length (longness or shortness); power (loudness or softness), and quality (character).

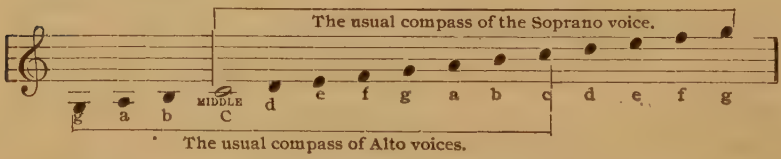
4. The staff consists of five lines and their intermediate spaces. The staff is used to represent the pitch of tones.

5. Musical Staff. Soprano or G clef. on second line. Tenor or C clef, in third space.

Bass or F clef, on fourth line.

6. Each line and space is called a degree.

7. The letters of the alphabet used to name the degrees of the staff are C, D, E, F, G, A and B. The scale names commence with C, and then continue in alphabetical order. Middle C is on the added line below the treble staff; the added space below is D; E, first line; F, first space, etc., throughout the staff.

8. Treble Staff.



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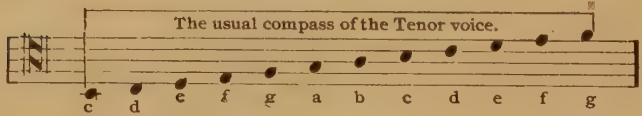

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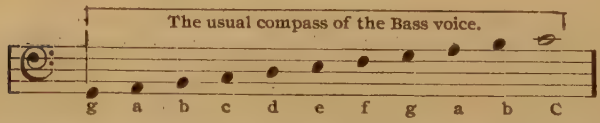

11. In vocal music we have four parts. The Bass is the lowest part, and is sung by men with low voices, and they sing from the F clef. The Tenor is next higher, and is for men with high voices. They sing from the C clef. The Alto is next higher, and is for ladies and boys with low voices. The Soprano is the highest part in music, and is sung by ladies with high voices. The Soprano and Alto sing from the G clef.

12. In Church and Sunday School music the Bass and Tenor sing from the F clef.

13. In representing long tones we use whole and half notes. Short tones are indicated by quarter, eighth, sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

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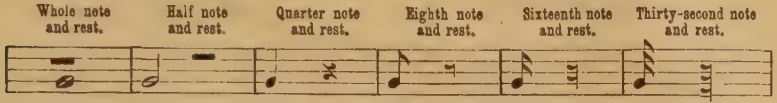
The unit is taken as the notation figure. In one apple we have two halves and four quarters. Likewise the dollar or any unit. Notes can be divided in the same manner,

Whole note and rest.
Half note and rest.
Quarter note and rest.
Eighth note and rest.
Sixteenth note and rest.
Thirty-second note and rest.

Whole note, open head. A whole rest (block below the line.)	Half note, open head with stem. Half rest (block above the line.)	Quarter note, closed head with stem. Quarter rest (inverted z.)	Eighth note, closed head with stem and 1 hook. Eighth rest (figure 7.)	Sixteenth note, closed head with 2 hooks. Sixteenth rest, figure 7 and 2 hooks.	Thirty-second note closed head and 3 hooks. Thirty-second rest figure 7 with 3 hooks.

14. A note shows the length of a tone, and rest shows the length of silence.

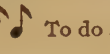
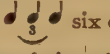
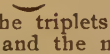
15. The duration of notes and rests is increased one-half by adding a dot. Two dots, the one after the other, thus: ♩.. or 𝅗𝅥.. add three fourths to the notes after which they are placed.

16. A hold usually adds one-half to the note, but a better rule is to prolong the tone at the option of the performer or leader.

17. Accent is a slight stress upon a tone to mark its place in a measure, and as we have different meters in poetry, it stands to reason that we have different measure in music corresponding to the meter in poetry. A measure is a group of two or more regularly recurring pulsations.

18. A measure where the first is accented, and the second is unaccented, gives us two part measure ($\frac{2}{4}$), as, Let us | with a | joyful | mind.‖

19. Where the first beat is accented, and the second and third unaccented we have three part measure ($\frac{3}{4}$), as, | Backward, turn | backward, oh, | time in your | flight.‖

20. Where the first is accented, the second unaccented, the third slightly accented, and the fourth unaccented we have four part measure, thus: $\frac{4}{4}$ These forms of music are called the simple form. We have a derivative form, derived from the simple form as follows. In two part measure if we used a triplet it would be three equal lengths in the time of one beat, thus: $\frac{2}{4}$  To do away with this figure 3 and curved line that might occur too frequently in some pieces we use once and for all a new form, which is secured by multiplying the numerator two of the measure signatures by the three which we have in the triplet, which gives us six for a new numerator, and the kind of notes being eighths in triplets, we would have $\frac{6}{8}$ or  six quarters in two part measure, this accounts for the fraction $\frac{6}{8}$ there being simply quarters instead of eighths in the triplet for our new measure signature instead of $\frac{2}{4}$ and called compound two part measure. If there were three triplets it would be three times three which equals $\frac{9}{8}$ called compound three part measure. If there were four triplets it would be four times three, which is $\frac{12}{8}$ compound form of four part measure. If the triplet consisted of quarters, we would have four for our new denominator, thus: $\frac{2}{4}$  This would be three times two, which is six, and the notes in the triplets being quarters, thus: $\frac{6}{4}$ our new denominator would be 4, and the numerator 6. This holds good in compound three part and compound four part measure as follows: $\frac{6}{8}$ and $\frac{12}{8}$; but the $\frac{6}{4}$ and $\frac{12}{4}$ are obsolete.

21. The fraction at the beginning of a piece of music should be called the measure signature, and we should not fall into the habit of calling the kind of measure the time, as two four, three four and four four time; also six

eight, nine eight and twelve eight time. It should be two part, three part, four part, six part, nine part and twelve part measures. A measure is a group of two or more recurring pulsations. They flow in groups or bunches.

22. The first count or beat in any kind of measure is an accented one.

23. A bar is an upright line, thus: | passing through the staff, and indicates the measures. A measure is represented to the eye by the space between bars. A broad bar indicates the end of a phrase or a line of words, thus: | A double bar shows the close of a composition, thus: ||

24. Beating time, or rather marking time, is indicated by taps upon the desk, or in some way by light tapping, but making the accented taps louder or stronger, though never in a boisterous manner. Tapping is better for beginners. Counting and keeping the time should receive close attention. Counting aloud and making the hand go through the motions usually made, helps in mastering this important part of all good chorus singing. Of course all such signs should only be used in class and not before the public.

25. A key is the largest family of tones. A key has seven tones while the scale has eight. A scale is a succession of eight tones while a key may be in any order. Do is always the name of the tone (key letter or note). The pitches C, D, E, F, G, A, and B form the key tones.

26. An interval is the difference in pitch between any two tones given at the same time.

27. In building the major scale, which is founded on Do, in a regular succession of tones, we use steps and half steps. The half step is the smallest measurement in music. A step consists of two half steps, thus from C to C♯ is a half step, and from C♯ to D is a half step, making two half steps from Do to Re, and this analysis holds good from Re to Mi, Fa to Sol, Sol to La, and La to Ti, while from Mi to Fa, and Ti to Do we have only half steps. In the chromatic scale the tones are a half step apart.

28. In the minor scale the succession of steps and half steps are as follows: While the major and chromatic scales are built on Do, the relative minor of the major scale is built on La, and from La to Ti is a step, Ti to Do a half step, Do to Re a step, Re to Mi a step, Mi to Fa a half step, Fa to Si a step and a half, Si to La a half step. The step and a half from Fa to Si is called an augmented second. The terms step and half step are known in harmony as major and minor seconds. Harmony is the grammar of music. We have five whole steps in the major scale, and two half steps. Notice what is said about this in No. 27.

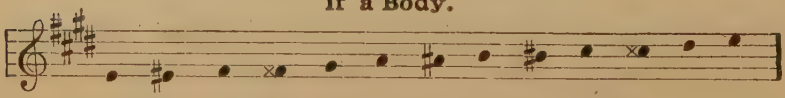
29. We have three whole steps and three half steps and an augmented second in the minor keys. Notice No 28.

30. The chromatic tone between Do and Re is Di (pronounced dee), Re and Mi is Ri (ree), Fa and Sol is Fi (fee), Sol and La is Si (see), La and Ti is Li (lee). This is the ascending scale for the descending the consonant element remains the same, and the vowel changed to (a) as follows: From Ti to La is Te (pronounced tay), La to Sol is Le (lay), Sol to Fa is Se (say), Mi to Re is Me (may), Re to Do is Ra (rah).

31. A character thus (♯), whose tendency is upward one half step, forms a new pitch, and is called a sharp. A character thus (♭), whose tendency is downward one half step, forms a new pitch, and is called a flat.

32. Chromatic scale in the key of E major, upward form.

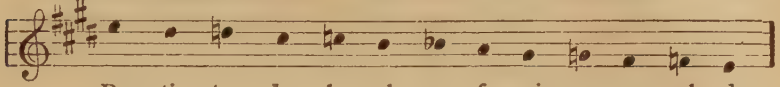
If a Body.



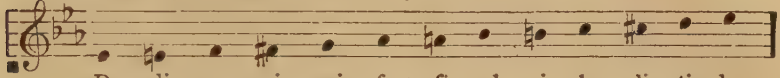
Do di re ri mi fa fi sol si la li ti do

If a bod - y meet a bod - y Com - ing thro' the rye.

When a degree is already sharped in the signature, and we wish to represent a tone a half step higher, we use a double sharp, thus: (×), as in the key of E. Example, from F sharp to F double sharp.

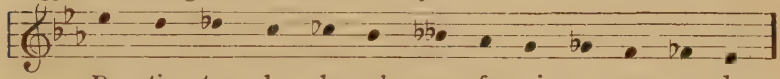
33. Descending scale of E. Taking away a sharp flats the tone.

Do ti te la le sol se fa mi me re rah do
(Sing) If a bod - y kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry?

34. Ascending chromatic scale in key of E♭.



Do di re ri mi fa fi sol si la li ti do
Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die, Nane they say have I,

35. Descending chromatic scale in key of E♭.

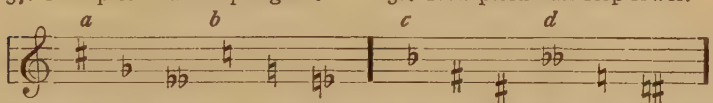


Do ti te la le sol se fa mi me re ra do
But the lad - dies smile at me When coming thro' the rye.

When a degree is already flatted in the signature, and we wish to represent such a tone a half a step lower, we use a double flat, thus: (♭♭) as in the key of E♭ just used above.

36. An accidental is a sharp, flat or natural occurring before a particular note The accidental holds good through the measure in which it occurs unless canceled by another accidental.

37. New pitch half step higher. 38. New pitch half step lower.



Examples 37 and 38 showing the effect of accidentals. The condition at A shows what degrees have been sharped or flatted. At B they represent new pitch a half step higher, and in No. 38 the condition is changed at D, making them a half step lower than at C. A double sharp is represented thus: (×), and a double flat thus. (♭♭).

39. During the progress of a piece of music, if we go to another key, although temporarily, the change to the new key is called modulation.

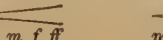
40. Transposition is playing or singing a musical composition, or any part of it, higher or lower than it was originally written.

41. Five degrees of power in music:

pp	*p*	*m*	*f*	*ff*
Pianissimo.	Piano.	Mezzo.	Forte.	Fortissimo.
Very soft.	Soft.	Medium.	Loud.	Very loud.

EXPRESSIONS OF SHADING.

Diminuendo (*dim.*) Crescendo (*cres.*) Swell.

42. The Legato sign, thus:  over or under notes indicates that such passages should be sung or played very smoothly and closely connected. A good singer or player is known by observing the Legato, for

a pure Legato is a mark of an artist. The opposite to Legato is Staccato, represented by points, thus: is sung or played in a very disconnected manner. Another form of this is called Semi-staccato represented by dots, thus: and is sung or played in a medium between Legato and Staccato. Sforzando is made by marks over or under notes, thus: and should be strongly accented.

43. Various words or terms at the beginning of a piece of music indicate its general movement. Also a metronome sign indicates the exact movement, thus; ♩=132, or ♩=120, or ♩=160. "Illustrations how to use the Metronome. ♩=132 implies that when the movable nut is set to 132 on the graduated scale, the pendulum will vibrate *once to each quarter note* in the measure. Similarly 𝅗𝅥=80 implies that the measure note in each measure is a half note, and when the nut is set at 80, the pendulum will vibrate once to each half note in the measure. The best metronomes have bells. The rate of speed at which we sing is called movement, and we should speak of a piece as being very slow, slow, rather slow, medium, rather fast, fast, very fast, etc.

The words over a piece of music indicate the rate of speed, as adagio, which means very slow; Andante, slow; Andantino, rather slow; Moderato, medium; Alleggretto, rather fast; Allegro, fast; Vivace, or Presto, very fast.

44. One who can readily read the major keys will have no difficulty in reading the minor keys, for every minor key is so similar to some major key that it is closely related, and is called its relative minor. Take six of any major key as 1, and sharp that degree of the staff which represents five of the major, the result will be, a key called the relative minor.

45. Every major key has a relative minor key, and every minor key has its relative major key.

46. A minor key has the same signature as its relative major key. Two degrees below the major will give the minor and vice versa.

47. A tie is a curved line connecting two notes on the same degree of the staff. The second note should be held during its value.

48. Repeat marks show that the preceding passage should be repeated. Dots to the left of a heavy bar shows the above, and two rows of dots, one to the right and one to the left of a bar, that the intervening passage should be repeated.

49. Da Capo (D. C.) means to return to the beginning and close at the word Fine.

50. Dal Segno (D. S.) means to return to the sign 𝄋 and end at Fine.

51. Syncopation is where the accent falls on a weak beat of the measure. Any irregular or unexpected accent is a form of syncopation, as a note that begins with the last half of a beat and closes with the first half of the next beat.

52. When we see the abbreviation Accel., it stands for the word Accelerando, and means the movement should be gradually faster.

53. A sign Rit. means Ritard, and that the movement should be sung slower.

54. In theory and practice of the Elementary Department, a word of advice is given to all who peruse its pages. We know arithmetic as far as we have mastered it, and the same thing can be said of grammar, geography, spelling and reading. This holds good in music. If one wishes to learn to read music, they must work, for it takes time and patience to acquire a thorough knowledge of music. At the same time it is not all drudgery. The music lesson is and should be a rest from other studies, as well as a factor in education. It develops one mentally as well as morally. Music will be a delightful pastime as arranged in these studies if thoroughly mastered.

Main Facts to be Remembered.

Reference Table.

The following Exercises will show at a glance how to find the key note in all the keys, and how to find the pitch in each key.

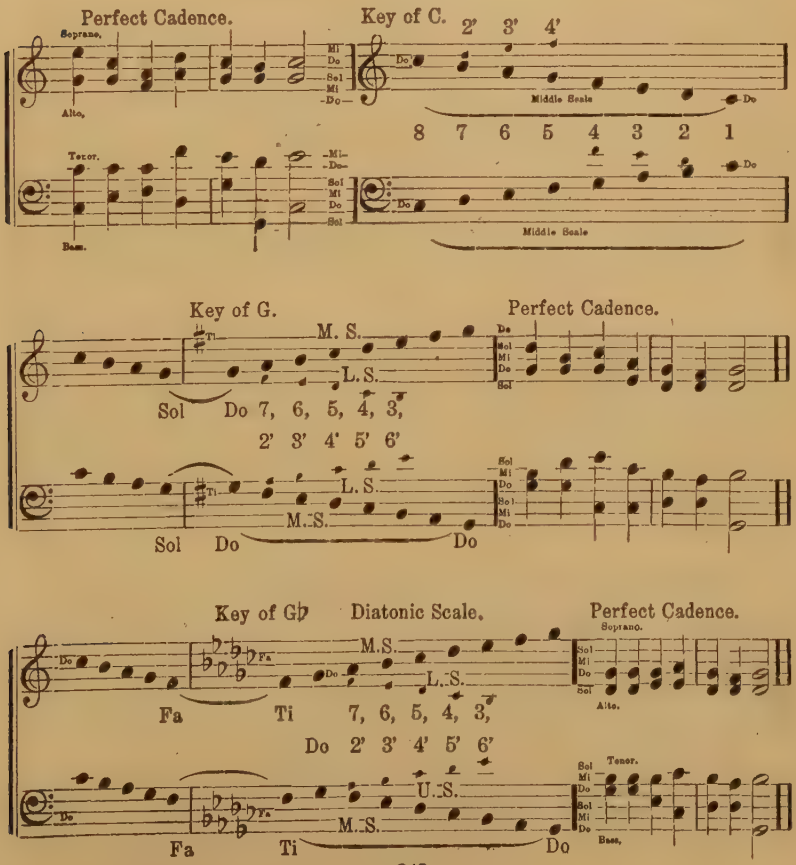
The middle scale is printed in large notes, and includes the scale from 8 to 1 or from 1 to 8.

The letters M. S. refer to Middle Scale.

The letters L. S. refer to Lower Scale.

The letters U. S. refer to Upper Scale.

You will notice the right hand sharp is Ti, and the right hand flat is Fa.

In Church and Sunday School Music we have only two staves, Treble and Bass. The Soprano and Alto are written on the treble staff, and the Bass and Tenor on the bass staff, as shown in these perfect cadences.

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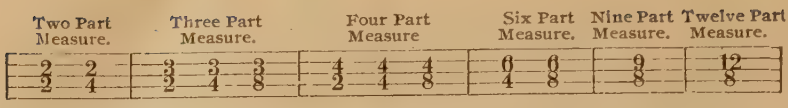
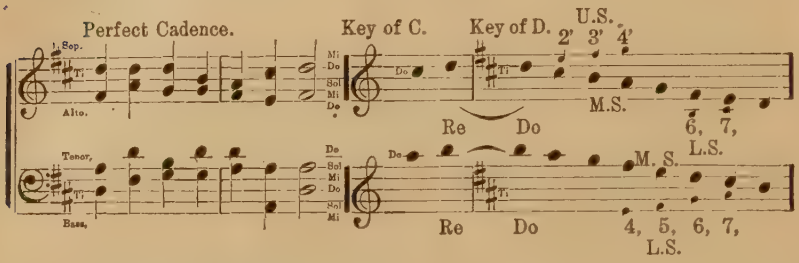
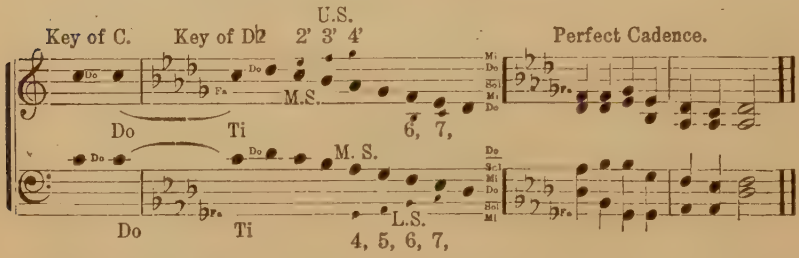
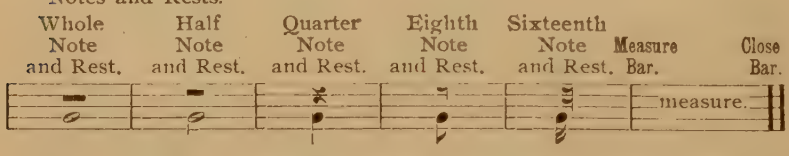


A pitchpipe gives Sol in D. Run down to Do.

C pitchpipe gives Ti, or 7.

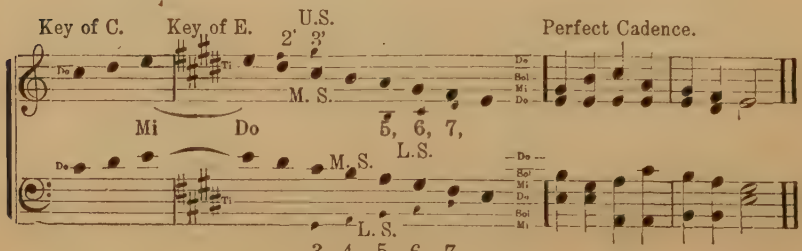
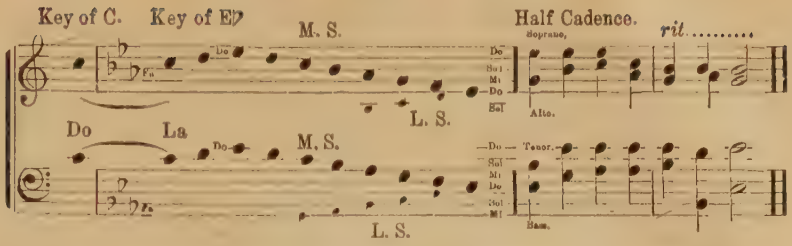


Notes and Rests.



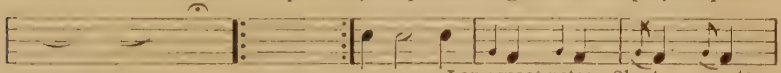
Sharp. ♯ Flat. ♭ Cancel, or Natural. ♮ Double Sharp. × Double Flat. 𝄫

A pitchpipe gives Fa in key of E, then run down the scale to Do.

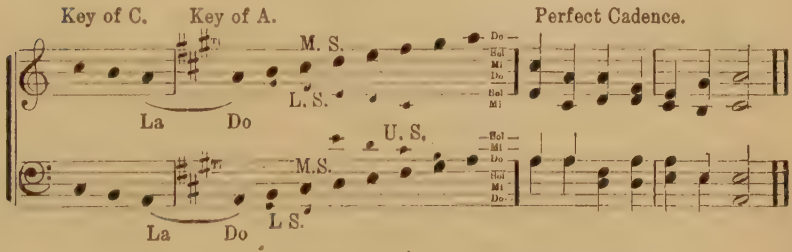
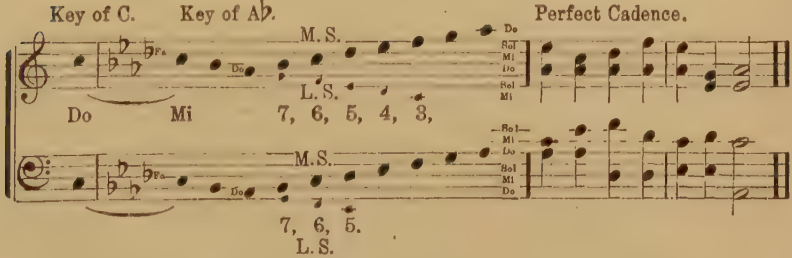


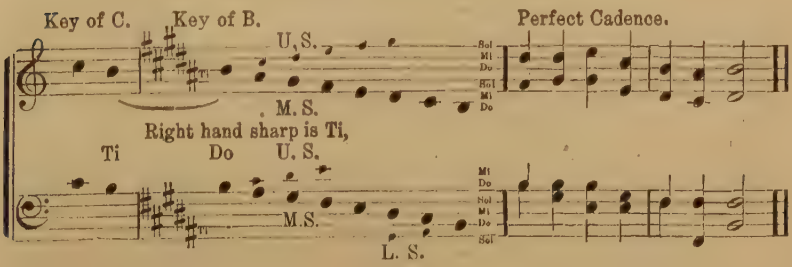
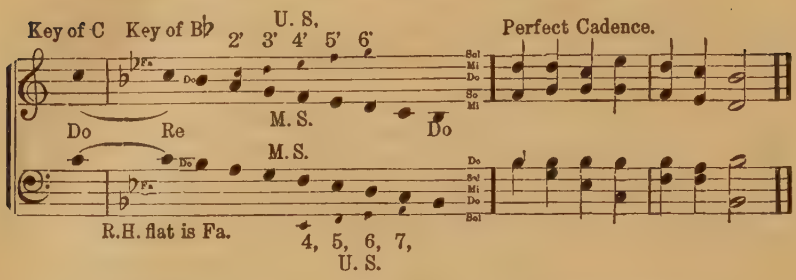
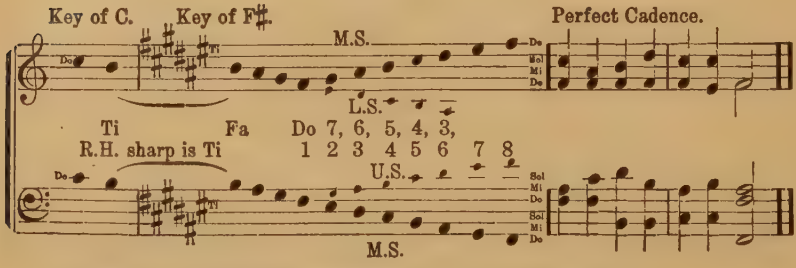
D. C. means go to the beginning. *D. S.* means go to the sign (𝄋)

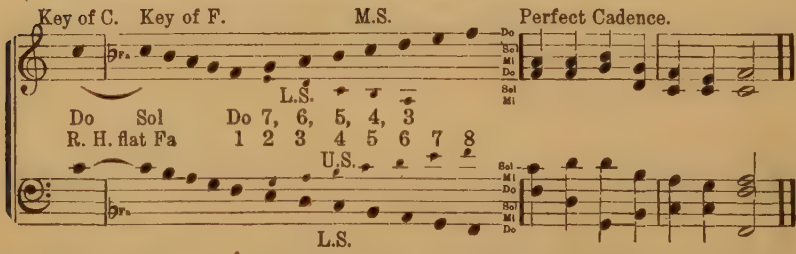
Tie. Slur. Hold. Repeat. Syncopation. Preformed like four eighth notes. Has no time of its own, played quick.



A pitchpipe gives Do in Key of A.

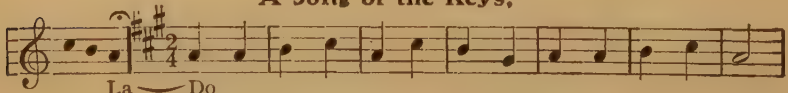


Five and six sharps are not used.

A pitchpipe in key of B♭ gives Ti, and C pitchpipe gives Re.

In key of F, A pitchpipe gives mi, and C pitchpipe Sol.

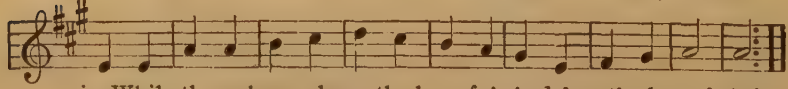


Blank.	1 ♯, G.	2 ♯, D	3 ♯, A.	4 ♯, E.	5 ♯, B.	6 ♯, F♯
Come,	Go	Down	And	Eat	Bananas,	Fred.
Blank.	6 ♭, G♭	5 ♭, D♭	4 ♭, A♭	3 ♭, E♭	2 ♭, B♭	1 ♭, F.
	7	7	7	7	7	7

A Song of the Keys.



One sharp shows the key of G, And two the key of D,
One flat shows the key of F, And two the key of B



sir; While three sharps shows the key of A, And four the key of E, sir.
flat; While three the key of E flat shows, And four the key of A flat.

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